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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF KEATS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Keats was born in Moorfields, London, in October, 1795, the son of a livery-stable keeper of some wealth, who had attained that position by marrying his master's daughter and so succeeding him in the business. There were five children, four sons and a daughter, of whom John was the third. The father, who is described as an active, energetic little man of much natural talent, was killed by a fall from a horse at the age of thirty-six, when Keats was in his ninth year; and the care of the children devolved upon the mother, a tall, large-featured woman, of considerable force of character. There was also a maternal uncle, a very tall, strong, and courageous man, who had been in the navy, had served under Duncan at Camperdown, and had done extraordinary feats in the way of fighting. Partly in emulation of this uncle, partly from constitutional inclination, the boys were always fighting too—in the house, about the stables, or out in the adjacent streets, with each other, or with anybody else. John, though the shortest for his years, and the most like his father, was the most pugnacious of the lot; but with his pugnacity he combined, it is said, a remarkable sensibility, and a great love of fun. This character he took with him to a boarding-school at Enfield, near London, kept by the father of Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, then also a boy, not much older than Keats, receiving his education under his father's roof. At school, Keats, according to the recollections of Mr. Clarke and others of his schoolfellows, was at first a perfect little terrier for resoluteness and pugnacity, but very placable and frolicsome, very much liked, and, though not particularly studious, very quick at learning. There would seem to have been more of pleasant sociability between the family of the master and the scholars in the school at Enfield, and more of literary talk at bye-hours, than was then common at private English schools. At all events, when, by the death of his mother, of lingering consumption, in 1810, the guardianship of Keats, his two surviving brothers, and his only sister, devolved on a Mr. Abbey, a London merchant who had known the family, and when Mr. Abbey thought it best to take two of the boys from school and apprentice them to professions, it was felt by Keats to be a very happy arrangement that he was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary at Edmonton, so near to Enfield, that he could still go over when he liked to see the Clarkes. He was then fifteen years of age. The share of the family property held for him by his guardian till he came of age, was about 2,000*l.*; and his apprenticeship was to last five years.

From Edmonton, Keats was continually walking over to Enfield to see his young friend, Cowden Clarke, and to borrow books. It was some time in 1812 that he borrowed Spenser's "Faery

Queene." The effect was immediate and extraordinary. "He ramped" says Mr. Clarke, "through the scenes of the romance;" he would talk of nothing but Spenser; he had whole passages by heart, which he would repeat; and he would dwell with an ecstacy of delight on fine particular phrases, such as that of the "sea-shouldering whale." His first known poetical composition (he was then seventeen), was a piece expressly entitled "In Imitation of Spenser."

"Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill,
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds," &c.

From that moment it seemed as if Keats lived only to read poetry and to write it. From Spenser he went to Chaucer, from Chaucer to Milton, and so on and on, with ever-widening range, through all our sweeter and greater poets. He luxuriated in them by himself; he talked about them, and read parts of them aloud to his friends; he became a critic of their thoughts, their words, their rhymes, their cadences. His chief partner in these tastes was Mr. Cowden Clarke, with whom he would take walks, or sit up whole evenings, discoursing of poets and poetry; and he acknowledges, in one of his metrical epistles, the influence which Mr. Clarke had in forming his literary likings. Above all, it was Mr. Clarke that first introduced him to any knowledge of ancient Greek poetry. This was effected by lending him Chapman's Homer, his first acquaintance with which, and its effects on him, are celebrated in one of the finest and best-known of his sonnets. Thenceforward Greek poetry, so far as it was accessible to him in translation, had peculiar fascinations for him. By similar means he became fondly familiar with some of the softer Italian poets, and with the stories of Boccaccio. It was noted by one of his friends that his preferences at this time, whether in English or in other poetry, were still for passages of sweet, sensuous description, or of sensuous-ideal beauty, such as are to be found in the minor poems of Milton, Shakespeare and Chaucer, and in Spenser throughout, and that he rarely seemed to dwell with the same enthusiasm on passages of fervid feeling, of severe reference to life, or of powerful human interest. At this time, in fact, his feeling for poetry was very much that of an artist in language, observing effects which particularly delighted him, and studying them with a professional admiration of the exquisite. He brooded over fine phrases like a lover; and often, when he met a quaint or delicious word in the course of his reading, he would take pains to make it his own by using it, as speedily as possible, in some poem he was writing. Ah! those days of genial, enjoying youth, when, over the fire, with a book in one's hand, one gets fine passages by heart, and, in walks with one or two choice companions, there is an opening of the common stock, and hours and miles are whiled away with tit-bits of recent reading from a round of favourite poets! These are the days when books are books; and it is a fact to be remembered, as regards literature, that one half of the human race is always under the age of twenty-one.

Before Keats's apprenticeship was over, it was pretty clear to himself and his friends that he would not persevere in becoming a surgeon. In the year 1816, when he came from Edmonton to London, at the age of twenty, he did indeed enter himself as a student at the hospitals; but he very soon gave up attending them, and found more agreeable employment in the society of Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Godwin, Dilke, Ollier, the painter Haydon, Hazlitt, Charles Armitage Brown, and others whose names are less remembered. In this society of artists and men of letters—forming, so far as the literary ingredient was concerned, the so-called "Cockney School," as distinct from the "Lakists" of the North of England, and from the Edinburgh men who gave both of them their names—Keats at once took a prominent place, less on account of what he had actually done, than on the pro-

mise of what he was to be. On first settling in London, he had taken lodgings in the Poultry, in the heart of the city; but, as soon as he had abandoned the idea of following the medical profession, he removed to Hampstead—which, as the provincial reader ought to know, is a suburb of London, as you approach it from the north.

London, with all the evils resulting from its vastness, has suburbs as rich and beautiful, after the English style of scenery, as any in the world; and even now, despite the encroachments of the ever-encroaching brick and mortar on the surrounding country, the neighbourhood of Hampstead and Highgate, near London, is one in which the lover of natural beauty and the solitary might well delight. The ground is much the highest round London; there are real heights and hollows, so that the omnibuses coming from town have to put on additional horses; you ascend steep roads, lying in part through villages of quaint shops, and old, high-gabled brick houses, still distinct from the great city, though about to be devoured by it, in part through straggling lines of villas, with gardens and grassy parks round them, and here and there an old inn; and, from the highest eminences, when the view is clear, you can see London left behind, a mass of purplish mist, with domes and steeples visible through it. Where the villages end, you are really in the country. There is the Heath, on the Hampstead side—an extensive tract of knolls and little glens, covered here and there with furze, all abloom with yellow in the summer, when the larks may be heard singing over it; threaded here and there by paths with seats in them, or broken by clumps of trees, and blue rusty-nailed palings, which enclose old-fashioned family-houses and shrubberies, where the coachman in livery may be seen talking lazily to the gardener; but containing also sequestered spots where one might wander alone for hours, or lie concealed amid the sheltering furze. At night, Hampstead Heath would be as ghastly a place to wander in as an uneasy spirit could desire. In every hollow, seen in the starlight, one could fancy that there had been a murder; nay, tradition points to spots where foul crimes have been committed, or where, in the dead of night, forgers, who had walked, with discovery on their track, along dark intervening roads, from the hell of lamp-lit London, had lain down and poisoned themselves. In the day, however, and especially on a bright, summer day, the scene is open, healthy, and cheerful. On the one side, is a view across a green valley, called "The Vale of Health," to the opposite heights of Highgate; on the other, the eye traverses a flat expanse of fields and meadows, stretching for many miles northward, and looking, in its rich level variety, like a miniature representation of all England. And then the lanes all about and around, leading away from the Heath, deep and steep, between high banks and along the old church and churchyard, and past little ponds and gardens, and often ending in footpaths through fields where one has to get over stiles!

All this of Hampstead and its vicinity even now; but, forty years ago, it was still better. Why, at that time, London itself was a different city. There was less smoke; there were no steamers on the river; and, from the overspanning bridges, the water could be seen running clear beneath, with the consciousness of fish in it. Then, too, the conveyance between London and such suburbs as Hampstead and Highgate was not by omnibuses passing every five minutes, but by the old stage-coaches, with their guards and horns, coming and going leisurely twice or thrice a day. In those days, therefore, Hampstead and Highgate were still capable of having an individuality of their own, and of having associations fixed upon them by the occupations of their residents, even though these were in London daily, and were, by their general designation, properly enough Londoners. Part of their celebrity now, indeed, arises from associations thus formed. Old Leigh Hunt, visiting these scenes not long before his death, would point out the exact wooden seat on the Heath where he and Keats,

or where he and Shelley, sat when such and such a poem was recited, or the exact spot in a path through the fields where Coleridge took leave of him and Charles Lamb, to dawdle back to his home at Highgate, and where Lamb, while the departing skirts of the sage were still visible, stuttered out some pun about his personal appearance and his last metaphysical monologue. At the particular time of which we are now speaking, Leigh Hunt was living at Hampstead, where also lived Mr. Armitage Brown, a retired merchant of literary tastes, and others of whom it is not necessary to take note; and there, in the evenings, at the houses of such men, artists and others would drop in; and then, O ye future critics of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*, what wit there would be, what music, what portfolios of sketches and engravings, what white casts from the antique, what talk about poetry and literature! From that time, with scarcely an exception, Hampstead was the London home of Keats—first as a guest of Leigh Hunt, or a lodger near to him; and afterwards, and more permanently, as a guest of Mr. Armitage Brown. Indeed, just as Wordsworth and his associates were supposed to have constituted themselves into a school by retiring to Cumberland and Westmoreland, in order to be in closer relations to nature, as exhibited in that district of lake and mountain, so it might have been suggested maliciously of Keats, Hunt, and the rest of their set, that the difference between them and this elder school was, that what *they* called nature was nature as seen from Hampstead Heath. As the one set of poets had received from their Edinburgh critics the name of "the Lakists," so, to make the joke correspond, the others, instead of being called "the Cockney poets," might have been named the Hampstead Heath-ens.

Keats signalized his accession to this peculiar literary group by publishing, in 1817, a little volume of poems, containing some of his sonnets and other pieces now appended to his longer and later compositions. The volume scarcely touched the attention of the public, though it served to show his power to his immediate friends. He was then two-and-twenty years of age; and his appearance was rather singular. Coleridge, who once shook hands with him, when he met him with Hunt in a lane near Highgate, describes him as "a loose, slack, not well-dressed youth." The descriptions of Hunt and others are more particular. He was considerably under middle height—his lower limbs being small, in comparison with the upper, to a degree that marred his whole proportion. His shoulders were very broad for his size; his face was strongly cut, yet delicately mobile, expressing an unusual combination of determination with sensibility—its worst feature being the mouth, which had a projecting upper lip, and altogether a savage pugilistic look. Nor did the look belie him. He had great personal courage, and once took the trouble to thrash a butcher for some insolent conduct in a regular stand-up fight. His hair was brown, and his eyes large, and of a dark, glowing blue. "His head," says Leigh Hunt, "was a puzzle for the phrenologists, "being remarkably small in the skull— "a singularity which he had in common "with Byron and Shelley, whose hats I "could not get on." His voice, unlike Shelley's, was deep and grave. His entire expression was that of eager power; and, in contradiction of what was observed of him at an earlier period, he was now easily, though still apparently against his will, betrayed into signs of vehement emotion. "At the recital of a "noble action, or a beautiful thought," says Mr. Hunt, "his eyes would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled." On hearing of some unmanly conduct, he once burst out, "Why is there "not a human dust-hole into which to "tumble such fellows?" Evidently ill-health, as well as imaginative temperament, had to do with this inability to restrain tears and other signs of agitated feeling. His mother had died of consumption at a comparatively early age; his younger brother, Tom, was already far gone in the same fatal

malady; and, though there was as yet no distinct symptom of consumption in Keats, he was often flushed and feverish, and had his secret fears. He had many hours of sprightliness, however, when these fears would vanish, and he would be full of frolic and life. In allusion to this occasional excess of fun and animal spirits, his friends punned upon his name, shortening it from "John Keats" into "Junkets." Still, amid all—in his times of despondency, as well as in his seasons of hope—Poetry was his ceaseless thought, and to be a Poet his one ambition.

> "O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
> Myself in Poesy! So I may do the deed
> That my own soul has to itself decreed!"

Of what *kind* this intended deed was we have also some indication. Like all the fresher young poets of his time, Keats had imbibed, partly from constitutional predisposition, partly from conscious reasoning, that theory of Poetry which, for more than twenty years, Wordsworth had been disseminating by precept and by example through the literary mind of England. This theory, in its historical aspect, I will venture to call *Pre-Drydenism.* Its doctrine, historically, was that the age of true English Poetry was the period anterior to Dryden—the period of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Milton; and that, with a few exceptions, the subsequent period, from Dryden inclusively down to the time of Wordsworth's own appearance as a poet, had been a prosaic interregnum, during which what passed for poetry was either an inflated style of diction which custom had rendered pleasing, or, at best, shrewd sense and wit, or miscellaneous cogitation more or less weighty, put into metre.

Take an example. Here are two stanzas from a well-known paraphrase of Scripture, still sung in churches over a large part of the kingdom.

> "In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
> With vital ardour glows,
> And shines in all the fairest charms
> Which beauty can disclose,
> Deep on thy soul, before its powers
> Are yet by vice enslaved,
> Be thy Creator's glorious name
> And character engraved."

How remorselessly Wordsworth would have torn this passage to pieces—as, indeed, he did a similar paraphrase of Scripture by Dr. Johnson! "Life's gay morn!" "sprightly youth!" he would have said,—meaningless expressions, used because it is considered poetical to stick an adjective before every noun, and "gay" and "sprightly" are adjectives conveniently in stock! Then, "sprightly youth with vital ardour glows"—what is this but slip-shod; and, besides, why tug the verb to the end of the phrase, and say "with vital ardour glows" instead of "glows with vital ardour," as you would do in natural speech? O, of course, the rhyme! Yes; but who asked you to rhyme at all, in the first place? and, in the next place, if you were bent on rhyming, and found "ardour" would not suit at the end of your precious line, that was *your* difficulty, not mine! What are you a poet for but to overcome such difficulties, or what right have you to extract the rhythms and rhymes that you want in your craft as a versifier by the mere torture of honest prose? And then, worse and worse, "Youth," already "glowing" with this "vital ardour," also, it seems, "shines," and (marvellous metaphor!) shines "with charms"—which "charms" (metaphor still more helpless!) are "the fairest charms disclosed by beauty!" And so on he would have gone, pointing out the flaws of meaning and of expression in the next stanza in the same stern manner. Pass, he would have said at last, from this poor jingle of words to the simple and beautiful text of which it is offered as a paraphrase: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." The defects he would have continued, seen on a small scale in the foregoing metrical version of this passage, were visible throughout the

whole course of English poetry after Milton—with here and there, as in Thomson and Dyer, a remarkable exception. There was then no faithfulness to fact in description or in imagery from nature, no natural speech in verse, nothing save more or less of intellectual vigour exhibited through an artificial form of diction, to which men had grown so accustomed that they had ceased to inspect it logically. Even men of real genius, such as Dryden himself and Pope, were in the bulk of their writings but splendid practitioners of a false style, which, when men had been educated to see its viciousness, would mar their fame as poets.

I am not here *discussing* Wordsworth's theory; I am only *stating* it. Keats, I repeat, had adopted this theory, if not in all its particulars, at least in its essence. Thus, in one of his pieces, after speaking of the greatness of his favourite old English poets, he says—

"Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a schism
Nurtured by foppery and barbarism
Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
Men were thought wise who could not understand
His glories: with a puling infant's force
They sway'd about upon a rocking-horse
And thought it Pegasus. Ah, dismal-soul'd!
The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
Its gathering waves;—ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer-night collected still to make
The morning precious; Beauty was awake!
Why were *ye* not awake? But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
To musty laws, lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile; so that ye taught a school
Of dolts to smoothe, inlay, and clip and fit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
And did not know it! No, they went about,
Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and, in large,
The name of one Boileau!"

Keats, then, was a Pre-Drydenist in his notions of poetry, and in his own intentions as a poetic artist. But I will say more. Wordsworth had then so far conquered the opposition through which he had been struggling that a modified Pre-Drydenism was universally diffused through English literary society; and the so-called Cockney, or Hampstead-Heath, School, with which accident had associated Keats, were largely tinged with it. They did not, indeed, go all the length with Wordsworth in depreciating Dryden and Pope (as who could?); but a superior relish for the older poets was one of their avowed characteristics. But in this, I believe, Keats went beyond the rest of them. It may be perceived, I think, that, with all his esteem for Hunt and Shelley, both as kind personal friends and as poets, he had notions respecting himself which led him, even while in their society and accounted one of them, to fix his gaze with steadier reverence than they did on the distant veteran of Rydal Mount. To Wordsworth alone does he seem to have looked as, all in all, a sublimity among contemporary poets.

So far, however, as Keats had yet been publicly heard of, it was only as one fledgling more in the brood of poets whose verses were praised in the *Examiner*. What he had yet published were but little studies in language and versification preparatory to something that could be called a poem. Such a poem he now resolved to write. Always drawn by a kind of mental affinity to the sensuous Mythology of the Greeks, he had chosen for his subject the legend of Endymion, the youthful lover of the moon-goddess Artemis. "A long poem," he said, "is the test of invention; and it will be a test of my invention if I can make 4,000 lines out of this one bare circumstance, and fill them with poetry." To accomplish his task, he left London in the spring of 1817, and took up his abode first in the Isle of Wight, then at Margate (at both of which places he revelled in the views of the sea as a newly-found pleasure), and then, successively, at Canterbury, Oxford, and other places inland. In the winter of 1817-18 he returned to Hampstead with the four books of his Endymion completed. The absence of seven or eight months, during which

this poem was written, was also the period during which many of those letters to his friends were written which have been edited by Mr. Monckton Milnes, in his Memoir of the poet. These letters have hardly received the attention they deserve. They are very remarkable letters. One can see, indeed, that they are the letters of an intellectual invalid, of a poor youth too conscious of "the endeavour of this present breath," watching incessantly his own morbid symptoms, and communicating them to his friends. There is also in them a somewhat unnatural straining after quaint and facetious conceits, as if he would not write common-place, but would force himself by the mere brief rumination of the moment into some minute originality or whim of fancy. On the whole, however, with the proper allowance, the letters may be read without any injury to the highest notion of him that may be formed from his compositions that were meant for publication; and there have not been many young poets of whose casual letters as much could be said. They abound in shrewd observations, in delicate and subtle criticisms, in fine touches of description, and in thoughts of a philosophical kind that are at once comprehensive and deep.

"*Endymion: A Poetic Romance,*" appeared in the beginning of 1818. Its reception was not wholly satisfactory. It made Keats's name more widely known; it procured him visits and invitations; and, when he attended Hazlitt's lectures, ladies to whom he was pointed out looked at him instead of listening to the lecturer. But Hunt, Shelley, and the rest, though they admired the poem, and thought some passages in it very wonderful, had many faults to find. The language in many parts was juvenile, not to say untasteful; such phrases as "honey-feel of bliss" were too frequent; it was impossible for any understanding of a rational sort to reconcile itself to such a bewildering plenitude of luxuriant invention raised on such a mere nothing of a basis; and, on the whole, there was too evident a waywardness in the sequence of the thoughts, arising from a passive dependence of the matter at every point on the mere suggestion of the rhyme! These and other such objections were heard on all hands. Worst of all, Wordsworth had no approbation to give. At Haydon's, one evening, when Wordsworth was present, Keats was induced to repeat to him the famous Hymn to Pan, which Shelley had praised as that in the whole poem which "gave "the surest sign of ultimate excellence." The iron-grey poet heard it to the end, and then only remarked that it was "a pretty piece of paganism." And so, with no more encouragement than usually falls to the lot of a young man in such cases, Keats had to keep his own counsel, and look forward to other works, in which, choosing more solid subjects, he should exert his powers more compactly and impressively, and win, by better-disciplined strokes, the recognition which the world yields so slowly to forms of genius differing from those to which it has been accustomed. His was certainly a new faculty, which had to create and educate the taste by which it should itself be appreciated; and his hope, therefore, lay with the body of the growing youth of the land, whose perpetual privilege it is that they alone can receive and enjoy without criticising. No man was ever fully and heartily accepted, among his own sex, except by those younger than himself.

Keats, there is no doubt, was prepared to wait and work on. The story of his having been killed by the savage article in the *Quarterly* is proved to have been wholly untrue. He had sense enough and pluck enough to get over that chagrin within the usual period of twenty-four hours, which, if there is any use for human spirits in the earth's rotation, ought to bring them as well as other things round again to the *status quo*. But other causes were at work, some of which are but dimly revealed by his biographer, but the chief of which was his hereditary malady of consumption. In the winter of 1819-20 he was seized with the fatal

blood-spitting, which he had long dreaded; after a few months of lingering, during which he seemed partly to fight with Death as one to whom life was precious, partly to long to die as one who had nothing to live for, he was removed to Italy; and there, having suffered much, he breathed his last at Rome on the 23d of February, 1821, at the age of twenty-five years and four months. He had wished for "ten years" of poetic life, but not half that term had been allowed him. The sole literary event of his life, after the publication of his Endymion in 1818, had been the publication of his *Lamia, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems*, in 1820; and the sole variation of his manner of life had consisted in his leaving Hampstead for a ramble or a residence in the country, and returning again from the country to Hampstead or London.

After all, whether a man is a poet, a philosopher, or a man of action, there *is* a common standard by which he may be tried, so as to measure his relative intellectual importance. The determination of this standard is difficult; but ultimately, I believe, the truest measure of every man, in intellectual respects, is the measure of his speculative or purely philosophical faculty. So far as this may be demurred to, the objection will arise, I fancy, from the practical difficulty of applying the test. It is only certain poets that give us the opportunity of judging of the strength of their rational or purely *noetic* organ—that faculty by which men speculate, or frame what are called "thoughts" or "propositions." Whenever this is done, however, then, *cæteris paribus*, the deeper thinker is the greater poet. Hence it is an excellent thing for the critic to catch his poet writing prose. He has him then at his mercy; he can keep him in the trap, and study him through the bars at his leisure. If he is a poor creature, he will be found out; if he has genuine vigour, then, with all allowance for any ungainliness arising from his being out of his proper element, there will be evidences of it. Now, tried by any test of this kind, Keats will be found to have been no weakling. The following passages from his prose letters, for example, are, I believe, thoughts of some pith and substance, whether absolutely true or not:—

"Men of Genius are great as certain ethereal chemicals operating on the mass of neutral intellect, but they have not any individuality, any determined character. I would call the top and head of those who have a proper self Men of Power."

"Men should bear with each other; there is not the man who may not be cut up, ay, lashed to pieces, on his weakest side. The best of men have but a portion of good in them—a kind of spiritual yeast in their frames which creates the ferment of existence—by which a man is propelled to act and strive and buffet with circumstance. The sure way is, first to know a man's faults, and then be passive. If, after that, he insensibly draws you towards him, then you have no power to break the link."

"I had, not a dispute, but a disquisition, with Dilke upon various subjects. Several things dovetailed in my mind, and at once it struck me what quality went to form a man of achievement, especially in literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously—I mean *negative capability;* that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason. . . . This, pursued through volumes, would perhaps take us no farther than this—that, with a great poet, the sense of beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather, obliterates every other consideration."

"An extensive knowledge is necessary to thinking people: it takes away the heat and fever, and helps, by widening speculation, to ease the burden of the mystery."

"Axioms in philosophy are not axioms till they have been proved upon our pulses."

"I compare human life to a large mansion of many apartments; two of which only I can describe—the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me. The first we step into we call the Infant or Thoughtless Chamber; in which we remain as long as we do not think. We remain there a long while, and, notwithstanding the doors of the second chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it, but are imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us. We no sooner get into the second chamber, which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden Thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere. We see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father of, is that tremendous one of sharpening

one's vision into the heart and nature of man, of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of misery and heart-break, pain, sickness and oppression; whereby this Chamber of Maiden Thought becomes gradually darkened, and, at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open, but all dark—all leading to dark passages. We see not the balance of good and evil; we are in a mist; we feel the 'Burden of the Mystery.' To this point was Wordsworth come, as far as I can conceive, when he wrote *Tintern Abbey*: and it seems to me that his genius is explorative of those dark passages. Now, if we live and go on thinking, we too shall explore them. He is a genius and superior to us in so far as he can, more than we, make discoveries, and shed a light on them."

As the aphorisms and casual spurts of speculation of a youth of twenty-two (and all the passages I have quoted are from letters of his written before his twenty-third year) these, I think, are sufficient proof that Keats had an intellect from which his superiority in some literary walk or other might have been surely anticipated.

What we independently know enables us to say that it was pre-eminently as a poet that he was fitted to be distinguished. He was constitutionally a poet —one of those minds in whom, to speak generally, Imagination or Ideality is the sovereign faculty. But, as we had occasion to explain in a previous paper on Shelley, there are two recognised orders of poets, each of which has its representatives in our literature (and we must beg pardon for boring the reader again with so pedantic and well-thumbed a distinction)—that order, called "subjective," to which Shelley himself belonged, and whose peculiarity it is that their poems are vehicles for certain fixed ideas lying in the minds of their authors, outbursts of their personal character, impersonations under shifting guises of their wishes, feelings and beliefs; and that order, on the other hand, distinguished as "objective," who simply fashion their creations by a kind of inventive craft working amid materials supplied by sense, memory, and reading, without the distinct infusion of any element of personal opinion. To this latter order, as I said, belong Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Scott. Now, indubitably, Keats, by the bulk of his poetry, belongs to this order too. The contrast between him and Shelley, in this respect, is complete. Contemporaries and friends, they were poets of quite opposite schools and tendencies; and, so far as they were repelled by each other's poetry (which they were to a certain extent, despite their friendship) it arose from this circumstance. Unlike the feminine and ethereal Shelley, whose whole life was a shrill supernatural shriek in behalf of certain principles, Keats was a slack, slouching youth, with a thick torso, a deep grave voice, and no fixed principles. He had, as we have seen, his passing spurts of speculation, but he had no system of philosophy. So far as religious belief was concerned, he had no wish to disturb existing opinions and institutions—partly because he had really no such quarrel with them as Shelley had, partly because he had no confidence in his ability to dogmatise on such points. In politics, away from his personal connexions, he was rather conservative than otherwise. He thought the Liverpool-and-Castlereagh policy very bad and oppressive; but he did not expect that his friends, the Liberals, would bring things very much nearer to the millennium; and he distinctly avows that he was not, like some of his friends, a Godwin-perfectibility man, or an admirer of America as an advance beyond Europe. In short, he kept aloof from opinion, doctrine, controversy, as by a natural instinct; he was most at home in the world of sense and imagery, where it was his pleasure to weave forth phantasies; and, if his intelligence did now and then indulge in a discursive flight, it was but by way of exercise, or because opinions, doctrines, and controversies may be considered as facts, and therefore as materials to be worked into poetic language.

In quoting from Keats's letters I have purposely selected passages showing that such was not only his practice, but also his theory. His very principle of poetry, it will be observed, almost amounts to this, that the poet should have no principles. The distinction he makes

between men of genius and men of power is that the action of the former is like that of an ethereal chemical, a subtle imponderable, passing forth on diverse materials and rousing their affinities, whereas the latter impress by their solid individuality. So, again, when he speaks of the quality that forms men for great literary achievement as being what he calls a "negative capability"—a power of remaining, and, as it were, luxuriously lolling, in doubts, mysteries, and half-solutions, toying with them, and tossing them, in all their complexity, into forms of beauty, instead of piercing on narrowly and in pain after Truth absolute and inaccessible. A Wordsworth, he admits, might have a genius of the explorative or mystery-piercing kind, and might come back from his excursions into the region of the metaphysical with handfuls of new truth to be worked up into his phantasies; but even *he* might be too dogmatic; and, as for himself, though he might fancy that occasionally he reached the bourne of the mysterious and caught glimpses beyond, it would be presumption to put his half-seeings into speech for others! If any doubt still remains on this head, the following additional passage from one of his letters will set it at rest:—

"As to the poetical character itself (I mean that sort of which, if I am anything, I am a member) it is not *itself;* it has no self; it is everything and nothing; it has no character; it enjoys light and shade; it lives in gusts; it has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen. What shocks the virtuous philosopher delights the chameleon poet. . . . A poet is the most unpoetical thing in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in, for, and filling some other body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women who are creatures of impulse, *are* poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute; the poet has none, no identity. . . . If, then, he has no self, and if I am a poet, where is the wonder that I should say I would write no more? Might I not at that very instant have been cogitating in the character of Saturn and Ops? It is a wretched thing to confess, but it is a very fact, that not one word I utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature. How can it be when I have no nature? When I am in a room with people, if I am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then not myself goes home to myself, but the identity of every one in the room begins to press in upon me, so that I am in a very little time annihilated."

Only on one subject does he profess to have any fixed opinions—namely, on his own art or craft. "I have not one "opinion," he says, "upon anything ex-"cept matters of taste." This is one of the most startling and significant sayings ever uttered by a man respecting himself.

If I am not mistaken, the definition which Keats here gives of the poetical character corresponds with the notion which is most popular. Though critics distinguish between "subjective" and "objective" poets, and enumerate men in the one class as famous as men in the other, yet, in our more vague talk, we are in the habit of leaving out of view those who are called "subjective" poets, and seeking the typical poet among their "objective" brethren, such as Homer and Shakespeare. How this habit is to be explained—whether it proceeds from a perception that the men of the second order are more truly and purely *poets*, and that the others, though often glorious in poetry, might, in strict science, be referred in half to another genus—I will not inquire. It may be remarked, however, that, be this as it may, it is by no means necessary to go all the length with Keats in the interpretation of his theory, and to fancy that the poet approaching most nearly to the perfect type must be a man having no strong individuality, no permanent moral gesture. Scott, for example, was a man of very distinct character, with a mode of thinking and acting in the society in which he lived as proper to himself as his physiognomy or corporeal figure. So, no doubt, it was with Chaucer and Shakespeare; and Milton, who may, by much of his poetry, be referred to the same order, was a man with a personality to shake a nation. What is meant is that, when they betook themselves from miscellaneous action among their fellows to the exercise of their art, they all, more or less, allowed their personality to melt and fold itself in the imagination—all, more or less, as it were, sat within themselves, as within a chamber in which their

own hopes, convictions, anxieties, and principles lay about neglected, while they plied their mighty craft, like the swing of some gigantic arm, with reference to all without. Keats did the same; only, in his case, the chamber wherein he sat had, by his own confession, very few fixtures or other proper furniture. It was a painter's studio, with very little in it besides the easel.

Still, as cannot be too often repeated, there *are* subtle laws connecting the creations of the most purely artistic poet with his personal character and experience. The imagination, though it seems to fly round and round the personality, and often at a great distance from it, is still attached to it and governed by it in its flight—determined, in its wheelings towards this or that object, by incessant communications from the total mind and reason of which it is at once the efflux, the envoy, and the servitor. Chaucer's poetry would have been different if Chaucer himself had been different; Scott's novels and poems could have been written, as they stand, by no one but a man cast exactly in Scott's mould, even to the bushiness of his eyebrows and the Northumbrian burr of his speech; and, had we the necessary skill in the higher criticism, even the Protean Shakespeare might be chased out of his dramas into his own proper form as he used to walk in the meadows of Stratford-upon-Avon. So also with the poetry of Keats. Impersonal as it is in comparison with such poetry as Shelley's, it has yet a certain assemblage of characteristics, which the reader learns to recognise as distinctive; and these it owes to the character of its author.

At the foundation of the character of Keats lay an extraordinary keenness of all the bodily sensibilities and the mental sensibilities which depend upon them. He led, in great part, a life of passive sensation, of pleasure and pain through the senses. Take a book of Physiology and go over the so-called classes of sensations one by one—the sensations of the mere muscular states; the sensations connected with such vital processes as circulation, alimentation, respiration, and electrical intercommunication with surrounding bodies; the sensations of taste; those of odour; those of touch; those of hearing; and those of sight—and Keats will be found to have been unusually endowed in them all. He had, for example, an extreme sensibility to the pleasures of the palate. The painter Haydon tells a story of his once seeing him cover his tongue with cayenne pepper, in order, as he said, that he might enjoy the delicious sensation of a draught of cold claret after it. "Talking of pleasure," he says himself in one of his letters, "this moment I was writing "with one hand, and with the other "holding to my mouth a nectarine;" and he goes on to describe the nectarine in language that would reawaken gustativeness in the oldest fruiterer. This of one of the more ignoble senses—if it is right to call those senses ignoble that minister the least visibly to the intellect. But it was the same with the nobler or more intellectual senses of hearing and sight. He was passionately fond of music; and his sensitiveness to colour, light, and other kinds of visual impression was preternaturally acute. He possessed, in short, simply in virtue of his organization, a rich intellectual foundation of that kind which consists of notions furnished directly by sensations, and of a corresponding stock of names and terms. Even had he remained without education, his natural vocabulary of words for all the varieties of thrills, tastes, odours, sounds, colours, and tactual perceptions, would have been unusually precise and extensive. As it was, this native capacity for keen and abundant sensation was developed, educated and harmonised by the influences of reading, intellectual conversation, and more or less laborious thought, into that richer and more cultivated sensuousness, which, under the name of sensibility to natural beauty, is an accepted requisite in the constitution of painters and poets.

It is a fact on which physiologists have recently been dwelling much, that the imagination of any bodily state or action calls into play exactly those nervous, muscular, and vascular pro-

cesses, though in weaker degree, which are called into play by the real bodily state or action so simulated—that the imagination of sugar in the mouth causes the same exact flow of physical incidents within the lips which would be caused by sugar really tasted; that the imagination of firing a rifle does actually compel to the entire gesture of shooting, down even to the bending of the fore-finger round the ideal trigger, though the mimic attitude may be baulked of completion; that the imagination of a pain in any part may be persevered in till a pain is actually induced in that part. Whether or not this fact shall ever serve much towards the elucidation of the connexion between the imagination and the personal character—whether or not it may ever be developed into a wholesale doctrine that the habits of a man's own real being mark, by an *à priori* necessity, the directions in which his imagination will work most naturally and strongly — one can hardly avoid thinking of it in studying the genius of Keats. The most obvious characteristic of Keats's poetry, that which strikes most instantaneously and palpably, is certainly its abundant *sensuousness.* Some of his finest little poems are all but literally lyrics of the sensuous—embodiments of the feelings of ennui, fatigue, physical languor, and the like, in tissues of fancied circumstance and sensation, the imagination of which soothes and refreshes. Thus, in the well-known *Ode to the Nightingale*—

"My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk."

In this state he hears the nightingale, and straightway finds his cure—

"O for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green
Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stainèd mouth,
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim."

It is the same in those longer pieces of narrative phantasy which form the larger portion of his writings. Selecting, as in *Endymion,* a legend of the sensuous Grecian mythology, or, as in *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil,* a story from Boccaccio, or, as in *St. Agnes's Eve,* the hint of a middle-age superstition, or, as in *Lamia,* a story of Greek witchcraft, he sets himself to weave out the little text of substance so given into a linked succession of imaginary movements and incidents taking place in the dim depths of ideal scenery, whether of forest, grotto, sea-shore, the interior of a gothic castle, or the marble vestibule of a Corinthian palace. In following him in these luxurious excursions into a world of ideal nature and life, we see his imagination winging about, as it were his disembodied senses, hovering insect-like in one humming group, all keeping together in harmony at the bidding of a higher intellectual power, and yet each catering for itself in that species of circumstance and sensation which is its peculiar food. Thus, the disembodied sense of Taste—

"Here is wine
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona: here is cream
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam—
Sweeter than that nurse Amalthea skimm'd
For the boy Jupiter; and here, undimm'd
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums
Ready to melt between an infant's gums."

Or, again, in the description of the dainties in the chapel in the *Eve of St. Agnes*—

"And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep
In blanchèd linen, smooth and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez, and spicèd dainties every one
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon."

As an instance of the disembodied delight in sweet odour, take the lines in *Isabella*—

"Then in a silken scarf, sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,
She wrapp'd it up."

Delicacy and richness in ideal sensations of touch and sound are found throughout. Thus, even the sensation of cold water on the hands :—

"When in an antechamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure press'd
By ministering slaves upon his hands and feet."

or the ideal tremulation of a string :—

"Be thou in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur."

But let us pass to the sense of sight, with its various perceptions of colour, light, and lustre. Here Keats is, in some respects, *facile princeps* even among our most sensuous poets. Here is the description of Lamia while she was still a serpent :—

"She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue,
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barr'd,
And full of silver moons that, as she breathed,
Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries."

Here is a passage somewhat more various—the description of the bower in which Adonis was sleeping—

"Above his head
Four lily-stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and tramell'd fresh—
The vine of glossy sprout, the ivy mesh
Shading the Ethiop berries, and woodbine
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine,
Convolvulus in streakèd vases flush,
The creeper mellowing for an autumn blush,
And virgin's bower trailing airily,
With others of the sisterhood."

These last quotations suggest a remark which does not seem unimportant. When critics or poets themselves speak of the love of nature or the perception of natural beauty as essential in the constitution of the poet, it will often be found that what they chiefly mean is an unusual sensibility to the pleasures of one of the senses—the sense of sight. What they mean is chiefly a fine sense of form, colour, lustre and the like. Now, though it may be admitted that, in so far as ministration of material for the intellect is concerned, sight is the most important of the senses, yet this all but absolute identification of love of nature with sensibility to visual pleasures seems erroneous. It is a kind of treason to the other senses—all of which are avenues of communication between nature and the mind, though sight may be the main avenue. In this respect I believe that one of the most remarkable characteristics of Keats is the universality of his sensuousness. But farther:—not only, in popular language, does the love of nature seem to be identified with a sensibility to the pleasures of the one sense of sight; but, by a more injurious restriction still, this love of nature or perception of natural beauty seems to have been identified, especially of late, with one class of the pleasures of this one sense of sight—to wit, the pleasures derived from the contemplation of vegetation. Roses, lilies, grass, trees, cornfields, ferns, heaths and poppies—this is what passes for "nature" with not a few modern poets and critics of poetry. It seems as if, since Wordsworth refulminated the advice to poets to go back to nature and to study nature, it had been the impression of many that the proper way to comply with the advice was to walk out in the fields to some spot where the grass was thick and the weeds and wild-flowers plentiful, and there lie flat upon the turf, chins downwards, peering into grasses and flowers and inhaling their breath. Now, it ought to be distinctly represented, in correction of this, that ever so minute and loving a study of vegetation, though laudable and delightful in itself, does not amount to a study of nature—that, in fact, vegetation, though a very re-

spectable part of visible nature, is not the whole of it. When night comes, for example, where or how much is your vegetation then? Vegetation is *not* nature—I know no proposition that should be more frequently dinned in the ears of our young poets than this. The peculiar notion of natural beauty involved in the habit spoken of may be said to have come in with the microscope. In the ancient Greek poets we have very little of it. They give us trees and grass and flowers, but they give them more by mere suggestion; and, so far as they introduce physical nature at all (which is chiefly by way of a platform for human action) it is with the larger forms and aspects of nature that they deal—the wide and simple modifications of the great natural elements. Shakespeare, when he chooses, is minutely and lusciously rich in his scenes of vegetation (and, indeed, in comparing modern and romantic with ancient and classical poets generally, it is clear that, in this respect, there has been a gradual development of literary tendency which might be historically and scientifically accounted for); but no man more signally than Shakespeare keeps the just proportion. Wordsworth himself, when he called out for the study of nature, and set the example in his own case by retiring to the Lakes, did not commit the error of confounding nature with vegetation. In that district, indeed, where there were mountains and tarns, incessant cloud-variations, and other forms of nature on the great scale to employ the eye, it was not likely that it would disproportionately exercise itself on particular banks and gardens or individual herbs and flowers. Such an affection for the minutiæ of vegetation was reserved perhaps for the so-called Cockney poets; and one can see that, if it were once supposed that they introduced the taste, the fact might be humorously explained by recollecting that nature to most of them was nature as seen from Hampstead Heath.

Now, undoubtedly, Keats is great in botanical circumstance. Here is a passage in which he describes the kind of home he would like to live in for the sake of writing poetry:—

"Ah! surely it must be where'er I find
Some flowery spot, sequester'd, wild, romantic,
That often must have seen a poet frantic;
Where oaks that erst the Druid knew are growing,
And flowers, the glory of one day, are blowing,
Where the dark-leaved laburnum's drooping clusters
Reflect athwart the stream their yellow lustres,
And, intertwined, the cassia's arms unite
With its own drooping buds, but very white;
Where on one side are covert branches hung,
'Mong which the nightingales have always sung
In leafy quiet; where, to pry aloof
Between the pillars of the sylvan roof
Would be to find where violet buds were nestling,
And where the bee with cowslip bells was wrestling:
There must be too a ruin dark and gloomy
To say, 'Joy not too much in all that's bloomy.'"

Again, in the hymn to Pan in *Endymion*:—

"O thou whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the Hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken,
And through whole solemn hours dost sit and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds
In desolate places where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee how melancholy loth
Thou wast to leave fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran!
Hear us, great Pan!"

But, though Keats did "joy in all that is bloomy," I do not know that he joyed "too much;" though luscious vegetation was one of his delights, I do not think that in him there is such a disproportion between this and other kinds of imagery as there has been in other and inferior poets. There is sea and cloud in his poetry, as well as herbage and turf; he is as rich in mineralogical and zoological circum-

stance as in that of botany. His most obvious characteristic, I repeat, is the universality of his sensuousness. And this it is, added to his exquisite mastery in language and verse, that makes it such a luxury to read him. In reading Shelley, even when we admire him most, there is always a sense of pain; the influence of Keats is uniformly soothing. In part, as I have said, this arises from his exquisite mastery in language and verse—which, in itself, is one form or result of his sensuousness. There is hardly any recent poet in connexion with whom the mechanism of verse in relation to thought may be studied more delightfully. Occasionally, it is true, there is the shock of a horrible Cockney rhyme. Thus:—

> "I shall again see Phœbus in the morning,
> Or flushed Aurora in the roseate dawning."

Or worse still:—

> "Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
> Than twin-sister of Thalia?"

Throughout, too, there are ungainly traces of the dependence of the matter upon the rhyme. But where, on the whole, shall we find language softer and richer, verse more harmonious and sweetly-linked, and, though usually after the model of some older poet, more thoroughly novel and original; or where shall we see more beautifully exemplified the power of that high artifice of rhyme by which, as by little coloured lamps of light thrown out in advance of the prow of their thoughts from moment to moment, poets steer their way so windingly through the fantastic gloom?

In virtue of that magnificent and universal sensuousness which all must discern in Keats (and which, as being perhaps his most distinctive characteristic, I have chosen chiefly to illustrate in the quotations I have made), he would certainly—even had there been less in him than there was of that power of reflective and constructive intellect by which alone so abundant a wealth of the sensuous element could have been ruled and shaped into artistic literary forms—have been very memorable among English poets. The earlier poems of Shakespeare were, in the main, such tissues of sensuous phantasy; and I believe that, compared even with these, the poems that Keats has left us would not seem inferior, if the comparison could be impartially made. The same might be said of certain portions of Spenser's poetry, the resemblance of which to much of Keats's would strike any reader acquainted with both poets, even if he did not know that Keats was a student of Spenser. Perhaps the likest poet to Keats in the whole list of preceding English poets is William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals"; but, rich and delicious as the poetry of Browne is, beyond much that capricious chance has preserved in greater repute, that of Keats is, in Browne's own qualities of richness and deliciousness, immeasurably superior.

But sensuousness alone, will not, nor will sensuousness governed by a reflective and fanciful intellect, constitute a great poet; and, however highly endowed a youthful poet may be in these, his only chance of real greatness is in passing on, by due transition and gradation, to that more matured state of mind in which, though the sensuous may remain and the cool fancy may weave its tissues as before, human interest and sympathy with the human heart and grand human action shall predominate in all. Now, in the case of Keats, there is evidence of the fact of this gradation—of a progress both intellectually and morally; of a disposition, already consciously known to himself, to move forward out of the sensuous or merely sensuous-ideal mood, into the mood of the truly epic poet, the poet of life, sublimity and action. There is evidence of this in his prose-letters. Thus, in one, he says "Although I take Poetry "to be the chief, yet there is something "else wanting to one who passes his "life among books and thoughts of "books." And again, "I find earlier "days are gone by; I find that I can "have no enjoyment in the world but "continual drinking of knowledge. I "find there is no worthy pursuit but

"the idea of doing some good to the "world. Some do it with their society; "some with their art; some with their "benevolence; some with a sort of "power of conferring pleasure and good "humour on all they meet—and, in a "thousand ways, all dutiful to the "command of nature. There is but one "way for me. The road lies through "application, study and thought. I "will pursue it. I have been hovering "for some time between an exquisite "sense of the luxurious and a love for "philosophy. Were I calculated for "the former, I should be glad; but, as "I am not, I shall turn all my soul to "the latter." In his poetry we have similar evidence. Even in his earlier poems, one is struck not only by the steady presence of a keen and subtle intellect, but by frequent flashes of permanently deep meaning, frequent lines of lyric thoughtfulness and occasional maxims of weighty historic generality. What we have quoted for our special purpose would fail utterly to convey the proper impression of the merits of Keats in these respects, or indeed of his poetic genius generally, unless the memory of the reader were to suggest the necessary supplement. From *Endymion* itself, sensuous to very wildness as that poem is considered, scores of passages might be quoted proving that, already, while it was being written, intellect, feeling and experience were doing their work with Keats—that, in fact, to use his own figure, he had then already advanced for some time out of the Infant Chamber, or Chamber of mere Sensation, into the Chamber of Maiden Thought, and had even there begun to distinguish the openings of the dark passages beyond and around, and to be seized with the longing to explore them. Seeing this, looking then at such of his later poems as *Lamia* and the *Eve of St. Agnes,* and contemplating last of all that wonderful fragment of *Hyperion* which he hurled, as it were, into the world as he was leaving it, and of which Byron but expressed the common opinion when he said "It seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus," we can hardly be wrong in believing that, had Keats lived to the ordinary age of man, he would have been one of the greatest of all our poets. As it is, though he died at the age of twenty-five and left only what in all does not amount to much more than a day's leisurely reading, I believe we shall all be disposed to place him very near indeed to our very best.

A DEFENCE OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

BY A SON-IN-DITTO.

I WANT to know whether, indeed and of necessity, there be anything ridiculous, reprehensible, or even odious, about the peculiar relationship induced by circumstances upon that great class of women on whose behalf I venture on remonstrances? And, to simplify matters, let me at once diminish their numbers by at least one half. The legally-maternal relation, strictly speaking, attaches to two female classes. Some women's sons marry; some women's daughters do. Some women, it is also true, have both sons and daughters who embrace the married estate, and thus inflict upon their single person the double characteristics of legal-maternity. But, for the purposes of this paper, it shall be considered that the term mother-in-law applies, unless when it is otherwise specified, to the wife's mother; whether such individual do or do not farther sustain, in her own person, the character of mother to a husband or husbands. This distinction I make for a twofold reason. First, because reflec-

tions upon mothers-in-law do for the more part emanate, to our shame be it spoken, from the sex to which I, the apologist, belong. And secondly, because the legal-maternity of the wife's mother has a more self-asserting and generally-felt existence than that of her who is simply mother to a husband. Proverbial philosophy has long since recognised and proclaimed this difference :—

"My son is my son, till he gets him a wife :
My daughter is my daughter all the days of her life."

This distich embodies one great truth at least—a truth admitted and undisputed by those who assail with gibe, and flout, and bitterness, the character of the mother-in-law ; assumed as elementary and indispensable by those, if there be any besides myself, who boldly proclaim for that impugned character veneration, esteem, and affection.

Taking the truth as axiomatic, that "my daughter" remains such "all the days of *her* life," I call special attention to that possessive pronoun. "Her," that is, "my daughter's life." Of that life the daughter's husband may possibly weary, and his testy denunciations of the existence of a mother-in-law, against whom, perhaps, good woman as she is, he really has no cause of quarrel, nor, in truth, really fancies any, amount simply to a subterfuge. Were he rid of his wife he would be practically rid of his mother-in-law. Therefore, not daring to utter his wish in all its naked cynicism, he veils it under a thin and paltry disguise, forgetful or reckless of the fact that he might cease to be a son-in-law without thereby gaining enlargement from the galling bond, as he feels it, of matrimony. Sneaking cowards, who hate their wives and fear them along with it, or else fear what others would think of themselves for hating them, may often, and I dare say do often, find abuse of their mothers-in-law a convenient waste-pipe for some of the venom they fear to vent honestly against their wives. In petty spites, moreover, no less than in the greater, more hideous, malignity, I am convinced that this is true. The poor mother's breast must bear the stab which is to prick the daughter's heart.

If any young lady friend should consult me on the expediency of marrying a widower, one of the first cautions I should give her would run thus :—"Find out, my dear, how he speaks of his late wife's mother. A captious, fractious, censorious son-in-law may be backed at long odds to have been a cranky kind of husband."

"My daughter is my daughter all the days of her life."

There is much force of apology in the line for those good women who as yet are only meditating the commission of the alleged offence of "mother-in-lawhood." "How can they be so eager," ask the impugners, "to get their daughters 'off their hands,' as the phrase is ? Does not their striving to become mothers-in-law speak volumes against their true motherly character ?" There seems at first sight to be something in these queries, but it evaporates upon analysis. I grant that when, towards the anniversary of good St. Valentine, a man bethinks himself of nest-building, a human magpie's nest is hardly that whence he would go to fetch a mate. Have you ever seen the old birds of that particoloured plumage expel the fledglings, reader ? It's a caution, as the Transatlantics say, to see them get the young ones "off their hands." Something wrong with mother or daughter may be suspected, perhaps, when the former is so forward to part with the latter. Ay ! but there's the very pith and marrow of the question. What if the parting imply no severance ? "My daughter is my daughter all the days of her life." "She feels it and I feel it, without a word spoken about it on either side. And I know what she knows not—how surely her own maternity shall knit new fibres, fresh and living, between her heart and mine. How well I remember it ! When her little head nestled for the first time on my bosom, my own head seemed to be pillowed

on my own dear mother's breast again!"

There are, of course, calamitous exceptions; but I am by no means indisposed to maintain the thesis that it is a well-grounded omen of good to the future husband when the mother is honestly and frankly willing to let her daughter wed. Ten to one she has been a happy wife; round her, therefore, has played an atmosphere of trustfulness and love and joyous freedom of the heart, which it is a good thing if thy bride, O reader, hath breathed all her girlhood through.

The smile with which a mother greets a daughter's chosen should be counted by him among the golden treasures of his life. I take him for a currish fellow indeed whose cynicism affects to question the coin's alloy because, forsooth, it is given ungrudgingly. There are a sort of fellows in the world who think of every gift, that the giver gives because he doesn't care to keep what he is giving. On the cynical theory of human thought and feeling—which, after all, should not be called cynical, seeing what faith and trust and devotion the raggedest little cur will often exhibit—that mother's smile is capable of evil interpretation, I allow. "Ha! I have had to board and lodge and clothe this girl of mine these eighteen or twenty years, and you have come, you son of youth and folly, to take that trouble and expense upon yourself." If there were much truth in this interpretation, why should the wooer, even in the most ignoble farce, look always for frowns rather upon the other parent's brow? Obdurate fathers are stock characters from tragedy to pantomime. Why not obdurate mothers? For this reason among others, this good reason, as I think—that, whereas father and mother both keenly feel the sacrifice, the mother has in her own heart a stronger auxiliary than her husband against its selfishness. On this wise:—Wifehood and maternity have been, spite of all pain, care, and sorrow, the joy and glory of her own life. She feels in such sense as even the truest husband and tenderest father does not, how incomplete her life had been without them. Her daughter will gain—unless it go sadly with her, more sadly than a mother's calculation will bear to sum up—incomparably more than she herself can lose, even in losing one dearer than words can tell. The father—if he be good man and true, however consciously he may have striven to do kindly by the mother of his child—knows not in his modest, manly self-esteem all that he has been to her; therefore the hope and confident expectation of what his daughter's husband shall be to the darling child, weighs not so heavily in the scale of willingness to let him take her. He knows what a priceless treasure a dear wife is; therefore he is more willing and eager most times to see his son mate than his daughter; and, if I were to write the praise of fathers-in-law, I would certainly base it upon the relationship of husband's father. Or, rather, I should beg my wife to furnish material for the essay.

I say then, again, that the gold of a mother's smile on her girl's chosen is most times pure gold, smelted in the fire of self-denial, stamped with the image of a glad hope, allowed to be lawful coin by that sharp and stern mint-master whose name is "Experience." If it's not worth casting thankfully into the treasury of life, few coins can be.

But I have lingered perhaps too long over the mother-in-law contingent; let me come to the actual.

They who are loudest in asserting her existence to be a grievance must admit, I suppose, that the evil is at least necessary. It would seem hard, if not impossible, to eliminate mothers-in-law totally from the constitution of society. A girl must have had a mother, in the strict sense of the word "must;" not with a contingent modification, as when we say that she must have had measles, hooping-cough, and other infantile miseries. But it may be suggested that, as those quasi-needful inconveniences are transitory, so might it be with that of which I treat. Yet, so long as natural affection lingers

amongst us, it seems hard to secure this desirable transitoriness of one's wife's daughterly relationship. If all mothers were to die forthwith upon bringing a female infant into the world, the rearing and education of our now wives, and other men's to-be wives, would suffer serious loss. Besides which, as husbands, we might come to think such a law of nature harsh and premature in its operation. What if we should not be tired of our partners at the end of the first year's partnership, and if the result of that partnership should be by that time embodied in a baby girl?

Shall we say, then, that some such institution as the suttee of Hindostan should artificially remedy the defective action of nature at a later period? Would it be well that, as the Hindoo widow is not suffered to survive her husband's death, so the British matron should be bound, by social propriety, to close her mortal career upon her daughter's marriage? Should the torch of the daughter's hymen light a funereal pyre for her mother—should the flame which figuratively consumes the bridegroom literally reduce to ashes her who otherwise would inevitably become his mother-in-law?

A man who has married an eldest daughter might possibly close with this proposed solution of the difficulty; but what would *he* say to it who should have married the youngest of a long family of girls? The very existence, no less than the rearing and education of his dear Maria, Jane, or Caroline, might have been compromised by such an otherwise salutary custom and enactment. I think that, in many cases, the necessity must be conceded not only of the existence of the evil but even of its permanence. At all events, its abolition by suttee must be deferred until the settlement in life of the youngest daughter of any particular household; and, whatever willingness the suitor of the first-born daughter found in Materfamilias to forward his suit, the candidate for the hand of the latest-born sister would have a hard battle to secure his prize. Now that Gretna-green hymeneals are impossible, few younger daughters could, under the action of a suttee law, look to be married till their full majority. Furious opponents of the early marriage system might, perhaps, on this ground, be found to back up a proposal for the passing of such a Bill through Parliament.

Granting, therefore, the necessity of the evil, might it not be wise to make the best of it, and to fall back upon the practical wisdom of the saw: "What can't be cured must be endured"? Men often complain that, after the first few glowing years of extreme youth are past, it is hard in truth to win one's way into any person's sincere affection. Perhaps there is some reason for the complaint as things go. If, then, one sees the door of any heart open to one, even a mother-in-law's, is it wise to disdain entrance and lodgment there? Now I have more than hinted that, even beforehand, the door of that abode is set open by the woman's own kindly nature to her son-in-law; and, even if it be not thus left a-jar for him, the soft hand of his wife upon the latch of it—supposing him only to make a decent husband—is sure to open it wide. The entire, genuine, hearty adoption of him to a sonship, which is no mere legal figment, is neither uneasy nor uncommon. Few men's sons-in-law, perhaps, become to them truly sons; but many women's do. However grateful the father may be for the loyalty and tenderness of his daughter's husband to her, it is not easy to grant him entire absolution for having stolen her from home. If he have not robbed the father more completely of the girl's affection than he has robbed the mother, yet this is to be said—he has certainly robbed him of a certain special pre-eminence, which in the mother's case may have remained, and probably does remain, undisturbed. After marriage her mother may still stand in the bride's estimation first and dearest of women—her father falls to second, second-best, second-dearest of men. There is no help for it. There was a multiform homage she paid him of old, which, in all its multiform expression, is transferred to

another. The transfer is complete, even to trifles which yet are of utmost significance. She was no great politician, for instance, darling girl; but, if she uttered a sentence upon politics, it was the echo of some paragraph skimmed over in the *Standard*, which pappy left upon the breakfast-table when he went into "the city" about ten o'clock or so. But Charles, or Edward, reads the *Daily News;* and there is a newfangled liberalism about her chatty remarks on public matters now, which poor dear pappy, with his old-world notions, winces at, even when they fall from her dear lips about to kiss his dear old grizzling forehead. Dear pappy has his good old wholesome British contempt for foreigners, and their bearded countenances. Charles is in the Marylebone Rifles ("a good move that, you know, dear pappy, reminding you of old times in 1805, as you have often said"), but why should a British rifle-volunteer wear an "imperial" and moustaches? And how could Charles ask that Hungarian friend and his new Florentine acquaintance to meet his British father-in-law at dinner last Thursday fortnight? Maria, like a well-bred English lady of the middle class, had a wholesome horror of tobacco-smoke at home. Even "the boys" had never ventured to defile the paternal dwelling-place with its stale fumes. But, when she put her arms round his neck upon popping in late to see him a few evenings back, she brought a strong whiff to his offended olfactories, and pleaded, without shame or hesitation, that she had been sitting in the little back sitting-room downstairs at home, with Charlie, who had been indulging "just in one mild cigar, dear pappy, as everybody does now-a-days, you know."

But none of these things move her mother, nor keep alive resentment against Charlie's intrusion into the home-circle. Not a bit of it. Charlie has made Maria wife and mother; and, as I said, has made mother and daughter more entirely one thereby. He makes Maria happy with that same absorbing happiness, which her mother delights in still in her own case, and which is not exclusive *as against her.* She is grateful to him for her daughter's sake: and, if he have the sense and grace to show her something of the gratitude which he certainly owes her for the happiness his wife has brought him, he may win her, heart and soul, and gain a mother's love almost as true and tender as that of her who bare him. Poor thing! she does not rob her own sons to bestow son's love on him. She loves him oftentimes for their sake, and for the vivid remembrance and living representation of them which he keeps before her longing eyes. Her George is in Australia; his liberal notions and go-a-head professions remind her of that first-born of her heart. Her John is a country parson in the far-off coal-fields of Durham; but they were at College together, and the College jokes and stories he retails are old familiar words to her. Her Willie, her dear darling pickle Willie, her bold blue-eyed Willie, fell in the trenches at Sebastopol; but, sad as the remembrance is, the very clink of the volunteer ensign's steel scabbard is sweet to her for his sake, whose grave is on the bleak down at Cathcart's Hill.

I know too well there is another way of sketching this relationship. The outline of her features is given as that of an intriguing, sharp, greedy woman, who has pushed her daughter over the tricked husband's threshold, as a larcenous swindler pushes slily the point of his toe between the door and door-post, when the silly maidservant turns without fastening it to carry some mendacious message upstairs. In he whips through the unguarded opening, and clears the coat-pegs of the coats, the stand of its umbrellas. But in nine cases out of ten this sketch is a mean libel, not a fair caricature. Even in the exceptional tenth, if a mother have mated a daughter to a wealthier man than might have been expected, and if she do look to reap from the connexion some material solace, perhaps for her own widowed age, what of it? Can we find nothing but harsh terms and bitter mocking words of blame for the offence? Is it then so unpardonable, so outrageous a thing after all?

You say, sir, you have no great fault to find with the wife that she has given you. The girl was poor; but you allow yourself that her good looks, her good sense, her good temper, have brought no contemptible dowry to the house. Nay! be honest, and admit—what in your secret heart you feel—that, though a nought stand for your wife's fortune, that nought has found its way to the right hand of the sum of your possessions, and has done what noughts do in that place—has multiplied their value tenfold. Very well! You must indeed be a poorer creature than I care to write you down if you can grudge a slice of your vension to the hunger of her poor old mother, a glass of your choicest claret to her thirst, a scuttleful of your best screened Wallsend to her cold, a well-stuffed "*dormeuse*" arm-chair to her rheumatic spine. Man alive! if man you be, it was not to wheedle that chair out of you that she caught her rheumatism in the cold night long ago, carrying up and down in her arms the sickly child that, as a well-grown healthy matron, lies in yours. It was not in hopes to sip your claret that she drank, in their poor lodgings, water only, husbanding the bottle or two of the rare old port wine from her husband's cellar in the prosperous time, to follow out the doctor's orders, and let the pale girl of thirteen have her two daily wineglassfuls. Three years later, when the wholesome appetite of growing sixteen was hard to satisfy, how often did she feign that the sickness, which indeed meant hunger, disinclined her for the scanty joint, in order that she who sits at the head of your groaning table now might not know that she was eating doubly at her mother's cost! Had she an eye then, think you, to your "*entrées*" and "second course"? For shame, sir! reconsider yourself, and understand that, if your querulous grumbling reveals a greed in somebody, the world will not necessarily allow that it is the greed of your mother-in-law. But your case is confessedly exceptional. I pass on to one more common, where bride and bridegroom are of the same social standing, and have wed, as one may say, "*cæteris paribus.*" How is it most times there?

Unless memory plays me a trick, I remember to have seen, in the pages of some of our social satirists, a pen and pencil description combined of the mother-in-law's advent at a young couple's home. I *don't* believe, myself, that her bonnet was so battered, her mantlet so unshapely, nor even her umbrella so "Gampish," as there set forth. I *do* believe her trunk to have been as unwieldy, her bandbox as capacious, her nondescript parcels as depicted there; but I venture to hint at a different explanation of these portents from what the accompanying letter-press insinuated. It was *not* because she was come to plant herself for weeks upon the household of the juniors; *not* because she meditated sponging upon its resources that she came thus. No, Charlie! you cannot say it, nor suffer it to be said in your presence, without an honest blush of shame. Trunk, bandbox, hamper, hand-basket, came not to your door, sir, empty, that after certain weeks they should go thence full. Ask Jane, the parlour-maid, and Sophy, the cook, if they were not much lighter to carry downstairs at departure than upstairs on arrival. I'll warrant that cupboard and cellarette have more than one pot, package, and flask in them since grandmamma came, which were not there the week before. In the nursery drawers are little caps and frills, and even an embroidered frock or two, which none of your pence paid for, Master Charlie. As your Maria opens and shuts her wardrobe, have you not caught the rustle of a new silk dress hanging up there? Something whispers me that neither Maria's portemonnaie nor yours was picked for price of it. I do not see why you should mock even at that umbrella of abnormal outspread. Baby was carried dry to church for christening under its ample "Alpaca," which had not been the case if your own flimsy, skimpy, silk "*parapluie de luxe*" had been that blessed infant's only rain-screen on the ritual day. Come, now, Mr. Charles, confess: it was no later than last New Year's

Eve that you and your Maria lay awake, watching the flickering fire, and the play of the shadows on the bed curtains, bemoaning that after all your rigid economies and honest shifts to make both ends meet, there were yet ten pounds or so for odds and ends on the wrong side of the balance-sheet. And at breakfast-time, next morning, as Maria broke the seal, saying, "A letter from dear mamma!" what was that crisp, almost silvery crackle, that made you look up so sharp from your *Daily News* to catch her radiant smile? What was the meaning of her exclamation,—"How kind of her! and just when we wanted it so much to make all right, you know?" Could it have been a bank-note she put back into the envelope? Come, Charlie, I say again, we are old friends, and I know you well. Spite of your sometimes affectation of a grim sneer, a mild imitation of the cynic snarl, I know you to have a tender, just, and generous heart in your broad breast; so you will not take deep offence at the last questions I shall put, in sober, serious earnest. It's not six weeks ago since you lay upon your back—that broad breast I spake of, covered with the doctor's bitingest of blisters. It was "touch and go" with that bronchitis in the March winds wasn't it? Who came, at the first hint of real danger, to mind the children? Baby has had two successors since that church-procession under "the Alpaca," I believe. Who came to mind the children, and let Maria's whole strength, and time, and care, be given to nursing you? Who would have halved that sacred toil, that bitter-sweet fatigue, with her, if only her jealous agonized love had suffered it? That afternoon, when the doctor bit his lip at the question, "Do you think him worse, then?" what flashed across your mind, Charlie, at the thought that poor Maria's head might never rest on the broad breast again? Was it not thankfulness deeper, more consolatory than words can tell, at the remembrance that, to weep for you, that head would yet be pillowed on the pillow whence you took it—on the bosom of her own mother, whom you then owned to be to you more than a mere MOTHER-IN-LAW?

R. S. C.

KYLOE-JOCK AND THE WEIRD OF WANTON-WALLS.

A LEGEND: IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES, AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HAND," "HINCHBRIDGE HAUNTED," &c.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THERE ARE HIGHER CHARACTERS REQUIRED, AND BETTER FRIENDS FOUND.

ON the forenoon of the day appointed by his master's letter, Andrew duly led forth Rutherford from the stable again; and, mounting him behind the house, rode out in sight of the parlour windows—though without sound on the snowy road—to take the horse as before to the town of Deerlaw. There it would be left, on the safe arrival of the coach. A steed of fate seemed Rutherford; and a herald of welcome to the destinies, Andrew; as they disappeared in a powdery snow-dust on the brow of the hill. No holiday hour or minute was then sought by Hugh. With rapid effort, the arrears of knowledge were dealt with; nor did busy memory need urging, to get its dullest rote, if yet possible, by heart. And in comparison with direr things to be averted, how simple of escape did the very reproofs or penalties of tuition appear; which a little longer time for diligence, it now proved, would have helped to soften, amongst the excuses of weather, and the returning solicitudes as to the health of the household during the master's absence. Too late, indeed, was it for Hugh to have a sudden hoarseness, like

little Hannah, or, like little Joey, to have ominous signs of the whooping that was abroad in the parish: for which two favoured little ones the spelling-book and primer had, in consequence, been closed, while Andrew was to bring medicines back with him. Earlier in the afternoon than nature would have countenanced any such quick infection of cold or hoarseness in Hugh after the most undeniable out-door activity, did Andrew come trudging home again, those six wintry miles. The snow-encumbered roads, he reported, were still open; not even the bleak, northern coach-road had been stopped, over dreary Soutra-hill; nor was Andrew's own caution so deficient in the slightest grain, but that, ere committing himself to walk back, he had seen the master comfortably into Deerlaw Manse, in the stable of which Rutherford was of course installed. *There* was it equally natural that the worthy minister of Deerlaw had entered on profitable discourse with a friend like Mr. Rowland, while Mrs. Boglehead hastened the dinner; nay, with her wonted hospitality, would have had the bed prepared. But, as Andrew said—still cordial from the "dram" he mentioned to Mrs. Rowland, (who could not do less than Mrs. Boglehead had done)—"their own minister was not given to changefulness of intent, being a firm man, and of authority, whereby he delayed not for ordinar' conveniency. Only the poor beast had stood in need of a bit half-feed of corn, however well used to that road. And it was safer to 'bide at any rate till the moon got up—whilk, providentially, she was about the full; and the road no doubt was short. But notwithstanding, gif the weather should any way lose grip, *a'* roads bude to be fully as chancy by a gude light as otherwise." With which sayings, the man Andrew wished the mistress's health before he took the second cordial, and left the kitchen for his own hind's-cottage; there to sup and wait, in composed certainty as to the hour when the stable should require him.

So punctual were the fulfilments of any resolution thus declared by Mr. Rowland, that to have seen contradictory symbols in the sky, would *here*—at home—scarce have shaken people's trust. Often had the early sunset, through the foggy winter air, struck as gloomily of late, as that afternoon. Even somewhat so, formerly, in other winters, had the whole afternoon contracted before the door to a staring group of house and wall, and a few suppliant palms of branches, holding their small sacrifices of snow to unseen heaven—with the church belfry muffled, the neighbouring farmhouse gable seen as at the world's end—all thrust distinctly, insignificant, from a leaden gulf in air, on which there fell, like proof of conflagration smothered by the palpable coming of the dark, a glare of redness that might have been elsewhere terrible. Mere children might have shrunk from such a ghastly gloom out of doors to love the fire within, and caress in their hearts the very candles that Nurse Kirsty brought. But the wild night found sympathy in a boy. He could have rushed into it with a fierce embrace, if it would have stretched even a finger to him; and there was a gloom within, a foreboding of the innermost heart, that now eclipsed the exaggerated old nursing-frowns.

Tea-time came, and Nurse Kirsty brought the tea-tray in: with her new spotted gown, so like the old, as if she clung to that—white spots in a deep-blue ground, like the starry sky once, now like the falling snow at midnight: *why* wearing it, except to be detested? With that high cap, all plaited, tufted, and floating behind in stream or looped bow, as if to remain oracular! With flannelled cheek, betraying her mortal nature, subject to toothache as to crossness—why still affect the prophetic, and say, when her mistress wonders it is so late without the master's coming, that "the moon will be to rise ere long"? The curtains were not drawn, nor the shutters shut; and high outside, against the dark, flickered the fire and twinkled the candles, with the picture of their own inward waiting over tea. Gradually

the dark lightened up, as if the moon arose. It was nothing, however, but some slow flakes that wandered down, glistening faintly till they twinkled quicker, till they hurried down glaring, till they even at last whirled, circled, and fluttered aslant from the rising air, into the steady image of parlour brightness and comfort. It was snowing fast. The huge black night melted down thus before them, until Mrs. Rowland, by turns, rose and sat down again—looking out anxiously, expecting each moment the sound at the gate, settling at last in the confidence that he would not come. So were the shutters closed, and the curtains were drawn; and, as the time passed, they talked the less disturbedly together. Nay, going into the outer passage, to unclose the door a little, and peer out into the speckled darkness, it was almost terrifying in itself: the wind began to drift the snow beneath into the snow from above, and, sprinkling it in upon the face, even sent it sifting after, through the shut and bolted defence, upon the mat behind.

But the mother called to mind all the pressing hospitality and kindness of Mrs. Boglehead, with the profitable discourse of her reverend partner, ever most congenial to his intimate friend and clerical brother, her own husband. And she said something of it to Nurse Kirsty, at the younger children's bedtime, even although that gaunt figure entered, as was her wont, with a sudden burst of the door; nor had she of late invited much confidential talk, by her ungracious manner since Andrew's change of condition. Other things had imparted to Kirsty's aspect a mingled air of elevation and suffering; and, as was frequent with her, she caught the last words addressed to her, to repeat them as she answered.

"Prevailed upon for to stop at Deerlaw, mem," Kirsty said, austerely. "It's no more nor an hour's ride, or less, mem, fro' Deerlaw! You'll maybe not be aweer, Mistress Rowland, how the moon is nigh the full the-night? To them which knoweth the master best, being longest in the house, and of the old family, mem, it ne'er could be said that *his* word was failed of, mem." Glancing aside at the boy, with portents in her glance, she took the two children each by a sleeve or cuff, and, like some friendly daughter of the giants, still fulsomely conciliating their inexperience, conveyed them away.

But when Andrew came at the time prefixed, he assented to his mistress's confirmed belief—wondering at the positiveness of Kirsty, which exceeded not only the minister's own, but went above what was becoming in frail creatures like the best of men. For moonlight though it might be at times, the night was "rather coarse"; still drifting when it did not snow as well. So that Andrew, though he waited over the due period, gave in his fullest corroboration at length to the certainty that Mr. Boglehead had prevailed. He opined that the mutual discourse of the two ministers was even then making up for a delay, which it might be trusted would prove brief. May be, as he shrewdly added, they would be none the worse of a single warm tumbler a-piece that night, at Deerlaw, ere they bedded. And Andrew—before departing to his own bed, some hundred yards or so along the open road—did not fail to profit partially by the thought; which Mrs. Rowland smiled at, as she acted upon it. A smile even remained behind the worthy factotum, after he had carefully closed the parlour door where he had stood, and after he had put on his wet shoes in the passage, to retire by the back-premises. This was partly, perhaps, at the respectful gravity with which he had paused, taking the full glass from Hugh, to suggest comfort by some apparent proverb or lines of a psalm—that "the best-laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft ajee"—yet started when he had said it, and coughed, wishing their respective healths in due order, and swallowing the draught, and retreating.

After that they sat together at ease, talking more pleasantly, the mother and boy by themselves; passing with the indulged mood of talk into all kinds of cheering or remote topics, as when the

loneliness of a wild winter's night will make juvenility itself companionable, and the most ignorant questions about the world are welcome, if reviving a livelier past in the answers. Long answers were the mother's—bringing up, fuller than ever, the same well-known account of her English girlhood, with the streets, the crowds, the scenes, habits, and daily intercourse of the vast City, her own birth-world: all familiar to *her* once, as to *him* were now the solitude, the silence, the bareness, the stones and weeds, hills and fir-plantations and sky, and snow itself. It had grown late—how late they could not have said; the night sinking toward a stillness outside, as if the snow-fall ended, or the drift calmed. In the deep quiet of the room, when the mother passed from it on some household care before they went up to bed, it seemed that a dull tramp came muffled from the road, but ceased as the gate creaked faintly for a moment. Loudly, at all events, opened the house-door. It proved to be but his mother, hearing the sound too, and looking out. Calling Hugh to her, she took the lanthorn in the passage, lighted it, and bade him go out to see—to help with the gate, and with the horse, if it were really his father after all. Now, the boy still more thoroughly expected it was so—having believed strangely, under all opposite proofs, in his father's purpose. It was with a relief of feeling that he hastened out, though yet fearing to-morrow. All was very still—more still, because the snow-storm only lulled. Whether the snow itself gave out that light, or was helped by some weak suffusion of the hidden moon, through swelling loads of vapour, the lanthorn did but stain and peer, with rushing shadows, upon a shadowless distinctness. No spot was in it save what the lanthorn brought: at the gate no one; only, by the falling of a snow-burden from the trees, as the frame hung unfastened, had it been flung open to the place where it stuck fast. He could not shut it now. Inward turned the deep white road with untrodden purity; the large wandering flakes were gently wafted in: more steadily, along the restless surface, from the viewless distance, came sifting on a small powdery drift, that scattered higher as the gust increased, as it had been a dust before the feet of one who hastened out of the storm. A minute curious, breathless, did the looker stand and face it—gazing and listening. The sheeted hedge that revealed itself opposite gave him no eery trouble; he was not afraid of the shrouded arms of their own trees, with a shagged fir-branch or two; nor did it misgive him of the road that glared so vacant into the night, and vanished in its huge abyss. Out of the fresh fit of darkness, into the lanthorn-light when he set it down to push the gate again, thickened and rose that ceaseless drift, mingling with the flakes and feathers that whirled faster into motes; but, though he could not close the opened breach, he felt no consternation at the inveterate assailment. It was a vague and mighty terror that seized him when he had turned, taking him helpless in its grasp, and bearing him into the house, and seeming to shut the door and bar it, as he himself had done before. All night, even while they slept, they felt the influence of the snow still coming; and pleasanter would have been dreams of frozen ships, of Polar bears, Siberian exiles, of Lot departing from the Cities of the Plain, or monks and dogs of St. Bernard. When they awoke it was still whispering, hushing, whirring, to the fringed window-pane and throughout the narrow air. Not until the afternoon of that second day of expectation were Mrs. Rowland's anxieties joyfully relieved.

Even while they had sat talking on the previous night, however, Mr. Rowland had stedfastly resisted the last pressures of hospitality at Deerlaw Manse. By moonlight, during an interval of the snow, he had rapidly set out on his brief journey homeward. His wonted firmness was the more settled by the obvious argument, decisive even to Mrs. Boglehead, that, if he remained all night, then the pleasant delay, in their mutual region of

hills and hollows, of bleakness and blast, would to all appearance entail a stay of days or weeks—a thing perhaps unimportant to his snowed-up parish, and possibly not unserviceable to the pulpit now at hand, but yet, to a household without head, amidst its natural anxiety, very serious indeed! He mounted the horse Rutherford, therefore, with satisfaction at the spirited impatience of the animal, and was pleased to find no need of pressing him by the spur, while the rein still guided him most perfectly. Soon, indeed, as the snow-shower again began to fall, it was but dimly that the form of the road could be distinguished by the muffled shapes of the hedge-row that glided past—its shapes hurrying the other way, shrinking and cloaking themselves like the rider when he met the blast on more exposed places. Already there were gathered wreaths, below field-dykes now disguised, into which a false step might have plunged the horse with no small peril to itself; yet Rutherford quite justified the opinion that had warranted him on Andrew's part. Steadily he trotted on, where such a pace was feasible, or strained up, with his clogged energies the more exerted, to firmer footing on the open hill-road that rose in the drift. As they mounted thus together, horse and rider with one will, it was not the horse which questioned how to choose between two ways. Whether the shorter and bleaker were safest, or the more circuitous but comparatively sheltered, perplexed Mr. Rowland himself for a brief space; during which he lost the very power of preference. Even any distinction of a road at all from the trackless waste, passed from his mind, as he confessed, amidst the flying chaos that seemed to blind them both at that point. In such circumstances it became proper for him to encourage the horse, and to impart to him a composure drawn, perhaps, less from reason than from a higher quarter. Yet it was certainly not in the very slightest concession to brute stubbornness, scarcely with the least respect for tales of equine instinct, that the bridle was relaxed, the mane patted, or the spur turned aside, when Rutherford raised his head, pricked his ears, and again strained briskly onward. As the blast diminished and the drift ceased to close the eyes, it appeared a most satisfactory proof of speed. Still it was doubtful if they were nearing home, or were even returning by sheer necessity to the precincts of Deerlaw Manse. An alternative which it seemed less derogatory for the beast to decide upon, than the course actually chosen by it: for at length the rider became aware of the abrupt descent of the more circuitous of the two roads, and of its long ascent again, behind the fir-plantations, round by solitary though sheltered slopes, toward the hollow by Kirkhill. A certain indignation in the rider was only tempered by the obvious confidence of his horse, quickening as if to deprecate reproof—with the chill remembrance, also, how unshaded was the direct way home, where not encumbered beyond expectation, and how, at the bridgeless ford of the stream across it, the water might have been too much swollen. Rapid and surely-footed did the creature become, for all the whirling hurry of the air and despite the showering obscurity and winking swarm of flakes and specks, where all the feeble moonlight spent itself. The wildness of the higher hills about them was safe to that speed which the fir-belts shielded and guided, while here neither the treacherous hollow nor flooded current was to be dreaded. Trusting perforce to such instinct then, at intervals almost blindly, Rutherford's master scarce checked his bridle, or knew his turns before they proved too accurate for prompting. Suddenly, in the midst of the thickest confusion, when gloom and glare were being stirred together, and winnowed out from each other again, with a strife almost as noiseless as tumultuous—the beast stopped short. As if uncertain at the last, gone out of the way and bewildered, it stood silent, with pricked and moving ears. A misgiving came upon the firm man, most unpleasant of all—possibly because he had so

yielded to inferior nature, to find it as idle as he had judged, and reap the penalty himself. He got down, doubtless sternly, and, taking the rein with his strong grasp, looked down, gazed round—peremptorily spoke to and led forward the obedient horse.

A single step, it appeared, disclosed to Mr. Rowland the most unexpectedly cheering tokens. It could be no mere fancy, that through the eddying stir of flakes there came the transient glimmer of a light. Close at hand were the furred branches of a great old tree or two, thrust forth from the spotted gloom; the loaded shape of a great old pillared gateway—dispelling the first puzzled impression that it was home, or Deerlaw again—opened before him as they passed on. Though satisfied to find any roof so near, that he might at least ask the way, even *he* started back, with a shiver through the blood, when the next pace had showed him—drearier than the night and storm, colder than winter—the ruined mass and fragments of some ancient building, some deserted fortress of the barbarous border-time, roofless, with dark loophole through the snow, the haunt of idle legends. What sort of spot for him, Mr. Rowland, the minister, to be brought to in the night, on his way home, by a froward beast and by the fault of Andrew! More incongruous must it have seemed than even ghastly! Yet not so incongruous or, perhaps, so ghastly and unmeaning, as when he recognized the very place and knew it; nay, by a step or two to the other hand, moved into distincter view of the ranged stackyard, full of bulky stacks beside the bulkier peaked threshing-mill, with sheds and farm-offices hard by, and, most conspicuous toward the front, the lighted mansion-like abode of the farmer himself. It was not to be longer masked, by snow or obscurity, from him who knew his parish so well. Indeed, long as it had been since he entered the door of that well-built house, with shrubbery and garden like a mansion, yet often in the interval had his due visits been paid to the humble row of hinds'-cottages beyond. Unaccountable as the accident still seemed—this place most indubitably was Wanton-Walls.

Its windows were indeed brightly lit, glowing so numerous through the busy flakes that hospitality appeared astir among the hills at night. Some jovial feast it might be, as before; some revel prolonged from the New Year, the less suitable to welcome such an unexpected guest. Nevertheless it became him not to recede in secret, or be daunted by the effrontery of evil. The trick of circumstance held him curious, till he partly wondered; and it might be that the pride within drew answer from the pride without, at length rousing a serious compunction for opportunities neglected before. Onward, at least, he passed to the house, whether to be content with some ordinary exchange of the courtesies natural in such a case, or, if need were, to present a sterner and more effectual testimony than of old. But, as if he had been an expected comer, or a late completion to the festive circle, the door opened at the first tread of his horse beside it—servants issuing to take the horse and receive the horseman, to bring lights, and remove the storm-spattered outer garments, though at the well-known aspect then revealed they recoiled with surprise. Not the less, however, forthwith was his entrance urged, and his progress ushered on and upward to the door that finally unclosed before him.

It was no noisy company or orgy that he beheld, notwithstanding. Solitary upon his bed, in the faintly-lit chamber, lay the master of the house, under the first burden of some winter ailment. Tossing upon a feverish pillow, he looked up gladly and welcomed his visitor, with hot arms thrown out; for he had thought it was the doctor, his familiar acquaintance, come at last, before the messenger that had been sent to bring him had even returned. He welcomed the supposed doctor with very free and familiar words, all but profane; while the frightened servant had fled and closed the door. Even through the closed door, before they had entered, had his voice

been heard so loud—ejaculating against this very doctor, and the weather, the roads, the darkness or the light—that the servant had shaken her head to Mr. Rowland, whispering that they were frightened at him ; and the room had seemed even full of orgies and profanity, and of the thirsty call for strong liquor instead of medicine. The sick man hurled an epithet after the woman as she went ; he struggled to his elbow, and tore aside the curtains to see his friend the doctor that had ridden to him, through the snow and drift, eight miles from Thirlstane ; but, when he perceived who it was thus drawing near, to stand erect and still, he stared at him with dismay, and gasped fretfully, almost angrily, with a burning face, and fell back again, and turned his face in sullenness to the wall.

It was a night *that*, of which Mr. Rowland never disclosed much. The snow-drift might lull or be renewed, and the snow-shower fall or cease, but it mattered not. For he remained all night at Wanton-Walls, staying up late by the bed of Mr. Murray, in order that by any means he might awake a dull conscience—a seared one, as he called it—and rouse a soul which might be near to die, for all the strong health of the bodily frame. *Now*, once for all, he was fain to have it awakened even by terror and remorse to the hope of a new life, whether here or hereafter. Very severe and solemn, probably, was the minister that night—too much like the prophet brought miraculously there, if not the avenging angel. There were certain points on which the minister of Kirkhill was austere and terrible almost to the pitch of fierceness in those days ; and at the sight or vicinity of such as Mr. Murray of Wanton-Walls, perhaps he was fiercer. At all events, he must have terrified the man, already drawing, as Mr. Murray was, to the elderly time of life, and unaccustomed to be unwell even for a day, after his worst excess. Fox-hunting had kept him healthy, it might be ; and probably he was not terrified by any reproach connected with that sport. But in the book of the records of the parochial court, y-clept the Kirk-session, there was a thing written on suspicion and testimony against him ; which, although the only witness had long been dead, and he himself had always repudiated the whole charge with scorn, he that night did confess and own to. Thereafter terror must have possessed Mr. Murray, for he began to wander in his mind, and poured forth not only confessions, but many fragments of wild discourse and reminiscence, which were well nigh terrifying to Mr. Rowland—also exhausting him and unfitting him to await their end, or soothe them down, or offer cure. But, as the doctor did not come that night at all, the minister did not confine himself to the sphere of his own calling. He knew something of the physician's part ; and, having bled the patient, having prescribed convenient remedies and waited till he slept, he went to bed for the night himself, greatly wearied by all these offices.

Again in the morning he returned to Mr. Murray. The latter was then more composed. He welcomed the fresh visit in reality, and asked for the prayers that were offered beside him, closing his restless eyes as he lay still with difficulty, and putting together his hot hands openly above the bed-clothes. He, too, had been a child once, and had walked, it seemed, with his parents through Sabbath air in times very long before, when the days were pious by comparison, to a church where there was a good man preaching. Things which that good man had said he tried to repeat. He recollected parts of hymns or paraphrases set him by his mother to learn, and said to Mr. Rowland that he was sorry, and that some of these things had perhaps risen to him before. Nay, he said that if Mr. Rowland would not preach at him on account of the past, he would be regular at church in future, and offend no more. If possible, he would like to be readmitted to church privileges, some time—without too public a discipline, seeing it was now so long ago since his chief sin was done, and that the partner of the sin was gone long ago. Then the messenger for the doctor returned at

length, at some risk through the snow, which still fell or drifted—cheering them with the promise that the doctor would come soon, though another distant patient had required him, almost costing him his own life. So Mr. Rowland prepared himself to set out for home at the first opening in the weather that day. But, ere he left, he did not fail to speak of the terrors of an enemy whom the doctor might not be able to keep away. He spoke more mildly, also, than before, of cures beyond the power of both friend and enemy—at which Mr. Murray did his best to listen and provide himself; still eager at the hint, however, of a substantial reparation and a tangible proof of repentance. So eager was he on that point, that, ere the minister departed, he asked that a solemn statement should be written; which he could there formally subscribe before other witnesses, and deliver it to Mr. Rowland before he went, that the Kirk-session might believe his word upon good grounds. The reparation which he thus dictated was so far beyond what Mr. Rowland approved, that the latter objected to it as an excessive thing; but Mr. Murray said he had no friends who could rightly expect the property he thus disposed of, nor did he mind any greedy kindred, wishing for his decease before the time. The full purport of this paper was between him and Mr. Rowland for the present—except that before the others, who were called, he sat up and appended his tremulous signature. He then gave the paper to the minister, who folded it, looking upon him thoughtfully, and took it with him when he came away.

Through the still flying drift Mr. Rowland passed out from the fir-woods. The open road below was deeply wreathed—though then so plain above him stood Kirkhill that he rode up to its glebe hedge without swerving. When he came to the glebe hedge corner, whence the smoke was obvious, the very windows looking from under the trees, he thought he knew the level course upon one side the fence, from the sunken ditch upon the other, that lay within his own glebe field. Yet, pressing Rutherford in haste, he found himself mistaken. For, shortly afterwards, he reached the front door on foot, and the first sound that announced him was the stamping that shook off the snow upon the mat, with the loud prefatory *hem!* which they all knew so well—a little louder this time, taking breath to speak. With a cry of sudden joy sprang out little Hannah—and lesser Joey shouted following—while the mother hurried speechless from beyond, Hugh silently drawing near—to greet papa through his wintry disguise; who stood erect, smiling, but calling first for Andrew, with spades and shovels, and all the help that could be, to dig out "Rutherford" from the snow-drift. Solicitude for Rutherford diffused even a tenderness around his gravity, covering or postponing numberless deeper words; and Andrew hastened—nay, with him also Hugh and his especial garden-spade—to follow for the work of rescue. Half merry work, half serious, how pleasantly breaking the icy forethought and pre-imagined distance of the paternal presence now brought back again! Rutherford is successfully led home, having given a deep sob through the snow, and struggled up by the help of his mane, with Andrew's grasp upon the bridle, and then shaken himself till bit and stirrup rang. His master spoke of him to Andrew, who now inferred the exact truth about the animal's previous ownership, not just clear to himself before. Meanwhile Rutherford had plunged his mouth into the smoking pail, with a bottle of strong ale in it, which Andrew held for him at the stable-door; and still, as the horse sucked and drank, it was looking out sideways at Andrew with its large liquid, patient eye, like one that could have told a tale. Then, after all, Andrew having put shrewd questions himself by turns, pawkily looked up askance at the minister, and said in his obstinate way, "Maybe, though, sir, it was just about as well the way it was, considering, ye'll mind, Sir, that until now we were na just fully aware o' the whole facks o' the case."

"True—true, Andrew," was the musing answer. Indeed, the facts were

now by no means known to Andrew. "I aye missed Mr. Murray, mysel', Sir," the latter persisted. "But wi' siccan a decidet leading, as we might say, Mr. Rowland, o' unseen powers, the Wanton-Walls pew canna be long vaucant after the thaw comes, *I*'se warrant it! Will there be ony orders then, Sir, the' night—ony errands or session-business thereanent?"

To which the Minister replied but curtly, turning toward the house—though few, save the *man*-Andrew, could have ventured to probe so far.

Fear was scarcely there that evening. They ran to unbutton the moist over-alls, to take off the spurs, to carry the cloak away and hang it up—all proud of their respective offices, only permitted to children who were good. Up the dark stair-case, without candle, ran the boy on his errand of peculiar privilege—to bring down the older sitting-coat, and fold up the best one, and also take it carefully away. The little parcels that lay still closed on a side-table, reserved till after dinner, scarce interfered with such a rapturous sense of favour; nor could it even be dispelled by impatience for those other packages, not yet taken from the portmanteau, which were more exciting yet. When the slippers were on, and the easy chair wheeled in from the study-room, it was again joyful as of old for Hugh. There would be no studious retirement that night; and they would hear for hours of the coach, the city, the news, the public business of the church—partly of the private business itself that concerned the Rowlands! Something was heard of Wanton-walls too; and a little of Mr. Murray—once an unheard-of man, a sheep departed beyond hope of the fold.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DREEING OF THE WEIRD.

To-morrow, what convenient aid there was from circumstance and nature, joint conspirators for Hugh's profit! For it was Saturday; and, although few could come to church on the Sabbath, yet those few must have their spiritual sustenance provided, equally with the many, and so the Minister had to be busy with his sermon, and there was no time for the immediate resumption of the lessons and the other inquiries which Hugh dreaded. Moreover, there was work to do; seeing the very path to each out-house or shed had to be cleared again. Lesson-time itself would have had to be added, to permit complete access to be made to every imprisoned roost or hutch, crib or cote, the blocked store-places and the buried garden-herbs. But there was no likelihood of such a mistake again on Hugh's part as the idleness in which he had indulged during his father's absence. Rather subtracting from his lawful play-hours, to help the task-time in this most fortunate interval, he was eager in his diligence with Ruddiman; and, if Cornelius Nepos had a difficulty too hard to revise, there was a gracious glance at hand when explanation was requested, if the mental want of ability implied no moral failure of the will.

The Sabbath-day itself then became as a shining shield, behind which there was fresh immunity and new protection for the young Rowland; for, after that day was passed, day after day followed without too much retrospect on his father's part into the manner in which time had been employed during the period in which Hugh had been his own master. Nurse Kirsty seemed to press her lips together from a determination to reserve her impeachments to a future time, or to be kept mute by toothache. The cow-herd was not seen, nor the kyloe-herd and his dog, save when they had presented themselves at church. The snow locked up and sealed together everything for a time, even to the very possibility of slides, or the remains of fowls and foxes. Lying thus deep, though placid, for days and days together, it made other scenes fade in recollection, till they became as dreams. But a thousand sights and novelties of its own did it show forth to recompense the loss. Beauties

beyond utterance were about it—paradisaical or fairy splendours that cannot be told, taking back to infancy. There were sports above number in it. The new pleasure flowed from it, or at its suggestion, of imitating and of making. For, after lessons that seemed to pass more fluently and briefly, they ran out to build temples and shape colossal statues out of the snow; their father walking near, when walks were few and limited, to countenance or counsel the joint effort. In-doors, from frosted tracery of the panes, the younger ones covered their dark slate, with white arabesques, over and over, never the same: day was too short for the patience of the eldest, stooping where the glass was transparent, to set down, from snow to paper, those little blemishes and blacknesses, blots, spots, and shades and lines, that still delightfully distinguished between winter and an utter blank of things.

Meantime the parish wearied of this stillness, counting it a drear seclusion and weary vacancy that lasted too far toward the spring. All the people had begun to cut out roads, from every farm-stead and cottage-row, into the ways that led to village and market-town and the rest of the world. As for roads to the church, that each hill-path might be beaten and trodden to join them as before, it seemed a business left to chance, unless seen-to by that man of many offices, Andrew. He alone appeared idle, alone unequal to the task required, alone deploring, by his looks, this preference of temporal things, amidst the very admonitions and signs to look elsewhere. His week-day duties were then but slight. When he rang the morning-bell on Sabbath, or rang-in at church-time, it had been a mere empty ceremony; and he bore in the books from the manse with a crest-fallen air, or spiritlessly shut the pulpit-door upon the minister—sitting down in his own place, like one who doubted the use of so ample a discourse, or even the likelihood of much essence in so full a doctrine, to a congregation so scanty and chill. It might have been gathered from his manners, that for a short time he almost questioned the zeal which could content itself with awaiting the thaw, and would fain himself have anticipated it, whether by busy return to his laic functions, or by open exercise of the clerical.

With the increasing intercourse, however, and spread of news, some sudden official message did come to Andrew one morning, which brought him speedily to the alert. He hurried from the stable to the back-door of the manse, without preparatory delay, and kept his business, whatever it was, for the minister's private ear in the study. A Latin lesson with Hugh was interrupted there, and put by, for the business which Andrew secretly mentioned. Yet Andrew made amends to himself for unimportance that was past, by hiding now, from all idle curiosity, the reasons for importance that was present. Off he rode to summon meetings of the elders in session, or to set humbler parishioners at work on the church-road at last—mentioning to no one the reason for this renewed bustle and activity, but maintaining a reserve and gravity derived, as it seemed, from some authoritative source within.

Soon the scene was busy along the encumbered road outside—from the hill-brow, past the house and the stable-back, to the little lane that turned in toward the church gate, between the office gables and the farmer's barn-yard, with the threshing-mill. It was odd to watch, and lively to mingle with. All the strong hinds and sturdy lads who had nodded in the nearest pews about the pulpit, in the finest summer day, seemed there awake, and straining as they dug or shovelled; others there were, seen far off, busy in like manner and as assiduously upon the upland road, where it issued from the fir-plantation. So many willing men, so many spades and shovels, it had not before appeared that there were in all the parish. Ignorant of what could be done with snow, they yet turned it unmeaningly to curious accidents and diverting chances. In great slices they trenched it up, or heaved it high

in solid squares and longer blocks, thrown aside at random, piled above by joint efforts, till the passage went on deeper at the open turn, and entered broad, at length, into the track which had had been sheltered by the paddock-hedge and the young trees. Andrew, with spade, shovel, and mattock, had been seen, for a time, amongst the foremost, burdened with implement and weight of duty, as a leader well might be—accompanied by one inferior agent of his will, and also bearing the church keys. And what although Andrew afterwards proceeded out of view, and remained for hours absent—even shut in so long with his companions in the closed church that it seemed as if they had fallen asleep, or had secretly gone home through a window? His feigned reserve was now useless, save to eyes that pried but as short a distance as Nurse Kirsty's could. All this mute importance could not be explained by supposing only that he was making ready for the Kirk-session as for a grand new thing, or preparing for congregations again to meet as they had done before. It could be no bright intentional thought of Andrew's which had hit upon this unexpected avenue of novelty through the snow, this curious vista of beauty for the approach of old dull things,—a road which lay onward like pictures of Palmyra in the desert, of marble ruins or of a street disinterred from under ashes of volcanoes, with slabs thus glistening, and fragmentary pillars shining so, stained with iron rust, or fluted and marked by the tool,—the green mould brought up with them, or the weed clinging to their tops. The sight faded into the dark when day was done, and showed itself again, solitary, the next day and the next.

Trivially, with an unconnecting purport, do parish tidings spread and come, or Kirk-sessions meet, for children and boyhood. Whispers of vague church-business, or plain mention of decease that had nothing peculiar or surprising in it, bring no point of interest to that special quarter. Mr. Murray of Wanton-Walls was dead. So much was now certainly known. Equally doubtless was the fact that the subsequent kirk-session had had some duty to perform in consequence, and that the funeral would take place that week. Possibly on grounds connected with this event, a more numerous congregation was expected to gather on the next day of rest to hear a sermon more impressive, more solemn, if not more moving and affectionate, than usual.

But the day which came before that last one was the most eventful. Already had Andrew's chief mystery been found out. Instead of the *church* having been his secret place with that companion, it was the end-aisle he had let himself into by the keys—locked in amongst the snow, and working quietly till night. If he did it to be unmolested, or did it out of considerateness for those who had never seen such work, it would have been kinder to have let them look in, at least, through the keyhole. All the morning, and all the forenoon, the greater dread of a nameless thing did but creep over the covered hills, under the wan brightness of the air—gathering beforehand near the back-gate, at the first sight of Andrew himself beyond, in his best black clothes. He looked out from the church-lane, as in hospitable expectation; and towards him there collected other waiting friends or spectators—while, out of the kitchen porch close by, stood Kirsty, with the children and the other servant, heedless of the cold, with lowered voices, gazing forth to the road. But on the other side of the road was a high hedge-bank, from above which, over the bare trees, one could see sooner far to the white hill-side, where the way from Wanton-Walls came first out of the plantation. There the boy Rowland ventured rashly, and stood on tiptoe till there came upon him a dreadful fascination. For he had seen *it* coming and disappearing. He thought that, at the very first re-appearance of the horses' heads above the brow of Kirkhill, he would spring back across the road, within the gates of home, content to see it pass, as others were. Yet, as in a helpless dream, he

beheld their heads, and heard them straining up. Horses! The steam of their nostrils hung in the frosty air; their hoofs were lifted and set down in order; their heads slowly tossed and swayed to each other, crested with sable plumes that had not been known of. Then a furious shadowy torrent ran before them along the shadowy gulf; and, like the fabled horrors of legend, like the hideous pomps of tyrants and executioners, there came on behind them an unimagined car—a thing of loathed resemblance to earthly equipages, as of Juggernaut and Moloch, but on noiseless wheels. At its unsubstantial nodding of midnight fir-boughs before him, amidst the light and glare of day, with blazoned bones below, and a winged but bodiless cherub, and a grinning scythe-bearer and trumpeting angel—it was as if the malice of darkness had devised an ambush for him, to overwhelm with terror and bear him inward to the end-aisle. Through all this, as through a mist, were hovering the placid looks of little Hannah, and the round childish face of Joey, with Kirsty at her ease, not many yards away. Whereupon he might have fainted ere it was well past, scarce noticing the familiar group which followed the hearse, talking to each other carelessly, though under solemn guise, nor almost recognizing the elders of the kirk-session behind, and his own father mounted on Rutherford, with others in the rear—but that foremost of all there glowed up to him, and shone like a warm sun, one face most unexpected and surprisingly cordial. The form was the form of woe and mourning, with white-edged cuffs to the glossy suit of sable, with dolorous black streamer behind the sleek new hat—and to that form did Nurse Kirsty point with a wild surprise, while some climbed to see it, and others stifled their exclamations. Yet, from amidst that doleful vision did the face turn up glad recognition to little Hugh, as it looked about uneasily and awkwardly, with a quick gleam which expressed satisfaction at sight of him, till, borne onward inexorably with the procession, it was gone from view.

Hugh Rowland glanced involuntarily for Bauldie—though the dog was not there. It was certainly, at all events, Bauldie's master, so transformed to rueful seeming. A pride of attire, and a sense of important position, had given his gait a strutting air, while it was obvious that he had taken heed to previous counsel from the elders. But his eye had roamed sideways, and his restrained agility of tread evinced the captive only for a time. Even although he had kept a cautious distance next to the awful chariot he followed, yet it was not *that* which he had seemed to fear; but rather lest he should not be decorous to the end, nor be able to hide a sly wonder, a simmering and overflowing pleasure, a frequent motion of one hand to feel in one of his pockets. At the turning to the churchyard-lane, ere the sombre pageant stopped, it had been evident that he doubted what came next, and was not sure about his part. But an elder whispered to him, and he steadily disappeared.

It was said, at the end, that his name was now not Jock, but John Murray; and that all kyloe-keeping was for him at an end, to say nothing of more idle practices. He had been left money, it was declared, by Mr. Murray of Wanton-Walls, who had meant to own him as a son, and to have his schooling improved, so that he might be a credit to his prospects. The Kirk-session was now his guardian, and was equally bent upon his welfare. School did not promise to advance this much; but he made deliberate option to learn farming, and be in course of time a farmer. With that end, therefore, was it fixed to place him with the farmer at Kirk-hill, old David Arnot, who could teach him well, and at the same time would benefit most essentially, under the Kirk-session's very eye, by its pecuniary payment for his living, with the diligent labour it inculcated. Thus it came to pass that the quondam kyloe-herd, once mighty in the distance, became a near neighbour, and thenceforth, as a mere Jock Murray, began to fade into homely commonplace, while poor old Mr. Murray of Wanton-Walls, brought still nearer—laid in the

end-aisle with his ancestors—rose toward an epic force.

Nothing could altogether soften for the boy the strangeness of such vicinity, or make the path safe for him that crossed before the arched doorway, though it was closed and locked, until there came the returning grass, the blowing air, the growing light and breath of spring. But soon did the sun and wind work ravage on the soiled snow; and there came, ere many days, the universal thaw. Then it melted quickly, sinking down and breaking, while from under it the water trickled and ran. A perfect brook went coursing down the shrubbery walk for a whole day, gurgling in beneath the garden door, spreading each way down the gravelled paths to the bottom wall, which emptied it to the field below, among the rotten leaves. White patches lingered on the freshening face of the green, indeed, where the first sharp snow-drop pierced, like a delight recalled, in the black mould round the mildewed roots of trees; and they grew grey on the uplands, where the whiter sheep scattered again beside them, till the radiant lambs suddenly appeared. The crocuses flamed up, or bubbled purple forth; the clammy purple sheaths of the plane-tree-buds were swelling; the straggly brown elm-twigs were tipped with a thousand breaking spots; the firs put out tender spikes of emerald from the olive-green and bronze. Beneath, the ground smelt fresh, and busy birds flitted with straws and stalks. The slow plough reddened its stripes into the dark breadth of every ridge, and the garden-work of Andrew was early at hand. Overhead were azure glimpses through the white; along the bleakest wall, too, went flying lights; upon the gable to be soonest obscured, through shaking shadows that were ragged and riddled still, came dappling in the warmest sunshine which could glow from the south. That moist and blossomy spring returned like a dear friend about the house—seeming only to have slept the while in its best and stillest bed-chamber, where guests were wont to sleep, where lavender smelt about the sheets, where the window-hangings were of muslin, the blinds were ever drawn down, the curtains were of marvellous roses entwined endlessly with birds surpassing mortal.

O life, life! and spring and childhood, ye are sweet! How sweeter after seeming death, and decay, and the earthy flavour of the dark underground, which has stones so chill, and ribbed shapes, and mouldering relics! Be covered in again, ye grim secrets, that the enchanted existence may hasten on again unchecked to its boundary, with no fears or conflicts but its own, no trouble from alien sources. Let quaint uncouthness melt to the past, alike with the dreariest weird it has helped to blend among fears departed.

THE LOST CLUE.

I WATCH the fire burning low,
And muse upon the dreamy past;
Uncalled its visions come and go,
Nor swiftly rise, nor ling'ring last.

It was not so in days of old—
I watched not then a flick'ring flame;
Each morn its tale of duty told,
And noble fancies quick'ning came;

And round my life a golden thread,
That softly bound it, still ran on;
Unravel'd now, all worn and frayed,
The strands hang idle, one by one.

I take them up, but cannot twine
A constant purpose through the day;
And that old strength—nay, was it mine
Or hers? and with her past away?

Within the grate how dimly move
The visionary forms, and blend!
The gleaming slabs around, above,
Fit framework to the pictures lend.

And ever there she moves along,
The laughing child, the sweet bright girl;
Ah! did I hear a well-known song,
That thus my pulses throb and whirl?

Mark where about a rustic porch
The rose o'ertops the eglantine;
Look, in the doorway's low-brow'd arch,
She sits, half shadow, half in shine.

Why plays the blush along her cheek?
Why drop the steadfast eyes so low?
The lips are parted—doth she speak,
Or comes the quick breath to and fro?

And all in shadow, see, there stands
A youth that pleads,—you cannot doubt
His pleading,—see the trembling hands
Steal down to find each other out.

'Tis gone—how chill it is to-night!
A flame shoots up, and thro' the room
Its sudden gleams dart on, and light
A picture hanging in the gloom;

And in the weird and mystic gleam
The canvas glows and stirs with life;
The sweet face smiles, the liquid beam
Rekindles in thine eyes, dear wife;

And closer to thy mother-breast
The dear arms strain the babe that lies
Encradled there;—ah, me! that nest
Brief home it gave, brief love those eyes.

Ah, no! no love is brief—I feel
Love cannot die—why linger here?—
Beside thy bed, dear wife, I kneel,
And seem thy sweet low voice to hear,—

"Pine not, dear love," it seems to say,
"Nor let an idle sorrow quell
The constant will, the thought, the play
Of fancy that I love so well.

"I shall not see thee rise, nor see
The promise of our child unfold;
But thou wilt watch her; she will be
More than her mother was of old.

"I could have wished—but God is good,
How good we know not yet—and thou
Wilt watch the child, whose womanhood
Can know, dear heart, no mother now."

Is this a vision too? 'Tis past—
The embers smoulder in the grate,
And thro' the shutter comes at last
The struggling day-beam, chill and late.

But through the twilight lightly falls
A prattling voice upon my ear;
Dear child, that tone my strength recalls,
In thine thy mother's voice I hear.

C. U. D.

SYSTEMATIZED EXERCISE: EXPANSION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHEST.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

Exercise is the most important agent in physical growth and development. That its importance is not always fully recognised arises from the fact that its nature and effects are imperfectly understood, and its susceptibility of gradation to meet the requirements of individuals imperfectly comprehended.

So long, for example, as it is believed that exercise gives but muscular power, gives that and that only, few of those engaged in purely intellectual pursuits might care to possess it, even if it could be obtained without effort; and fewer still would give to it that effort which its attainment demands, for the simple reason, that great muscular power would be without value to men so circumstanced. But, if it can be shown that this muscular power is but one result of exercise, and that not its highest; if it can be shown that properly regulated

exercise, especially when applied during the period of upward growth, can be brought to bear so directly upon the other systems of the body, and especially upon the structures which encase and contain the vital organs, and on whose fair and full development the health and functional activity of these organs must greatly depend—then exercise takes another rank, becomes as valuable to the man who works with his head as to him who works with his hands, and will be coveted by him with a desire proportionate to his intelligence, because it will enable him to prolong and sustain his labours with safety to himself and increased benefit to his fellow-men.

Active exercise may be defined as muscular *movement;* but it must be movement of speed sufficient to quicken the pulse and the breathing, to accelerate the disintegration, and hasten the renovation, of the tissues; and the exercise will be valuable or otherwise chiefly as the balance of these two processes is preserved. But exercise requires another ingredient still, which may be termed *resistance.* In illustration of this, I would but point to the familiar example so frequently adduced when the value of exercise in the acquisition of strength is asserted—the Blacksmith's arm. Why is the Blacksmith's arm more powerful than that of the Clerk who uses his pen, of the Artist who handles his pencil, of the Tailor who plies his needle, or of the hand-loom Weaver who drives his shuttle? On account of the greater amount of exercise to which it is subject. Just so; but, if mere movement constituted exercise, the arms of the Clerk, Artist, Tailor, and Weaver ought also to be powerful, which we know they are not. In the wielding of their instruments their muscles have encountered comparatively no resistance, whereas the muscles of the Blacksmith's arm have had to resist the weight of a 20-lb. hammer every time they whirled it aloft; they had to arrest it in its upward flight, and to make it descend to the anvil with a speed quadruple that attending the law of gravitation. Do movement and resistance, then, constitute exercise? Not entirely; there is a third element, and that is *volition,* or the stimulus of the will, transmitted from the brain through the nerves. It is necessary not only that the muscles shall act with the tacit concurrence, so to speak, of the will, but that they shall be urged to do so with a desire proportionate to the resistance to be overcome. There must be the most perfect harmony between these two; and this is a fair distinction between labour—mere toil—and exercise. The late Dr. Andrew Combe demonstrated that reluctant or unwilling labour is not only not beneficial to the parts employed, but is absolutely destructive to them, as evidenced by those employed in compulsory labour in our prisons and penitentiaries; and I have myself frequently observed the same effects on the Forçats of the galleys in the sea-ports of the Continent.

All exercises may be classed under two distinct heads—recreative and educational. The first of these embraces all our school-games, sports and pastimes—a most valuable list, such as no other nation in the world can produce, and upon which every Englishman looks with pride and affection, for they mould the characters as well as the frames of our youths. The man who invented cricket as surely deserves a statue to his memory as he who won Waterloo. But, valuable as these exercises are, it will at once be perceived that not one of them has for its *object* the development of the body, or even the giving to it, or to any part of it, health or strength. Although all, in a greater or less degree, undoubtedly have this effect, it is indirectly and incidentally only; the skill, the art, is the first consideration, and in this lies their chief value as purely recreative exercises—the forgetfulness of self, the game being all in all. But out of this good arises, I will not say an evil, but a want, a defect. The parts of the body chosen to execute the movements of the game are those which can do them best, not those which require the exercise most. Use gives facility of execution, and facility of execution gives

frequency of practice, because we all like to do what we can do well; and inevitably—because in virtue of the unerring physiological law that development is in relation to activity—certain parts of the body will be developed to the exclusion of the others. So certain is this, that, when a youth arrives at Oxford, it is as easy to tell by his general development what exercises he has practised at school as it is to tell, by the conformation of his chest when he has been here a year, whether he pulls on the bow or stroke side of a racing-boat.

Again, it is a distinctive feature in our best and most ardently practised recreative exercises that they give a large share of employment to the lower half of the body, and but little (some none at all) to the upper half, while these last almost exclusively employ the right side. Moreover, the exercise which they do give to the upper half is deficient in that quality of resistance which, as we have seen, is an essential in true exercise. These features in our national exercises, and also in our field sports of shooting and fishing, have therefore the inevitable tendency to develop the lower half of the body to the neglect of the upper; and this is apparent in the otherwise splendid lads at our public schools—plain to every eye that knows what proportions to look for. Now, it must never be forgotten that, in developing a limb to its full power and perfect conformation, we do that and nothing more; whereas, in developing the trunk of the body to a like point of perfection we do that and a great deal more. We directly aid in the development of all the organs which it contains, increase their power, and permanently provide for their freedom in functional activity by the expansion of the chamber in which they lie; we provide for the perfect aëration of every drop of blood circulating in artery and vein, and we provide for its rapid and complete distribution to every most remote spot or point of the body.

Thus we see that all recreative exercises are, from their very nature, partial, and inadequate to produce the uniform and harmonious development of the entire frame, which is the point to be desired; for, just as the strength of a rope or chain is but equal to that of its weakest part, so is the strength of a man but equal to that of his weakest part; and just as the dependence will be on the general strength of the rope or chain, and its weak point be unnoted till its failure, so will the voice of the weak part in the human body be silenced by the general claims of the rest until the day of exposure and trial. Indeed, I consider the man whose frame is generally and uniformly weak safer than him whose frame is partially and locally strong—because the natural tendency is to gauge and estimate the general strength by the power of the strongest part. And to expect from recreative exercises either uniform or adequate development, is to expect what they were never designed to give: to accomplish this demands exercise of another kind—exercise prepared upon a clear comprehension of what is required, exercise based upon a knowledge of the structure and ascertained functions of the parts of the body to be employed, exercise based upon a knowledge of the laws which govern growth and development. The vague "do him good" of the recreative exercise is not what is here required; it must be the special good of which each individual stands in need; and, where no special want is felt, no local weakness experienced, a consecutive method which shall accomplish the uniform, equal, and harmonious development of the entire body. No mere recreative employment can give this; it must be exercise for its own sake, exercise for the sole purpose of the culture of the body. For, whatever may be the developed capacity of the untrained body, it is as far from the symmetry of proportion and the point of strength to which it may attain as is the clever but self-taught man from what he would have been with the best educational training. Certain points in his character stand out large and prominent, efficient and powerful in a given but narrow line of action; but others are dwarfed and stunted, showing the

more meanly from the advancement of the others. So is it with unregulated physical development. The assiduous cultivation of some special exercises will have strengthened and developed the parts engaged in its practice; but this pre-supposes the neglect of the remainder; and the result in both cases is the same—incompleteness. Therefore, however varied, however extended, however diligently practised, recreative exercises are not sufficient even to the healthy and strong. They can no more develop the perfect man than recreative reading can develop the perfect scholar.

I have dwelt thus long upon the defects of our recreative exercises—although I bear them an appreciating affection second to no man's, for I have noted those of most other countries, and know how high ours rank above them all—because it was a perception of these defects which led me to examine the exercises themselves, with a view to ascertain the cause of their inadequacy, and because through these defects I hope to draw attention now to a single feature in educational exercise as distinct from recreative.

We have seen that our recreative exercises give a greatly preponderating share of employment to the lower half of the body, and that, therefore, in accordance with the physiological law already alluded to, the upper half of the body will be imperfectly developed. Is this borne out by the evidence of the frames of the youths who yearly arrive in this University from our public schools? It is so. As the case now stands (and I have arrived at a knowledge of this fact by the careful measurement of many hundred frames from all the public schools in the country), every one who so arrives here does so with the development of this part of the body greatly in arrears. So distinctly is it in arrears that a large portion of it—an average of *two inches* in girth of chest—is obtainable in the very first term of his practice in the Gymnasium. Again, this rate of increase is not sustained beyond the first term—therefore it must be chiefly expansion of the cavity of the chest; and it must be an arrears of expansion—because, if otherwise, the same rate of increase ought to be sustained, seeing that the process which produced the expansion is not only kept up but increased and accelerated in the advancing courses of exercise, and also seeing that the rate of muscular development is continued. I am quite aware that this statement is not like one in chemical or mechanical science, which any one may test for himself; but still it is very capable of proof. So entirely have I proved its truth, that I would undertake to receive the last six freshmen on the list of any College, and, irrespectively of their antecedents, their health or habits, the schools they have come from, or the exercises they have practised, to give them the stated increase in the stated time. Now each of these youths has, during several years, lost the daily and momentary use of these two inches of chest—not, be it remembered, of external superadded muscular fibre, valuable as that is; but of absolute heart-and-lungs-room, absolute expansion of the chamber where these organs perform their all-important functions.

In illustration and confirmation of the foregoing, I subjoin a few cases which I have selected from my book of Measurements, showing the results of systematized exercise on frames of widely different calibre, and extending over different periods of practice. (I should state that every pupil, on the day of his entrance into the Gymnasium, has certain of his measurements registered, which measurements are retaken from time to time in order to ascertain his progress.) The first and second cases are those of men under the middle size, the third and fourth of men over it; and the measurements extend over one academical year (nine months). The fifth case is that of a very delicate youth, altogether "below par" from recent confined occupation; and the measurements extend over but one month. The sixth case is that of a favourable specimen of a youth from one of our great public schools, the measurements extending over two years.

EXAMPLES OF PROGRESS IN DEVELOPMENT.

Case.	Date.	Age.	TERMINAL MEASUREMENTS. Height.	Weight.	Girth of Chest.	Fore Arm.	Upper Arm.	INCREASE. Height.	Weight.	Girth of Chest.	Fore Arm.	Upper Arm.	REMARKS.
	1859.		ft. in.	st. lbs.	in.	in.	in.	in.	lbs.	in.	in.	in.	
H.	Oct.	20	5 5⅛	7 1	29	8	8¼	...	...	...	...	...	
	...	...	...	7 4	31	8⅜	9	...	3	2	⅜	¾	Imperfectly developed, but not constitutionally delicate.
	1860.												
	Jan.	...	...	7 8½	31½	...	9½	...	4½	½	...	½	The attendance during the last Term very irregular.
	June	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
							Total	...	7½	2½	⅜	1¼	
	1859.												
R.	Oct.	19	5 2⅝	8 0	30½	9	9½	...	...	...	...	...	
	...	...	5 3¼	8 1	33	9½	10¼	⅝	1	2½	½	¾	Shapely and well-proportioned.
	1860.												A remarkable feature in this case is the renewal and steady continuation of the upward growth, which had been prematurely arrested.
	Jan.	20	5 3⅝	...	...	...	...	⅜	...	...	...	...	
	...	...	5 4⅛	...	33½	9¼	...	½	...	⅛	LOST ¼	...	
	June	...	5 4⅝	8 3	34	...	...	½	2	½	...	...	
	...	...	...	8 5	34¼	9½	10½	...	2	¼	¼	¼	
							Total	2	5	3¾	½	1	
	1859.												
P.	Oct.	19	6 1½	12 1	35½	10¾	11½	...	...	...	...	...	Of large and strong frame, but heavy and inactive. The exercises were addressed chiefly to the muscular system, and were freely administered with the desire that a healthy fatigue should be experienced at the termination of each lesson.
	1860.												
	Jan.	...	...	12 3	38½	11	12	...	2	3	¼	½	
	June	...	...	12 4½	39½	...	...	...	1½	1	...	...	
	...	...	...	...	40	...	12⅛	...	...	½	...	⅛	
							Total	...	3½	4½	¼	⅝	
	1859.												
B.	Oct.	17	6 0	9 4	30½	8¾	9¼	...	...	...	...	...	Of delicate frame; chest flat and narrow, with sternum much depressed. The exercises were principally addressed to the osseous system, and were changed almost daily: the lesson being always made to terminate before any distinct sense of fatigue was indicated by the action of the parts employed.
	1860.												
	Jan.	...	...	9 9	32½	9¾	10	...	5	2	½	¾	
	June	18	6 0½	9 11½	34	9¾	10¼	½	2½	1½	⅛	¼	
	...	...	...	9 13	34½	...	10½	...	1½	½	...	¼	
							Total	½	9	4	1	1¼	
	1860.												
T.	May 19	17	5 4	8 0	31	9	9	...	...	...	...	...	Delicate frame; the entire physical powers subdued from confinement and severe mental work.
	June 21	...	5 4¼	8 6	32¾	10	10¼	¼	6	1⅞	1	1¼	
A.	1857.	19	5 10⅜	10 2	35⅛	10¼	11	...	...	...	...	...	Powerful frame, with great energy.
	1858.	20	5 11	11 0	38⅛	11¼	13	¼	12	3	1	2	
	1859.	21	5 11½	11 6	40	11⅓	13¼	½	6	1½	...	¼	
							Total	¾	18	4½	1	2¼	

I have thought it advisable, in a paper of this limited extent, to bring forward but one line of operation of systematized exercise; but I would like, in conclusion, to state that its influence in other directions is equally important and decided, and specially so in the rectification of abnormal spinal developments. I have also confined my remarks in this single subject to its state as I find it at that early stage of adult life which witnesses or follows the period of upward growth. My opportunities for making observations on the earlier stages of adolescence have hitherto been comparatively limited, the cases isolated, and for the most part exceptional in their character by the general delicacy of the individuals; but, as within the last year I have had the new public school at Radley under my care, I hope by this means sooner or later to arrive at important facts concerning growth and development at this most critical period of life. I hope, also, soon to be able to make observations on an extended scale on the healthy adult of mature frame in another rank of life, whose exercise during the period of growth has been manual labour, by carrying my system of exercise under favourable circumstances into the ranks of our army.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXXI.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had a long way to drive home that evening, including some eight miles of very indifferent chalky road over the downs, which separate the Vale of Kennet from the Vale of White Horse. Mr. Brown was an early man, and careful of his horses, who responded to his care by being always well up to much more work than they were ever put to. The drive to Barton Manor and back in a day was a rare event in their lives. Their master, taking this fact into consideration, was bent on giving them plenty of time for the return journey, and had ordered his groom to be ready to start by eight o'clock; but, that they might not disturb the rest by their early departure, he had sent the carriage to the village inn instead of to the Porters' stables.

At the appointed time therefore, and when the evening's amusements were just beginning at the manor house, Mr. Brown sought out his wife; and, after a few words of leave-taking to their host and hostess, the two slipped quietly away, and walked down the village. The carriage was standing before the inn all ready for them, with the hostler and Mr. Brown's groom at the horses' heads. The carriage was a high phaeton having a roomy front seat with a hood to it, specially devised by Mr. Brown with a view to his wife's comfort, and that he might with a good conscience enjoy at the same time the pleasures of her society and of driving his own horses. When once in her place Mrs. Brown was as comfortable as she would have been in the most luxurious barouche with C springs, but the ascent was certainly rather a drawback. The pleasure of sitting by her husband and of receiving his assiduous help in the preliminary climb, however, more than compensated to Mrs. Brown for this little inconvenience.

Mr. Brown helped her up as usual, and arranged a plaid carefully over her knees, the weather being too hot for the apron. He then proceeded to walk round the horses, patting them, examining the bits, and making inquiries as to how they had fed: and, having satisfied himself on these points, and fee'd the hostler, took the reins, seated himself by his wife, and started at a steady pace

towards the hills at the back of Barton village.

For a minute or two neither spoke, Mr. Brown being engrossed with his horses and she with her thoughts. Presently, however, he turned to her, and, having ascertained that she was quite comfortable, went on—

"Well, my dear, what do you think of them?"

"Oh, I think they are agreeable people," answered Mrs. Brown; "but one can scarcely judge from seeing them to-day. It is too far for a drive; we shall not be home till midnight."

"But I am very glad we came. After all they are connexions through poor Robert, and he seems anxious that they should start well in the county. Why, he has actually written twice you know about our coming to-day. We must try to show them some civility."

"It is impossible to come so far often,' Mrs. Brown persisted.

"It is too far for ordinary visiting. What do you say to asking them to come and spend a day or two with us?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it," answered Mrs. Brown, but without much cordiality in her voice.

"Yes, I should like it; and it will please Robert so much. We might have him and Katie over to meet them, don't you think?

"Let me see," said Mrs. Brown, with much more alacrity, "Mr. and Mrs. Porter will have the best bedroom and dressing-room; Robert must have the south room, and Katie the chintz. Yes, that will do; I can manage it very well."

"And their daughter; you have forgotten her."

"Well, you see, dear, there is no more room."

"Why, there is the dressing-room, next to the south room, with a bed in it. I'm sure nobody can want a better room."

"You know, John, that Robert cannot sleep if there is the least noise. I could never put any one into his dressing-room; there is only a single door between the rooms, and, even if they made no noise, the fancy that some one was sleeping there would keep him awake all night."

"Plague take his fancies! Robert has given way to them till he is fit for nothing. But you can put him in the chintz room, and give the two girls the south bedroom and dressing-room."

"What, put Robert in a room which looks north? My dear John, what can you be thinking about?"

Mr. Brown uttered an impatient grunt, and, as a vent to his feelings more decorous on the whole than abusing his brother-in-law, drew his whip more smartly than usual across the backs of his horses. The exertion of muscle necessary to reduce those astonished animals to their accustomed steady trot restored his temper, and he returned to the charge—

"I suppose we must manage it on the second floor, then, unless you could get a bed run up in the schoolroom."

"No, dear; I really should not like to do that—it would be so very inconvenient. We are always wanting the room for workwomen or servants: besides, I keep my account books and other things there."

"Then I'm afraid it must be on the second floor. Some of the children must be moved. The girl seems a nice girl with no nonsense about her, and won't mind sleeping up there. Or, why not put Katie upstairs?"

"Indeed, I should not think of it. Katie is a dear good girl, and I will not put any one over her head."

"Nor I, dear. On the contrary, I was asking you to put her over another person's head," said Mr. Brown, laughing at his own joke. This unusual reluctance on the part of his wife to assist in carrying out any hospitable plans of his began to strike him; so, not being an adept at concealing his thoughts, or gaining his point by any attack except a direct one, after driving on for a minute in silence he turned suddenly on his wife, and said,—

"Why, Lizzie, you seem not to want to ask the girl?"

"Well, John, I do not see the need of it at all."

"No, and you don't want to ask her?"

"If you must know, then, I do not."

"Don't you like her?"

"I do not know her well enough either to like or dislike."

"Then, why not ask her, and see what she is like? But the truth is, Lizzie, you have taken a prejudice against her."

"Well, John, I think she is a thoughtless girl, and extravagant; not the sort of girl, in fact, that I should wish to be much here."

"Thoughtless and extravagant!" said Mr. Brown, looking grave; "how you women can be so sharp on one another! Her dress seemed to me simple and pretty, and her manners very lady-like and pleasing."

"You seem to have quite forgotten about Tom's hat," said Mrs. Brown.

"Tom's white hat—so I had," said Mr. Brown, and he relapsed into a low laugh at the remembrance of the scene. "I call that *his* extravagance, and not her's."

"It was a new hat, and a very expensive one, which he had bought for the vacation, and it is quite spoilt."

"Well, my dear; really, if Tom will let girls shoot at his hats, he must take the consequences. He must wear it with the holes, or buy another."

"How can he afford another, John? you know how poor he is."

Mr. Brown drove on now for several minutes without speaking. He knew perfectly well what his wife was coming to now, and, after weighing in his mind the alternatives of accepting battle or making sail and changing the subject altogether, said,—

"You know, my dear, he has brought it on himself. A headlong, generous sort of youngster, like Tom, must be taught early that he can't have his cake and eat his cake. If he likes to lend his money, he must find out that he hasn't it to spend."

"Yes, dear, I quite agree with you. But 50*l.* a year is a great deal to make him pay."

"Not a bit too much, Lizzie. His allowance is quite enough without it to keep him like a gentleman. Besides, after all, he gets it in meal or in malt; I have just paid 25*l.* for his gun."

"I know how kind and liberal you are to him; only I am so afraid of his getting into debt."

"I wonder what men would do, if they hadn't some soft-hearted woman always ready to take their parts and pull them out of scrapes," said Mr. Brown. "Well, dear, how much do you want to give the boy?"

"Twenty-five pounds, just for this year. But out of my own allowance, John."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Brown; "you want your allowance for yourself and the children."

"Indeed, dear John, I would sooner not do it at all, then, if I may not do it out of my own money."

"Well, have it your own way. I believe you would always look well dressed, if you never bought another gown. Then, to go back to what we were talking about just now—you will find a room for the girl, somehow?"

"Yes, dear, certainly, as I see you are bent on it."

"I think it would be scarcely civil not to ask her, especially if Katie comes. And I own I think her very pretty, and have taken a great fancy to her."

"Isn't it odd that Tom should never have said anything about her to us? He has talked of all the rest, till I knew them quite well before I went there."

"No; it seems to me the most natural thing in the world."

"Yes, dear, very natural. But I can't help wishing he had talked about her more; I should think it less dangerous."

"Oh, you think Master Tom is in love with her, eh?" said Mr. Brown, laughing.

"More unlikely things have happened. You take it very easily, John."

"Well, we have all been boys and girls, Lizzie. The world hasn't altered much, I suppose, since I used to get up at five on winter mornings, to ride some twenty miles to cover, on the chance of meeting a young lady on a grey pony.

I remember how my poor dear old father used to wonder at it, when our hounds met close by, in a better country. I'm afraid I forgot to tell him what a pretty creature 'Gipsey' was, and how well she was ridden."

"But Tom is only twenty, and he must go into a profession."

"Yes, yes; much too young, I know—too young for anything serious. We had better see them together, and then, if there is anything in it, we can keep them apart. There cannot be much the matter yet."

"Well, dear, if you are satisfied, I am sure I am."

And so the conversation turned on other subjects, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown enjoyed their moonlight drive home through the delicious summer night, and were quite sorry when the groom got down from the hind-seat to open their own gates at half-past twelve.

About the same time, the festivities at Barton Manor were coming to a close. There had been cold dinner in the tent at six, after the great match of the day; and, after dinner, the announcement of the scores, and the distribution of prizes to the winners. A certain amount of toasts and speechifying followed, which the ladies sat through with the most exemplary appearance of being amused. When their healths had been proposed and acknowledged, they retired, and were soon followed by the younger portion of the male sex; and, while the J. P.'s and clergymen sat quietly at their wine, which Mr. Porter took care should be remarkably good, and their wives went in to look over the house and have tea, their sons and daughters split up into groups, and some shot handicaps, and some walked about and flirted, and some played at bowls or lawn billiards. And soon the band appeared again from the servants' hall, mightily refreshed, and dancing began on the grass, and in due time was transferred to the tent, when the grass got damp with the night dew, and then to the hall of the house, when the lighting of the tent began to fail. And then there came a supper, extemporized out of the remains of the dinner; after which, papas and mammas began to look at their watches, and remonstrate with daughters, coming up with sparkling eyes and hair a little shaken out of place, and pleading for "just one more dance." "You have been going on ever since one o'clock," remonstrated the parents; "And are ready to go on till one the next day," replied the children. By degrees, however, the frequent sound of wheels were heard, and the dancers got thinner and thinner, till, for the last half-hour, some half-dozen couples of young people danced an interminable reel, while Mr. and Mrs. Porter, and a few of the most good-natured matrons of the neighbourhood looked on. Soon after midnight the band struck; no amount of negus could get anything more out of them but "God save the Queen," which they accordingly played and departed; and then came the final cloaking and driving off of the last guests. Tom and Mary saw the last of them into their carriage at the hall-door, and lingered a moment in the porch.

"What a lovely night!" said Mary, "How I hate going to bed!"

"It is a dreadful bore," answered Tom; "but here is the butler waiting to shut up; we must go in."

"I wonder where papa and mamma are."

"Oh, they are only seeing things put a little to rights. Let us sit here till they come; they must pass by to get to their rooms."

So the two sat down on some hall chairs.

"Oh dear! I wish it were all coming over again to-morrow," said Tom, leaning back, and looking up at the ceiling. "By the way, remember I owe you a pair of gloves: what colour shall they be?"

"Any colour you like. I can't bear to think of it. I felt so dreadfully ashamed when they all came up, and your mother looked so grave; I am sure she was very angry."

"Poor mother, she was thinking of my hat with three arrow holes in it."

"Well, I am very sorry, because I wanted them to like me."

"And so they will; I should like to know who can help it."

"Now, I won't have any of your nonsensical compliments. Do you think they enjoyed the day?"

"Yes, I am sure they did. My father said he had never liked an archery meeting so much."

"But they went away so early."

"They had a very long drive, you know. Let me see," he said, feeling in his breast-pocket, "mother left me a note, and I have never looked at it till now." He took a slip of paper out and read it, and his face fell.

"What is it?" said Mary, leaning forward.

"Oh, nothing; only I must go to-morrow morning."

"There, I was sure she was angry."

"No, no; it was written this morning before she came here. I can tell by the paper."

"But she will not let you stay here a day, you see."

"I have been here a good deal, considering all things. I should like never to go away."

"Perhaps papa might find a place for you, if you asked him. Which should you like,—to be tutor to the boys, or gamekeeper?"

"On the whole, I should prefer the tutorship at present; you take so much interest in the boys."

"Yes, because they have no one to look after them now in the holidays. But, when you come as tutor, I shall wash my hands of them."

"Then I shall decline the situation."

"How are you going home to-morrow?"

"I shall ride round by Englebourn. They wish me to go round and see Katie and uncle Robert. You talked about riding over there yourself this morning."

"I should like it so much. But how can we manage it? I can't ride back by myself."

"Couldn't you stay and sleep there?"

"I will ask mamma. No, I'm afraid it can hardly be managed;" and so saying, Mary leant back in her chair, and began to pull to pieces some flowers she held in her hand.

"Don't pull them to pieces; give them to me," said Tom. "I have kept the rosebud you gave me at Oxford, folded up in"——

"Which you took, you mean to say. No, I won't give you any of them—or, let me see—yes, here is a sprig of lavender; you may have that."

"Thank you. But, why lavender?"

"Lavender stands for sincerity. It will remind you of the lecture you gave me."

"I wish you would forget that. But you know what flowers mean, then? Do give me a lecture: you owe me one. What do those flowers mean which you will not give me,—the piece of heather for instance?"

"Heather signifies constancy."

"And the carnations?"

"Jealousy."

"And the heliotrope?"

"Oh, never mind the heliotrope."

"But it is such a favourite of mine. Do tell me what it means?"

"*Je vous aime*," said Mary, with a laugh, and a slight blush; "it is all nonsense. Oh, here's mamma at last," and she jumped up and went to meet her mother, who came out of the drawing-room, candle in hand.

"My dear Mary, I thought you were gone to bed," said Mrs. Porter, looking from one to the other seriously.

"Oh, I'm not the least tired, and I couldn't go without wishing you and papa good night, and thanking you for all the trouble you have taken."

"Indeed, we ought all to thank you," said Tom; "everybody said it was the pleasantest party they had ever been at."

"I am very glad it went off well," said Mrs. Porter gravely; "and now, Mary, you must go to bed."

"I am afraid I must leave you to-morrow morning," said Tom.

"Yes; Mrs. Brown said they expect you at home to-morrow."

"I am to ride round by uncle Robert's; would you like one of the boys to go with me?"

"Oh, dear mamma, could not Charley and I ride over to Englebourn? I do so long to see Katie."

"No, dear; it is much too far for you. We will drive over in a few days' time."

And, so saying, Mrs. Porter wished Tom good night, and led off her daughter.

Tom went slowly upstairs to his room, and, after packing his portmanteau for the carrier to take in the morning, threw up his window and leant out into the night, and watched the light clouds swimming over the moon, and the silver mist folding the water meadows and willows in its soft cool mantle. His thoughts were such as will occur to any reader who has passed the witching age of twenty; and the scent of the heliotrope-bed, in the flower-garden below, seemed to rise very strongly on the night air.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CRISIS.

In the forenoon of the following day Tom rode slowly along the street of Englebourn towards the rectory gate. He had left Barton soon after breakfast, without having been able to exchange a word with Mary except in the presence of her mother, and yet he had felt more anxious than ever before at least to say good bye to her without witnesses. With this view he had been up early, and had whistled a tune in the hall, and held a loud conversation with the boys, who appeared half-dressed in the gallery above, while he brushed the dilapidated white hat, to let all whom it might concern know that he was on the move. Then he had walked up and down the garden in full view of the windows till the bell rang for prayers. He was in the breakfast-room before the bell had done ringing, and Mrs. Porter, followed by her daughter, entered at the same moment. He could not help fancying that the conversation at breakfast was a little constrained, and particularly remarked that nothing was said by the heads of the family when the boys vociferously bewailed his approaching departure, and tried to get him to name some day for his return before their holidays ended. Instead of encouraging the idea, Mrs. Porter reminded Neddy and Charley that they had only ten days more, and had not yet looked at the work they had to do for their tutor in the holidays. Immediately after breakfast Mrs. Porter wished him good-bye herself very kindly, but (he could not help thinking) without that air of near relationship which he had flattered himself was well established between himself and all the members of the Porter family; and then she had added, "Now, Mary, you must say good-bye; I want you to come and help me with some work this morning." He had scarcely looked at her all the morning, and now one shake of the hand and she was spirited away in a moment, and he was left standing, dissatisfied and uncomfortable, with a sense of incompleteness in his mind, and as if he had had a thread in his life suddenly broken off which he could not tell how to get joined again.

However, there was nothing for it but to get off. He had no excuse for delay, and had a long ride before him; so he and the boys went round to the stable. On their passage through the garden the idea of picking a nosegay and sending it to her by one of the boys came into his head. He gathered the flowers, but then thought better of it, and threw them away. What right, after all, had he to be sending flowers to her—above all, flowers to which they had attached a meaning, jokingly it was true, but still a meaning? No, he had no right to do it; it would not be fair to her, or her father and mother, after the kind way in which they had all received him. So he threw away the flowers, and mounted and rode off, watched by the boys, who waved their straw hats as he looked back just before coming to a turn in the road which would take him out of sight of the Manor House. He rode along at a foot's pace for some time, thinking over the events of the past week; and then, beginning to feel

purposeless, and somewhat melancholy, urged his horse into a smart trot along the waste land which skirted the road. But, go what pace he would, it mattered not; he could not leave his thoughts behind. So he pulled up again after a mile or so, slackened his reins, and, leaving his horse to pick his own way along the road, betook himself to the serious consideration of his position.

The more he thought of it the more discontented he became, and the day clouded over as if to suit his temper. He felt as if within the last twenty-four hours he had been somehow unwarrantably interfered with. His mother and Mrs. Porter had both been planning something about him, he felt sure. If they had anything to say, why couldn't they say it out to him? But what could there be to say? Couldn't he and Mary be trusted together without making fools of themselves? He did not stop to analyze his feelings towards her, or to consider whether it was very prudent or desirable for her that they should be thrown so constantly and unreservedly together. He was too much taken up with what he chose to consider his own wrongs for any such consideration.—"Why can't they let me alone?" was the question which he asked himself perpetually, and it seemed to him the most reasonable one in the world, and that no satisfactory answer was possible to it, except that he ought to be, and should be, let alone. And so at last he rode along Englebourn street, convinced that what he had to do before all other things just now was to assert himself properly, and show every one, even his own mother, that he was no longer a boy to be managed according to any one's fancies except his own.

He rode straight to the stables and loosed the girths of his horse and gave particular directions about grooming and feeding him, and stayed in the stall for some minutes rubbing his ears and fondling him. The antagonism which possessed him for the moment against mankind perhaps made him appreciate the value of his relations with a well-trained beast. Then he went round to the house and inquired for his uncle. He had not been in Englebourn for some years, and the servant did not know him, and answered that Mr. Winter was not out of his room and never saw strangers till the afternoon. Where was Miss Winter then? She was down the village at Widow Winburn's, and he couldn't tell when she would be back, the man said. The contents of Katie's note of the day before had gone out of his head, but the mention of Betty's name recalled them, and with them something of the kindly feeling which he had had on hearing of her illness. So, saying he would call later to see his uncle, he started again to find the widow's cottage, and his cousin.

The servant had directed him to the last house in the village, but, when he got outside the gate, there were houses in two directions. He looked about for some one from whom to inquire further, and his eye fell upon our old acquaintance, the constable, coming out of his door with a parcel under his arm.

The little man was in a brown study, and did not notice Tom's first address. He was in fact anxiously thinking over his old friend's illness and her son's trouble; and was on his way to farmer Grove's, having luckily the excuse of taking a coat to be tried on, in the hopes of getting him to interfere and patch up the quarrel between young Tester and Harry.

Tom's first salute had been friendly enough; no one knew better how to speak to the poor, amongst whom he had lived all his life, than he. But, not getting any answer, and being in a touchy state of mind, he was put out, and shouted—

"Hullo, my man, can't you hear me?"

"Ees, I beant dunch," replied the constable, turning and looking at his questioner.

"I thought you were, for I spoke loud enough before. Which is Mrs. Winburn's cottage?"

"The furdest house down ther," he said, pointing, "'tis in my way if you've a mind to come." Tom accepted the offer and walked along by the constable.

"Mrs. Winburn is ill, isn't she?" he asked, after looking his guide over.

"Ees, her be—terreble bad," said the constable.

"What is the matter with her, do you know?"

"Zummat o' fits, I hears. Her've had em this six year, on and off."

"I suppose it's dangerous. I mean, she isn't likely to get well?"

"'Tis in the Lord's hands," replied the constable, "but her's that bad wi' pain, at times, 'twould be a mussy if 'twoud plaase He to tak her out on't."

"Perhaps she mightn't think so," said Tom superciliously; he was not in the mind to agree with any one. The constable looked at him solemnly for a moment and then said—

"Her's been a God-fearin' woman from her youth up, and her's had a deal o' trouble. Thaay as the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and tisn't such as thaay as is afeard to go afore Him."

"Well, I never found that having troubles made people a bit more anxious to get 'out on't,' as you call it," said Tom.

"It don't seem to me as you can 'a had much o' trouble to judge by," said the constable, who was beginning to be nettled by Tom's manner.

"How can you tell that?"

"Leastways 'twould be whoam-made, then," persisted the Constable, "and ther's a sight o' odds atween whoam-made troubles and thaay as the Lord sends."

"So there may be; but I may have seen both sorts for anything you can tell."

"Nay, nay; the Lord's troubles leaves His marks."

"And you don't see any of *them* in my face, eh?"

The constable jerked his head after his own peculiar fashion, but declined to reply directly to this interrogatory. He parried it by one of his own.

"In the doctorin' line, make so bould?"

"No," said Tom. "You don't seem to have such very good eyes, after all."

"Oh, I seed you wasn't old enough to be doin' for yourself, like; but I thought you med ha' been a 'sistant, or summat."

"Well, then, you're just mistaken," said Tom, considerably disgusted at being taken for a country doctor's assistant.

"I ax your pardon," said the constable. "But if you beant in the doctorin' line, what be gwine to Widow Winburn's for, make so bould?"

"That's my look out, I suppose," said Tom, almost angrily. "That's the house, isn't it?" and he pointed to the cottage already described at the corner of Englebourn Copse.

"Ees."

"Good day, then."

"Good day," muttered the constable, not at all satisfied with this abrupt close of the conversation, but too unready to prolong it. He went on his own way slowly, looking back often, till he saw the door open; after which he seemed better satisfied, and ambled out of sight.

"The old snuffler!" thought Tom, as he strode up to the cottage door—"a ranter, I'll be bound, with his 'Lord's troubles,' and 'Lord's hands,' and 'Lord's marks.' I hope Uncle Robert hasn't many such in the parish."

He knocked at the cottage door, and in a few seconds it opened gently, and Katie slipped out with her finger on her lips. She made a slight gesture of surprise at seeing him, and held out her hand.

"Hush!" she said, "she is asleep. You are not in a hurry?"

"No, not particularly," he answered abruptly; for there was something in her voice and manner which jarred with his humour.

"Hush!" she said again, "you must not speak so loud. We can sit down here, and talk quietly. I shall hear if she moves."

So he sat down opposite to her in the little porch of the cottage. She left the door ajar, so that she might catch the least movement of her patient, and then turned to him with a bright smile, and said,—

"Well, I am so glad to see you! What good wind blows you here?"

"No particularly good wind, that I know of. Mary showed me your letter yesterday, and mother wished me to come round here on my way home; and so here I am."

"And how did the party go off? I long to hear about it."

"Very well; half the county were there, and it was all very well done."

"And how did dear Mary look?"

"Oh, just as usual. But now, Katie, why didn't you come? Mary and all of us were so disappointed."

"I thought you read my letter?"

"Yes, so I did."

"Then you know the reason."

"I don't call it a reason. Really, you have no right to shut yourself up from everything. You will be getting moped to death."

"But do I look moped?" she said; and he looked at her, and couldn't help admitting to himself, reluctantly, that she did not. So he re-opened fire from another point.

"You will wear yourself out, nursing every old woman in the parish."

"But I don't nurse every old woman."

"Why, there is no one here but you to-day now," he said, with a motion of his head towards the cottage.

"No, because I have let the regular nurse go home for a few hours. Besides, this is a special case. You don't know what a dear old soul Betty is."

"Yes, I do; I remember her ever since I was a child."

"Ah, I forgot; I have often heard her talk of you. Then you ought not to be surprised at anything I may do for her."

"She is a good, kind old woman, I know. But still I must say, Katie, you ought to think of your friends and relations a little, and what you owe to society."

"Indeed, I do think of my friends and relations very much, and I should have liked, of all things, to have been with you yesterday. You ought to be pitying me, instead of scolding me."

"My dear Katie, you know I didn't mean to scold you; and nobody admires the way you give yourself up to visiting, and all that sort of thing, more than I; only you ought to have a little pleasure sometimes. People have a right to think of themselves and their own happiness a little."

"Perhaps I don't find visiting, and all that sort of thing, as you call it, so very miserable. But now, Tom, you saw in my letter that poor Betty's son has got into trouble?"

"Yes; and that is what brought on her attack, you said."

"I believe so. She was in a sad state about him all yesterday,—so painfully eager and anxious. She is better to-day; but still I think it would do her good if you would see her, and say you will be a friend to her son. Would you mind?"

"It was just what I wished to do yesterday. I will do all I can for him, I'm sure. I always liked him as a boy; you can tell her that. But I don't feel, somehow, to-day, at least, as if I could do any good by seeing her."

"Oh, why not?"

"I don't think I'm in the right humour. Is she very ill?"

"Yes, very ill indeed; I don't think she can recover."

"Well, you see, Katie, I'm not used to death-beds. I shouldn't say the right sort of thing."

"How do you mean—the right sort of thing?"

"Oh, you know. I couldn't talk to her about her soul. I'm not fit for it, and it isn't my place."

"No, indeed, it isn't. But you can remind her of old times, and say a kind word about her son."

"Very well, if you don't think I shall do any harm."

"I'm sure it will comfort her. And now tell me about yesterday."

They sat talking for some time in the same low tone, and Tom began to forget his causes of quarrel with the world, and gave an account of the archery party from his own point of view. Katie saw, with a woman's quickness, that he avoided mentioning Mary, and smiled to herself, and drew her own conclusions.

At last, there was a slight movement in the cottage, and, laying her hand on

his arm, she got up quickly, and went in. In a few minutes she came to the door again.

"How is she?" asked Tom.

"Oh, much the same; but she has waked without pain, which is a great blessing. Now, are you ready?"

"Yes; but you must go with me."

"Come in, then." She turned, and he followed into the cottage.

Betty's bed had been moved into the kitchen, for the sake of light and air. He glanced at the corner where it stood with almost a feeling of awe, as he followed his cousin on tip-toe. It was all he could do to recognize the pale, drawn face which lay on the coarse pillow. The rush of old memories which the sight called up, and the thought of the suffering of his poor old friend, touched him deeply.

Katie went to the bed-side, and, stooping down, smoothed the pillow, and placed her hand for a moment on the forehead of her patient. Then she looked up, and beckoned to him, and said, in her low, clear voice,—

"Betty, here is an old friend come to see you; my cousin, Squire Brown's son. You remember him quite a little boy.

The old woman moved her head towards the voice and smiled, but gave no further sign of recognition. Tom stole across the floor, and sat down by the bed-side.

"Oh, yes, Betty," he said, leaning towards her and speaking softly, "you must remember me. Master Tom,—who used to come to your cottage on baking days for hot bread, you know."

"To be sure, I minds un, bless his little heart," said the old woman faintly. "Hev he come to see poor Betty? Do'ee let un com, and lift un up so as I med see un. My sight be getting dim-like."

"Here he is, Betty," said Tom, taking her hand—a hard-working hand, lying there with the skin all puckered from long and daily acquaintance with the washing-tub—"I'm master Tom."

"Ah, dearee me," she said slowly, looking at him with lustreless eyes. "Well, you be growed into a fine young gentleman, surely. And how's the Squire, and Madam Brown, and all the fam'ly?"

"Oh, very well, Betty,—they will be so sorry to hear of your illness."

"But there ain't no hot bread for un. 'Tis ill to bake wi' no fuz bushes, and bakers' stuff is poor for hungry folk."

"I'm within three months as old as your Harry, you know," said Tom, trying to lead her back to the object of his visit.

"Harry," she repeated, and then collecting herself went on, "our Harry; where is he? They have'nt sent un to prison, and his mother a dyin'?"

"Oh no, Betty; he will be here directly. I came to ask whether there is anything I can do for you."

"You'll stand by un, poor buoy—our Harry, as you used to play wi' when you was little—'twas they as aggravated un so as he couldn't abear it, afore ever he'd a struck a fly."

"Yes, Betty; I will see that he has fair play. Don't trouble about that; it will be all right. You must be quite quiet, and not trouble yourself about anything, that you may get well and about again."

"Nay, nay, master Tom. I be gwine whoam; ees, I be gwine whoam to my maester, Harry's father—I knows I be—and you'll stand by un when I be gone; and Squire Brown 'll say a good word for un to the magistrates?"

"Yes, Betty, that he will. But you must cheer up, and you'll get better yet; don't be afraid."

"I beant afeard, master Tom: no, bless you, I beant afeard but what the Lord 'll be mussiful to a poor lone woman like me, as has had a sore time of it since my maester died, wi' a hungry boy like our Harry to kep, back and belly; and the rheumatics terrible bad all winter time."

"I'm sure, Betty, you have done your duty by him, and every one else."

"Dwontee speak o' doin's, master Tom. 'Tis no doin's o' owrn as 'll make any odds where I be gwine."

Tom did not know what to answer; so he pressed her hand and said,—

"Well, Betty, I am very glad I have seen you once more; I shan't forget it. Harry shan't want a friend while I live."

"The Lord bless you, master Tom, for that word," said the dying woman, returning the pressure, as her eyes filled with tears. Katie, who had been watching her carefully from the other side of the bed, made him a sign to go.

"Good-bye, Betty," he said; "I won't forget, you may be sure; God bless you;" and then, disengaging his hand gently, went out again into the porch, where he sat down to wait for his cousin.

In a few minutes the nurse returned, and Katie came out of the cottage soon afterwards.

"Now I will walk up home with you," she said. "You must come in and see papa. Well, I'm sure you must be glad you went in. Was not I right?"

"Yes, indeed; I wish I could have said something more to comfort her."

"You couldn't have said more. It was just what she wanted."

"But where is her son? I ought to see him before I go."

"He has gone to the Doctor's for some medicine. He will be back soon."

"Well, I must see him; and I should like to do something for him at once. I'm not very flush of money, but I must give you something for him. You'll take it; I shouldn't like to offer it to him."

"I hardly think he wants money; they are well off now. He earns good wages, and Betty has done her washing up to this week."

"Yes, but he will be fined, I suppose, for this assault; and then, if she should die, there will be the funeral expenses."

"Very well; as you please," she said; and Tom proceeded to hand over to her all his ready money, except a shilling or two. After satisfying his mind thus he looked at her, and said—

"Do you know, Katie, I don't think I ever saw you so happy and in such spirits?"

"There now! And yet you began talking to me as if I were looking sad enough to turn all the beer in the parish sour."

"Well, so you ought to be, according to Cocker, spending all your time in sick rooms."

"According to who?"

"According to Cocker."

"Who is Cocker?"

"Oh, I don't know; some old fellow who wrote the rules of arithmetic, I believe; it's only a bit of slang. But, I repeat, you have a right to be sad, and it's taking an unfair advantage of your relations to look as pleasant as you do."

Katie laughed; "You ought not to say so at any rate," she said, "for you look all the pleasanter for your visit to a sick room."

"Did I look very unpleasant before?"

"Well, I don't think you were in a very good humour."

"No, I was in a very bad humour, and talking to you and poor old Betty has set me right, I think. But you said her's was a special case. It must be very sad work in general."

"Only when one sees people in great pain, or when they are wicked, and quarrelling, or complaining about nothing; then I do get very low sometimes. But even then it is much better than keeping to oneself. Anything is better than thinking of oneself, and one's own troubles."

"I dare say you are right," said Tom, recalling his morning's meditations, "especially when one's troubles are home-made. Look, here's an old fellow who gave me a lecture on that subject before I saw you this morning, and took me for the apothecary's boy."

They were almost opposite David's door, at which he stood with a piece of work in his hand. He had seen Miss Winter from his look-out window, and had descended from his board in hopes of hearing news.

Katie returned his respectful and anxious salute, and said, "She is no worse, David. We left her quite out of pain and very quiet."

"Ah, 'tis to be hoped as she'll hev a peaceful time on't now, poor soul," said David; "I've a been to farmer Grove's, and I hopes as he'll do summat about Harry."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Miss Winter, "and my cousin here, who knew Harry very well when they were little boys together, has promised to help him. This is Harry's best friend," she said to Tom, "who has done more than any one to keep him right."

David seemed a little embarrassed, and began jerking his head about when his acquaintance of the morning, whom he had scarcely noticed before, was introduced by Miss Winter as "my cousin."

"I wish to do all I can for him," said Tom, "and I'm very glad to have made your acquaintance. You must let me know whenever I can help;" and he took out a card and handed it to David, who looked at it, and then said,

"And I be to write to you, sir, then, if Harry gets into trouble?"

"Yes, but we must keep him out of trouble, even home-made ones, which don't leave good marks, you know," said Tom.

"And thaay be nine out o' ten o' aal as comes to a man, sir," said David, "as I've a told Harry scores o' times."

"That seems to be your text, David," said Tom, laughing.

"Ah, and 'tis a good un too, sir. Ax Miss Winter else. 'Tis a sight better to hev the Lord's troubles while you be about it, for thaay as hasn't makes wus for theirselves out o' nothin'. Dwon't em, Miss?"

"Yes; you know that I agree with you, David."

"Good-bye, then," said Tom, holding out his hand, "and mind you let me hear from you."

"What a queer old bird, with his whole wisdom of man packed up small for ready use, like a quack doctor," he said, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Indeed, he isn't the least like a quack doctor. I don't know a better man in the parish, though he is rather obstinate, like all the rest of them."

"I didn't mean to say anything against him, I assure you," said Tom; "on the contrary I think him a fine old fellow. But I didn't think so this morning, when he showed me the way to Betty's cottage." The fact was that Tom saw all things and persons with quite a different pair of eyes from those which he had been provided with when he arrived in Englebourn that morning. He even made allowances for old Mr. Winter, who was in his usual querulous state at luncheon, though perhaps it would have been difficult in the whole neighbourhood to find a more pertinent comment on and illustration of the constable's text than the poor old man furnished, with his complaints about his own health and all he had to do and think of, and everybody about him. It did strike Tom, however, as very wonderful how such a character as Katie's could have grown up under the shade of, and in constant contact with, such an one as her father's. He wished his uncle good-bye soon after luncheon, and he and Katie started again down the village—she to return to her nursing and he on his way home. He led his horse by the bridle and walked by her side down the street. She pointed to the Hawk's Lynch as they walked along, and said, "You should ride up there; it is scarcely out of your way. Mary and I used to walk there every day when she was here, and she was so fond of it."

At the cottage they found Harry Winburn. He came out, and the two young men shook hands, and looked one another over, and exchanged a few shy sentences. Tom managed with difficulty to say the little he had to say, but tried to make up for it by a hearty manner. It was not the time or place for any unnecessary talk; so in a few minutes he was mounted and riding up the slope towards the heath. "I should say he must be half a stone lighter than I," he thought, "and not quite so tall; but he looks as hard as iron, and tough as whipcord. What a No. 7 he'd make in a heavy crew! Poor fellow, he seems dreadfully cut up. I hope I shall be able to be of use to him. Now for this place which Katie showed me from the village street."

He pressed his horse up the steep side of the Hawk's Lynch. The exhilaration of the scramble, and the sense of power, and of some slight risk, which

he felt as he helped on the gallant beast with hand and knee and heel, and the loose turf and stones flew from his hoofs and rolled down the hill behind him, made his eyes kindle and his pulse beat quicker as he reached the top and pulled up under the Scotch firs. "This was her favourite walk, then. No wonder. What an air, and what a view!" He jumped off his horse, slipped the bridle over his arm and let him pick away at the short grass and tufts of heath as he himself first stood, and then sat, and looked out over the scene which she had so often looked over. She might have sat on the very spot he was sitting on; she must have taken in the same expanse of wood and meadow, village and park, and dreamy, distant hill. Her presence seemed to fill the air round him. A rush of new thoughts and feelings swam through his brain and carried him, a willing piece of drift-man, along with them. He gave himself up to the stream, and revelled in them. His eye traced back the road along which he had ridden in the morning, and rested on the Barton woods, just visible in the distance, on this side of the point where all outline except that of the horizon began to be lost. The flickering July air seemed to beat in a pulse of purple glory over the spot. The soft wind which blew straight from Barton seemed laden with her name, and whispered it in the firs over his head. Every nerve in his body was bounding with new life, and he could sit still no longer. He rose, sprang on his horse, and, with a shout of joy, turned from the vale and rushed away on to the heath, northwards, towards his home behind the chalk hills. He had ridden into Englebourn in the morning an almost unconscious dabbler by the margin of the great stream; he rode from the Hawk's Lynch in the afternoon over head and ears, and twenty, a hundred, ay, unnumbered fathoms below that, deep, consciously, and triumphantly in love.

But at what a pace, and in what a form! Love, at least in his first access, must be as blind a horseman as he is an archer. The heath was rough with peat-cutting and turf-cutting, and many a deep-rutted farm road, and tracks of heather and furze. Over them and through them went horse and man—horse rising seven, and man twenty off, a well matched pair in age for a wild ride—headlong towards the north, till a blind rut somewhat deeper than usual put an end to their career, and sent the good horse staggering forward some thirty feet on to his nose and knees, and Tom over his shoulder, on to his back in the heather.

"Well, it's lucky it's no worse," thought our hero, as he picked himself up and anxiously examined the horse, who stood trembling and looking wildly puzzled at the whole proceeding; "I hope he hasn't overreached. What will the governor say? His knees are all right. Poor old boy," he said, patting him, "no wonder you look astonished. You're not in love. Come along; we won't make fools of ourselves any more. What is it?—

'A true love forsaken a new love may get,
But a neck that's once broken can never be set.'

What stuff; one may get a neck set for anything I know; but a new love—blasphemy!"

The rest of the ride passed off soberly enough, except in Tom's brain, wherein were built up in gorgeous succession castles such as—we have all built, I suppose, before now. And with the castles were built up side by side good honest resolves to be worthy of her, and win her and worship her with body, and mind, and soul. And, as a first instalment, away to the winds went all the selfish morning thoughts; and he rode down the northern slope of the chalk hills a dutiful and affectionate son, at peace with Mrs. Porter, and honouring her for her care of the treasure which he was seeking, and in good time for dinner.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Brown to her husband when they were alone that night, "did you ever see Tom in such spirits, and so gentle and affectionate? Dear boy; there can be nothing the matter."

"Didn't I tell you so?" replied Mr. Brown; "you women have always got some nonsense in your heads as soon as your boys have a hair on their chin or your girls begin to put up their back hair."

"Well, John, say what you will, I'm sure Mary Porter is a very sweet, taking girl, and—"

"I am quite of the same opinion," said Mr. Brown, "and am very glad you have written to ask them here."

And so the worthy couple went happily to bed.

(*To be continued.*)

BLIND!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I WAS walking along a rather lonely road, humming a tune to myself—a most indefensible habit, which I only name as it accounted for my being suddenly stopped by a civil voice—

"Ma'am, if you please—"

I turned, and now first noticed a young man who had just passed me by, stepping out quickly and decisively, with a stick in his hand and a bundle on his shoulder.

"Ma'am, if you please, would you direct me to ——?" naming a gentleman's house close by, which I was proceeding to point out to him, when I perceived that the young man had *no eyes*. It was a well-featured and highly intelligent countenance, with that peculiarly peaceful expression that one often sees on the faces of the blind; but of his calamity there could be no doubt: the eyes, as I have said, were gone: the eyelids closed tightly over *nothing*. Yet his step was so firm, and his general appearance so active and bright, that a careless passenger would scarcely have detected that he was blind.

Of course I went back with him to the door he named—in spite of his polite protestations that there was not the least necessity—"he could find it easily"—*how*, Heaven knows:—also, I had the curiosity to lie in wait a few minutes, until I watched him come cheerily out, shoulder his big bundle, plant his stick on the ground, and walk briskly back—whistling a lively tune, and marching as fast and fearlessly as though he saw every step of the road.

"Have you done your business?"

My friend started, but immediately recognised the voice. "Oh yes, thank you, ma'am. I'm all right. Very much obliged. Good morning."

He recommenced his stopped tune, and pursued his way with such determined independence, that I felt as if more notice of him would be taking an unwarrantable liberty with his misfortune. But his cheerful face quite haunted me, and I speculated for a long time what "business" he could be about, and how he dared trust himself alone, in the great wilderness of London and its environs, with no guide except his stick. At last I remembered he might be one of the "travellers" belonging to an institution I had heard of (and the foundress of which, by an odd coincidence, I was going that day to meet), —the "Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind."

I proceeded to pay my visit to this lady—whose name, having been often before in print, there can be no scruple at mentioning here—Miss Gilbert, the blind daughter of the Bishop of Chichester. To her superintendence and endowment, in conjunction with the design and practical aid of another blind person, Mr. W. Hanks Levy, this institution owes its existence.

Laudatory personalities are odious. To praise a good man or woman for doing what he, she, or any other good person recognises as a mere matter of duty, which, when all is done, leaves us still "unprofitable servants," is usually annoying to the individual, and injurious to the cause. And yet the root of every

noble cause must be some noble personality—some one human being who has conceived and carried into execution some one idea, and on whose peculiar character the success of the whole undertaking mainly depends.

Therefore, without trenching on the sacred privacy which ought above all to be observed towards women, I may just say that it was impossible to look on this little gentle-spoken, quiet woman, who, out of her own darkened life, had originated such a light to the blind, without a feeling of great reverence and great humility. We, who can drink in form and colour at every pore of our being, to whom each sunset is a daily feast, each new landscape a new delight, who in pictures, statues, and living faces beloved have continual sources of ever-renewed enjoyment—God help us, how unthankful, how unworthy we are!

Miss Gilbert and myself arranged that I should visit her institution, in order to say anything that occurred to me to say about it in print. "For," added she, "we want to be better known, because we want help. Without more customers to our shop we must lessen the work we give out, and refuse entirely the one hundred and fifty applicants who are eagerly waiting for more, and meantime living as they best can, in workhouses or by street begging. And winter is coming on, you know."

Winter to these poor—not necessarily belonging to the hardened pauper class, in many cases neither unrefined nor uneducated, since of the thirty thousand blind in the United Kingdom nine-tenths are ascertained to have become so *after* the age of twenty-one. It was a sad thought—these one hundred and fifty poor souls waiting for work—not for wealth, or hope, or amusement, simply for *work:* something to fill up a few hours of their long day in the dark, something to put food into their mouths of their own earning, and save them from eating the bitter duty-bread of friends, or the charity-bread of strangers. I arranged to meet Miss Gilbert the next day, at 127, Euston Road.

It was a house in no wise different from the other houses in this neighbourhood, except that outside its shop-door there hung a picture not badly painted, representing a room occupied by busy blind work-people. The shop itself was entirely filled with baskets, mats, brushes, &c. And there one of the only four persons in the establishment who is not blind, was engaged in serving a few—far too few—customers.

No "sighted"—to use the touching word which they seemed to have coined, these fellow-sufferers, in speaking of us, as if the light of the eyes were a great, peculiar gift—no "sighted" person can enter this house of busy darkness without a strange, awed feeling. To be in a place where everybody is blind! a blind housemaid to sweep and clean—and very well it is done too: a blind porter to carry messages: a blind attendant to show you through dim passages, where you meet other blind people quietly feeling their way, intent on their various avocations, and taking no heed of you. It is like being brought into a new kind of existence, in the which at first you doubt if you are not an unwarrantable intruder. You feel shy and strange. The common phrases, "Yes, I *see*," or, "It *looks* so and so," make you start after uttering them, as if you had said something unnatural and unkind. Only at first. Soon you are taught to recognise that undoubted fact, recorded by both sufferers and observers, that of all God's afflicted ones there are none whom His mercy has made so cheerful, so keenly and easily susceptible of happiness, as the blind.

We went to the little parlour, furnished, like the rest of the house, with the utmost simplicity—no money wasted, as charities often do waste it, in useless elegancies, or in handsomely-paid officials. The only official here is Mr. Levy, the director, to whose intelligence and ingenuity the working of the whole scheme—which, indeed, he mainly planned—is safely consigned. Under his guidance—the blind instructing the seeing—we examined various inventions, some of them his own, for conveying instruction

in writing, reading, and geography, both to those born blind and to those who have since become so. He likewise showed us a system of musical notation, by means of which the blind can learn the science as well as the practice of this their great solace and delight. Simple as these contrivances were, they would be difficult to explain within the limits of this paper; besides, persons interested therein can easily find out all for themselves by application at 127, Euston Road, London: where, also, any collector of objects of science, fossils, minerals, stuffed animals, and the like—not subject to injury from handling—may give entertainment and information to many an intelligent mind, to whom otherwise the wonderful works of God in nature must for ever remain unknown. The delight his little museum affords is, Mr. Levy told us, something quite incredible.

Beside it, and more valuable still, is the circulating library of embossed books, for the use of the blind; among these is an American edition of Milton. How the grand old man would have rejoiced could he have foretold the day when, without interpreters, the blind would be taught to behold all that he beheld when, although

> "So thick a drop serene had quenched those orbs,"

he was able, perhaps all the more through that visual darkness, to see clear into the very heaven of heavens. And when, to show us how fast the blind could read by touch only, Mr. Levy opened at random a Testament, and read as quickly as any ordinary reader some verses—they happened to be in *Revelations*—one felt how great was the blessing by which this (to us) blank white page was made to convey to the solitary blind man or woman images such as that of the City "which had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine on it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Passing from this little sanctum, the centre of so much thought and ingenuity, we went to the workrooms of the men and women employed in the house from nine to six daily. In the latter were about a dozen women busy over brush-making, bead-work and leather-work. The brush-making was the most successful, since in all ornamental work the blind cannot hope to compete with those to whom the glory of colour and the harmonies of form have been familiar unrecognised blessings all their lives. But it was a treat to see those poor women, some old, some young, all so busy and so interested in their work; and to know that but for this Association they would be begging in the streets, or sitting in helpless, hopeless, miserable idleness—the lowest condition, short of actual vice, to which any human being can fall.

More strongly still one felt this among the men: in some of whom it was easy to read the history of the intelligent, industrious respectable artizan, from whom sudden loss of sight took away his only means of subsistence, dooming him for the rest of his days to dependence on his friends, or on the honest man's last horror, the workhouse. One guessed how eagerly he would come to such an establishment as this in Euston Road, which, offering to teach him a blind man's trade, and to supply him with work after he had learnt it, gave him a little hope to begin the world again. The skill attainable by clever fingers unguided by eyes is wonderful enough: but then the learning of a new trade *in the dark* requires of course double patience and double time. Nay, at best, a man who has to *feel* for everything cannot expect to get through the same amount of work in the same number of hours as the man who *sees* everything—his tools, his materials, and the result of his labour. The blind must always work at a disadvantage, but it is a great thing to enable them to work at all. No one could look round on these men, most of them middle-aged, and several, we heard, fathers of families, without feeling what a blessing indescribable is even the small amount of weekly work and weekly wage with which they are here supplied, to working-men, the chief element in

whose lives is essentially work: who in that darkness which has overtaken them at noon-day, have none of those elegant resources for passing time away, which solace the wealthy blind: to whom there is no pleasure in idleness—or, bitterer still, to whom enforced idleness is simply another word for starvation.

And here, to make clear the working of this part of the Association, let me copy a few lines from notes that were furnished to me by its foundress:—

"Those workmen who know a trade "are employed at their homes, and "receive the *selling* price for their work, "buying their materials of the Associa- "tion. No extra charge is made to the "public upon their work. . . . Those who "are learning trades at Euston Road re- "ceive a portion of their earnings for "themselves: the rest pays for materials "and goes as profit to the Institution. "The teaching of trades is a costly part "of the work. Many of the learners "cannot be supported by their friends, "and are therefore boarded in houses "connected with the Association—the "money being provided by those inter- "ested in the individual, or by his "parish, or in both these ways. The "weekly terms are 9*s.* for each man, "and 7*s.* 6*d.* for each woman—at which "rate the managers and matrons of each "house undertake to make it pay. They "have no salary. In proportion as the "pupil's earnings increase, the sum con- "tributed for his board diminishes. In "some instances the Association bears "the chief cost. When he has learnt "his trade, the Association may or may "not employ him, or he is at liberty to "start on his own account: but practi- "cally he is sure to ask for employment.

"The great object is to enable the "blind, as a class, to earn their own "livelihood, and to elevate their condi- "tion generally. If the sighted would "help the blind by acting to them the "part of levers, to raise them out of "their present state, rather than of props "to support them in it—the blind would "most thankfully recognise that aid "which they cannot well dispense with, "but which they most prefer, because, in "accepting it, they reduce their honest "independence in the least possible "degree."

This principle of the cultivation of independence, is the greatest and best feature of the Association. Charity is a blessed thing, when all other modes of assistance fail: but till then, it should never be offered to any human being; for it will assuredly deteriorate, enervate, and ultimately degrade him. Let him, to the last effort of which he is capable, work for himself, trust to himself, educate and elevate himself. Show him how to do this—help him to help himself, and you will every day make of him a higher and happier being.

So thought I, while watching a lad of only twenty-one, who three years before had lost first sight and then hearing. Totally deaf and blind, his only communication with the outer world is by the sense of touch. Yet it was such a bright face—such a noble head and brow—you saw at once what a clever man he would have made. And there was such a refinement about him, down to his very hands, so delicately shaped, so quick, flexible, and dexterous in their motions—the sort of hands that almost invariably make music, paint pictures, write poems. Nothing of that sort, alas! would ever come out of the silent darkness in which for the remainder of his days lay buried this poor lad's soul. Yet when Mr. Levy, taking his hand, began to talk to him on it—the only way by which the blind can communicate with the deaf-blind—he turned round the most affectionate delighted face, and caught the sentence at once.

"P-l-a plane. Lady wanting to see me plane? I'll get the board in a minute."

The voice was somewhat unnatural, and the words slowly put together, as if speech, which he could still use, but never hear, were gradually becoming a difficulty to him. But he set to his carpentering with the most vivid delight; and having planed and sawed for our benefit, again lent himself to Mr. Levy's conversation.

"Lady wishes to see my toys? I'll get them in a minute." And as nimbly

as if he had eyes, the lad mounted to a high shelf, where were ranged, orderly in a row, a number of children's toys, manufactured in a rough but solid style of cabinet-making—the last made, which he brought down and exhibited with great pride, being a tiny table with a movable top and "turned" feet—a table that would be the envy of some ambitious young carpenter of seven years old, and the pride and glory of his sister's dolls' tea-party; as it may be yet—to bairns I know. How its maker's face kindled at the touch of the silver coin, and the shake of the hand, which was the only way in which our bargain could be transacted.

"She's bought my table. Lady's bought my table." And then, with a sudden fit of conscientiousness, "Who shall I give the money to?" evidently thinking it ought to be counted among his week's wages, paid by the Association.

I inquired how much he earned.

"Seventeen shillings a week, and could earn much more if we only had it to give him. But even that makes a great difference. When he came, he was so moping and down-hearted, chiefly, he said, because it grieved him to be dependent on his two sisters. Now he is all right, and the merriest fellow possible. I asked him the other day if he were happy. 'Happy!' he said, 'to be sure I am. What have I to make me otherwise? It would be a great shame if I were anything but happy.'"

Poor soul—poor simple, blessed soul! the greatest man on earth might be less enviable than this lad, totally deaf and blind.

I have thus given a plain account of what I saw and heard that day. Any one with more time, more money, and more practical wisdom to spare, could hardly expend them better than in becoming "eyes to the blind" by a few visits to 127, Euston Road.

THE GOLDEN ISLAND: ARRAN FROM AYR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Deep set in distant seas it lies;
The morning vapours float and fall,
The noonday clouds above it rise,
Then drop as white as virgin's pall.

And sometimes, when that shroud uplifts,
The far green fields show strange and fair;
Mute waterfalls in silver rifts
Sparkle adown the hill-side bare.

But ah! mists gather, more and more;
And though the blue sky has no tears,
And the sea laughs with light all o'er,—
The lovely Island disappears.

O vanished Island of the blest!
O dream of all things pure and high!
Hid in deep seas, as faithful breast
Hides loves that have but seemed to die,—

Whether on seas dividing toss'd,
Or led through fertile lands the while,
Better lose all things than have lost
The memory of the morning Isle!

For lo! when gloaming shadows glide,
And all is calm in earth and air,
Above the heaving of the tide
The lonely Island rises fair;

Its purple peaks shine, outlined grand
And clear, as noble lives nigh done;
While stretches bright from land to land
The broad sea-pathway to the sun.

He wraps it in his glory's blaze,
He stoops to kiss its forehead cold;
And, all transfigured by his rays,
It gleams—an Isle of molten gold.

The sun may set, the shades descend,
Earth sleep—and yet while sleeping smile;
But it will live unto life's end—
That vision of the Golden Isle.

INDIAN CITIES.—BENARES.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when our boat anchored off Ráj Ghát, the landing-place just below Benares. The city rose before us, stretching along the left bank of the Ganges, which here makes a picturesque bend, and is crossed by a bridge of boats. The sun was too hot to allow us to land in comfort, and we sat contemplating the distant houses and temples, with two tall minarets rising above all. Soon after four, we landed; carriages were waiting for us, and we drove along a very dusty road to cantonments, where we were to stay at a friend's house. We at once noticed two points of contrast between the north-west provinces and Bengal. There, from the dampness of the soil, the country was as green as England; to-day, all was parched, brown, and grassless. On the other hand, the bright, gay colours in which the Hindustanis dress, are more picturesque than the unvaried white clothing of the Bengalis.

Every Anglo-Indian town is divided into at least two parts—the *city*, where the natives live, with its narrow streets, bazaars, mosques, and temples; and the *station*, in which the English are settled, with its white bungalows, dusty gardens, government buildings, and (generally very ugly) church or churches. The city and station are often three or four miles apart; and the station is further divided into *civil lines*, where the commissioner, judge, magistrate, and other officials reside, and *cantonments*, with barracks, hospitals, and officers' bungalows, usually stuck down, without order or symmetry, over a dusty *maidan*, or plain. Sometimes, too, there is a mission station, with a neat church, schools, missionaries' houses, and generally a native Christian village. On the outskirts of cantonments there are, or used to be, the sepoy lines, rows of native huts; but now, in most places, these are in ruins, and will soon be removed.

At Benares, the mission settlement is between the dreary English station and the picturesque native city. Of the station we shall say no more: let it rest in its ugliness. To the missionaries we shall presently return. But now we had better step into our friend's carriage, and drive off to the city, where elephants are waiting to take us through the streets, and where the Rája of Benares (just rewarded and panegyrised by the Viceroy for loyalty and good service) has lent us his boat, that we may see the view from the river. And, truly, this is a sight worth seeing. The ground on which the city is built rises gradually from the water's edge; and so its crest affords a splendid position for the great mosque, built by Aurungzíb on the ruins of a temple of Vishnu. But though this mosque (except for its lofty minarets a worthless structure) has appropriated to itself this commanding site, it was soon plain, as we rowed down the river, that the city is not Mussulman, but Hindu; and not only Hindu, but the very headquarters and *sanctum sanctorum* of Hinduism. The temples are countless; their pyramidal tops tower in the background above the houses, like the spires in the city of London, or appear in front, flanking the magnificent ghâts, which rise from the river with their lofty flights of stone steps, relieved from monotony by small projections, often crowned by kiosks. These ghâts are crowded in early morning by swarthy figures, coming down to wash away their bodily and spiritual pollutions in the holy Ganges, or to fill with its water their bright brazen vessels, sparkling in the first rays of the rising sun. All these effects are greatly enhanced by the fortunate bend in the river, round which the houses and temples group in the shape of a crescent, and by the solid appearance of the buildings, fashioned as they are of good stone from the neighbouring quarries of Chunar, instead of being, like the

cities of Bengal, mere masses of brick and plaster, green, black, and crumbling from the effect of the periodical rains.

But we must land at one of these ghâts. Most of them have been built by Rájas, or other powerful natives, who hope to be brought here in old age or sickness, that they may breathe their last close to the heaven-sprung river, in a city of such sanctity, that even a Christian dying in it may look for admission to Paradise, if he have added to this topographical virtue the merit of giving money liberally to Brahmans. Hence each ghât is provided with one or more temples, and with buildings to accommodate its owner and his family. The ghât by which we are returning to the city was the property of Nana Sahib; and no doubt, if his conscience smote him in that supreme hour, amidst the jungle of Nepál, he was assured by his spiritual guides that the merit of its erection could not be washed out even by the blood of Cawnpore. We enter the temple which he built close to his ghât, and find it thronged by discordantly-shrieking worshippers. It is unlike the generality of Hindu temples; for the actual place of worship is on the third story of the building, and is a large hall, supported by richly-carved wooden arches, with a sanctuary at the end, containing an idol of the usual ugliness, resplendent with gold and silver, before which are scattered tasteful bouquets and garlands of flowers. But the characteristic specimen of modern Hindu temples, or at least of the temples of North India—for those in the South are much larger and more imposing—is the famous one of Vishveshwara (a name of Shiva), which we visit after leaving Nana Sahib's ghât. Indeed, this is one of the holiest buildings in Hindustan. It is, however, only about a hundred years old; and its architecture, as usual with Hindu buildings after the establishment of the Mogul dynasty, is much affected by Mohammedan influences. Thus, it has a dome and an arcade, which are purely Mohammedan features, but are here assimilated to the Hindu style by a minute elaboration of ornament. This almost trifling detail of decoration marks the decline of Hindu architecture from the profuse but grand and massive carving of the great rock-cut temples and other more ancient buildings. In this temple, it is impossible to avoid admiring, in a measure, pillars, arches, and spires, absolutely covered with minute sculpture; but, as the whole building is only fifty-one feet high, and forty-seven feet long, the general effect is puny, and reminded us somewhat of a drawing-room ornament kept under a glass case. From the narrow street in which the temple stands, we entered a small court, in the centre of which rises the actual sanctuary, with the dome in the middle, and a spire or pyramid on each side; the colour of the whole being a rich dark red. The dome and one pyramid are covered with gilding, or, according to the Brahmans, are actually of gold; this being the only place in which, by the permission of the gods, the true splendour of Benares is revealed to sinful man. For, in truth, the city is entirely golden; every temple, house, ghât, and pavement is of the same precious material, though to our impure vision they appear mere stone and wood. Within the temple, the principal objects of worship are the ordinary symbol of Shiva, and an image of his wife, Parvati. But even the elegant prettiness of the Vishveshwara is sadly deformed by dirt; and the pleasure of seeing it was diminished by the need of forcing a passage through the filthy worshippers; among whom was a great Brahmin bull, several of whose divine brethren we had seen strolling about the bazaars at perfect liberty, eating what they liked in the vegetable stalls, butting whom they chose, and, in fact, leading lives of entire enjoyment, which would certainly terminate in a green old age, but for the risk of being decoyed to the slaughter-house of a Mussulman butcher, who has no religious scruples to prevent his turning any one of them into commissariat beef for the English soldiers. The whole worship is so noisy, dirty, and devoid of all elements of sublimity or beauty, except in the

flower offerings, that it is hard to understand how it keeps its hold upon the people's minds.

Though this is the only important temple in Benares itself, yet a few miles from the town there is a much older sacred building, and one which by all means deserves a special visit. This is a Buddhist tope, rising among the ruins of the ancient city of Sarnáth. Without entering now into the vexed questions connected with the history of Buddhism, we may say, generally, that it probably arose from a reaction against the strict Brahmanish system, and especially against caste; and was either invented or revived by Gautama, or Sakya-muni, a prince of one of the Gangetic kingdoms, who died B.C. 543. It became the state religion in the time of king Asoca, B.C. 250, whose capital was Palibothra (Patna), and who, though he "put to death one hundred brothers," to secure the throne to himself, is described by the priesthood, whom he elevated to supreme power, as "a prince of piety and supernatural wisdom."[1] With his reign the architectural history of India begins, as no building has been discovered of earlier date than his accession.[2] A tope (from the Sanscrit *sthupa*, a mound) is generally a bell-shaped tumulus, erected to contain a relic, or to mark the site of some occurrence in the history of Gautama, who, after his absorption into *nirwána*, a state of blissful unconsciousness not distinguishable from annihilation, was called Buddha. The great tope of Sarnáth is comparatively modern, not earlier than the fifth century A.D., for we possess the works of certain Chinese pilgrims, who travelled into India, to visit the sacred scenes of Buddha's earthly life, and to collect memorials of his religion. Now, in the year 405 A.D. one of these, Fa Hian, visited Sarnáth, and has in his description omitted this tope; whereas, in the seventh century, Hiouen Thsang wrote an accurate account of it. Between these two dates, therefore, it was erected. It is about a hundred feet high, of brick, cased with stone, at least in its lower part, for the top is a ruin. It has eight faces, each containing a niche for a sitting statue of Buddha, whose form is still traceable, with his curly hair and large ears, in the usual cross-legged position. The stone-work is further adorned with beautiful carvings of flowers, especially the lotus, and most graceful patterns, formed sometimes with straight, sometimes with curved lines. Near it are other ruins; one fallen tope is at the top of a high artificial mound, and bricks are strewn about in all directions.

But Sarnáth is a digression from Benares, inserted here to complete the sketch of the religious buildings in or near the town, but not of course to be included in the same excursion as that to the Vishveshwara. To the city itself we must now return, and pass from its theological to its scientific remains, for as Niebuhr says of the ancient Borsippa in Chaldæa,[3] it was the chosen abode of the mathematics as well as the religion of the Hindus. The present observatory, indeed, was built by Jey Singh, a Hindu Rája, employed by the emperor Mohammed Shah (A.D. 1550) to reform the calendar, but it was probably the restoration or enlargement of a more ancient institution. The building is close to the river, and is adorned by some beautiful oriel windows and balconies in the same mixed Hindu and Mohammedan style as the Vishveshwara, but on a larger scale, and much more effective. The strange old instruments are marvellous to behold. There is a huge sundial in the shape of an inverted arch, with a gnomon twenty feet high, containing a long steep flight of steps, the whole fitter for giants than men to measure time by, and occupying a large portion of the roof of the observatory. Besides other dials of less colossal dimensions, there is an extraordinary stone model of the earth—a circle, with the sea flowing round it like Homer's ὠκεάνοιο ῥέεθρα, Mount Meru in the middle, and four openings for the four cardinal points. We stood in the

[1] Sir Emerson Tennent's *Ceylon*, vol. i. pt. iv. ch. x.

[2] Fergusson's *Architecture*, book i. ch. i.

[3] *Lectures on Ancient History*, xii.

sea, and, had we clambered over the stone circumference of the earth, might have reached Mount Meru, and perhaps seen Indra himself.

But the beauty of Benares consists not in its separate buildings, but in their picturesque grouping in the narrow streets and bazaars. The city is like Cairo; in some respects more, in others less striking. There are, indeed, fewer bits of pretty Eastern architecture scattered about the streets; but, on the other hand, an idolatrous religion admits of more variety than puritanical Islam. Thus, red elephants, and other animals in gaudy colours, with gods and goddesses, flowers, and palm branches, are painted on the houses, which are also adorned by carved verandahs, galleries, oriel windows, and projecting eaves. The temples, too, being small, group better with the houses, and give more real variety to the streets, than the great mosques which overtop and overpower the Cairo buildings. The bazaars are full of traffic and bustle, and thronged by a teeming population of bulls and men, of whom the latter, as we made our way through them, saluted us with loud cries of *Shiv! Shiv!*

We became acquainted during our stay with some of the native gentlemen of Benares. There is one of considerable wealth, who received us in a handsome house fitted up in European fashion, and in very fair taste, which is not a common characteristic of the Anglicised houses of Hindus; for they generally delight in tawdry coloured prints, cut-glass chandeliers, fancy articles of Brummagem manufacture, and papier-maché furniture, much bedaubed with gilding and flaming colours. But here the decorations of the house were more sober and solid. Our host expressed a great love for the English, and a great desire to visit England. From this, however, being a Brahman, he is deterred by the fear of losing caste, or at least of a report that he had done so reaching India; "the mere thought of which," he said, "would make him nervous and unhappy during the whole journey." We were disposed to give him credit for a conscientious observance of his creed, till he revealed his real motive for such scrupulosity. "The truth is, that I have a great many children and grandchildren to marry, and, if people even supposed that I had lost caste, I should not marry them advantageously." He had with him a modest gentlemanly son who did credit to the Government College, where he had been educated, and contrasted advantageously with another young man, the orphan son of a dispossessed Rája, whose family, exiled from their ancestral possessions, are living on their pensions at Benares. The youth's manners were most unprincely. Pointing to one of our party, he asked, in a loud voice, *Wuh kaun hai?* (Who is that?) which inquiry was followed up by a string of questions about our private concerns and business at Benares, varied by a sketch of his own probable income. As he was leading a life of absolute idleness, an English friend, who took an interest in him, had advised him to apply to Government for a commission in the army, or some useful employment. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you suppose that I mean to do work?" a remark which must modify the statement that his manners were unprincely, for it is to be feared that, according to Hindu notions, such indolence is essential to princedom. He had been to no school or college, and, therefore, those who complain of learning as apt to make the Hindu forward and conceited (which indeed is often its effect on Englishmen also, unless it is ennobled and hallowed by other influences), may reflect that the want of learning is also not without its unfavourable effects.

And now it is time to ask what are we English doing for the good of these myriads—whether they still cry Shiv! Shiv! or whether, from the influence of education, they have given up Shiv, without finding any better helper, whom God's Providence has brought under the rule of a nation which worships Christ? How are we justifying our right to the possession of India, by working for the benefit of those who, when we came to the country, had fallen into almost hope-

less degradation? First, something, it may be hoped, is effected by the vigorous maintenance of law and order. We have taught the professors of the two great rival religions of India, that theological discussions are not to be carried on by flinging beef down the wells attached to Hindu temples, or pork into the Mussulmans' mosques.[1] We have shown them that tumult and disorder will not succeed in lowering the price of grain. We set them an example of the undaunted performance of duty, when in the time of greatest danger, in 1857, no magistrate would consent to abandon his post, and a missionary volunteered to perform the functions of the vacant chaplaincy, and to remain in Benares for the purpose of administering comfort, help, and divine counsel to the English soldiers and residents. At the time when the sepoy huts were blazing on the maidan, and the green flag floating in the city, and the 37th Native Infantry refused to pile their arms, we showed them that active courage was another essential element in national greatness, by restoring the British authority in three hours, and driving from the station the remnant of the mutineers, in terror-stricken flight. Whatever may be the faults of our courts of justice, arising from ignorance of the native character, and our confidence in dishonest subordinates, it is at least something that the Hindus feel a European civil officer to be absolutely incorruptible. Again, native hospitals and dispensaries prove that our Government does not neglect the bodily sufferings of its subjects, and, above all, our care for them is shown by education and missionary work, though in the latter the Government properly refuses to take part.

There are two great colleges in Benares, the one administered by Government, the other by the Church Missionary Society. The first is a somewhat pretentious Gothic building, with a dumpy tower in the middle. The internal arrangements are not so good as they might be. The whole length of the building is occupied by one large handsome schoolroom, with class-rooms opening out of it on either side, the partitions being only carried up half-way, so that the noise of the great school distracts the class-rooms, and of the class-rooms the great school. We found the first class deep in *Macbeth*. Their English was not very fluent, but they seemed to understand the language well, for they explained to us very readily that puzzling passage:—

> "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly: if the assassination
> Could trammel upon the consequence, and catch,
> With his surcease, success: that but this blow
> Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
> But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
> We'd jump the life to come."

A very interesting part of the institution was the Sanscrit department, where aged Pandits with white beards were teaching just as they did before the English *ráj* was thought of; the pupils all seated on the ground, working mathematics on sanded boards, or reading poetry and philosophy on long loose strips held together by two pieces of wood. Some sway their bodies backwards and forwards as they work, and repeat the poetry in a monotonous singsong. Into this branch of the college reform has to be introduced warily: the stricter Pandits regard even the knowledge of English as profane. Yet some consent to learn it. One of them, a teacher of mathematics, is translating into English for the *Bibliotheca Indica* a Sanscrit work on astronomy, and showed us the proof-sheets. "What is its date?" asked one of our party. The English professor who was with us interposed, and told us in a low voice that this was an awkward question to put to him, for the Pandits taught that the treatise had been revealed by the Sun himself, and was anterior to all time.

The other college is called Jay Narain's. Its founder was a wealthy native, unbaptized, but inclining to Christianity, born A.D. 1752, and a

[1] Bishop Heber's *Journal*, ch. xiii.

servant of the infamous Surajah Dowlah. When about forty years old his belief in Hinduism was shaken, and he gave 500 rupees to the erection of a new church in Calcutta. After recovering from a serious illness he resolved, as a token of thankfulness, to found a school at Benares, and, by the advice of Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Corrie, made it over to the diocesan committee of the Church Missionary Society as its trustees and governors.[1] The building, though of no architectural pretensions, yet, with its separate class-rooms opening into verandahs, is better adapted to its purpose than the Gothic aspirations of the Government college. The first class was decidedly inferior to the Government pupils in English literature, but acquitted themselves well in the plain parts of Scripture and English history. The school, or lower department, is under a native Christian head master, who seemed well suited for his work, and is highly spoken of by the missionaries and by the Government inspector, who examines Jay Narain's periodically. The map drawing and English writing were here remarkably good.

Another educational institution of importance is the school for native girls in the city, superintended by the wife of the senior missionary. She painfully but most laudably gathers them into her fold by paying women to go daily from house to house and bring them. The process is necessary, for while female education is perhaps the greatest want of India, there is no institution of the Feringhis which the Hindus regard with greater suspicion. Yet till some progress is made in it life is poisoned at its very source, and the mother is a mere spring of moral evil to her child. The average attendance at this school is about eighty. These two missionary schools are for all comers of all creeds, and are supported by Jay Narain's endowment, by subscriptions, by small fees from a portion of the pupils, and by a grant in aid from Government—the Bible being used as a class-book, compulsory on all the pupils; whereas the Government college is supported by larger fees, and by the funds of the state, and the Bible may only be taught to voluntary classes, either before or after the regular school hours. There are other schools for Christian children only, which with the missionaries' bungalows and native Christian cottages form a group of buildings clustering round the mission church. The staff of Church of England missionaries at Benares is large. They divide among themselves the work of education, of vernacular preaching in the bazaars and native villages, of conversation with inquirers, and of the pastoral superintendence of their converts; and to these labours their whole time, and sometimes more than their whole strength, are devoted in the true spirit of willing self-sacrifice. At their head is one of the best Urdu and Hindi scholars in India, an author in both languages. His last work is a lively and fanciful sketch of a dream, in which an old inhabitant of Benares sees India converted to Christianity; hears a sermon by the Bishop of Gházipúr, who is on a visit to his brother of Benares; admires the various institutions which have arisen since the city became Christian—the cathedral, the university, the blind asylum, the museum; and compares the evils of the old religion with the fresh life infused into India by the new.

But, though this is a consummation for which all Christians must watch and pray, it seems at present but a dream. The converts of Benares form a fair congregation, chiefly from the peasantry, but are as a drop to the ocean when compared with the followers of Shiva and of Mohammed. Doubtless there is among these poor native Christians much ignorance and much sin, just as there is in an English country village. Yet it is a great thing that the true rule of life, and the true ground of hope, is placed before them and their children. And there are among them some for whose life and conversation any Christian Church might be thankful. One

[1] See Note at the end of this article.

especially, a Mahratta Brahman, who was known to some persons in England when he visited it as the Pandit of the Maharája Dhulíp Singh, and now works under the Benares missionaries as a catechist, unites the most earnest conscientiousness and simple-minded humility to varied and thoughtful learning. Truly such men are in Hindostan the salt of the earth and the light of the world; and though as yet perhaps their influence is little felt, yet to increase their number must be the earnest effort of our missionaries, or rather of all true Christians, for to them we must look as the instruments through whom the English nation may hope to accomplish the noblest and holiest work which God has given us to do—the conversion of India to the faith of Christ.

G. E. L. C.

Note on Jay Narain's Foundation.—The following extracts from a letter, dated August, 1818, and preserved in the records of Jay Narain's College, are interesting as recording some of the feelings and struggles of an educated Hindu, desirous of enlightenment for himself and his countrymen. The writer never made up his mind publicly to profess Christianity, and died without baptism.

"It is now many years since I fell "very ill, and, leaving Calcutta, came to "reside at Benares, where I used every "possible means known to Hindus in "order to get well. Mr. Duncan, who "was at that time Resident at Benares, "and was my particular friend, pro- "cured for me also the assistance of "several European surgeons, who were "not able to afford me relief. At length "a Hindu, who had been very ill, pro- "cured some medicine and advice from "a merchant, Mr. Wheatly, by which "he obtained a cure. On this I "also sought acquaintance with Mr. "Wheatly. He gave me a New Tes- "tament, and I bought of him a Book "of Common Prayer. He often passed "much time with me in explaining the "meaning of these books, and wrote "many letters also to me on the subject "of the Christian religion. In respect "of my complaint, he recommended "some simple medicines, but advised, "above all, that I should apply myself "to God in prayer, to lead my mind "into the truth, and to grant me bodily "healing. I complied with his advice, "and obtained a perfect cure. I then "asked him what I should do for the "name of Jesús Christ. He advised "that as I had felt the benefit of the "advice which he had given, I ought to "consult the benefit of my countrymen, "and with this view found a school for "education in English, Bengali, Per- "sian, and Hindi. In compliance with "Mr. Wheatly's advice, I set about "establishing such a school, and with "the help of my friends raised a fund "to supply 200 rupees a month for the "endowment of it.[1] Afterwards, Mr. "Wheatly, failing in business, became "himself the first schoolmaster. His "plan was first to instruct my family "in Christianity, and pray with them; "and then to teach the English lan- "guage to the scholars who attended. "He continually taught me that from "joining in prayer and reading the "scriptures no loss of caste was in- "volved, but piety would be increased. "After a short time Mr. Wheatly "died. . . . I had heard through him "of the Rev. Mr. Corrie, and through "him had sent a small donation with a "letter to the British and Foreign Bible "Society. I often prayed that he might "come to Benares; and at length he "came to reside at this place. From "the information communicated by him "respecting the Church Missionary So- "ciety . . . I determined upon making "the Calcutta committee of that society "the trustees of my school, . . . and "legal measures are in progress for "transferring the school endowment "permanently into their hands. In the "meantime, my house in Bengali Tolah, "which cost me 48,000 rupees in build- "ing, has been appropriated for the "school-house, and Mr. Adlington has "begun to give instruction in the

[1] He afterwards increased it to nearly double this amount.

"English tongue. . . . But I long
"greatly that the most effectual means
"may be used for enlightening the
"minds of my countrymen. I am,
"therefore, anxious to have also a
"printing-press established at Benares,
"by which school-books might be
"speedily multiplied, and treatises on
"different subjects printed and dis-
"persed throughout the country. With-
"out this the progress of knowledge
"must be very slow, and the Hindus
"long remain in their very fallen state,
"which is a very painful consideration
"to a benevolent mind. I therefore
"most urgently request the honourable
"Church Missionary Committee to take
"measures for sending a printing-
"press to Benares, with one or two
"suitable missionaries to superintend
"it—men of learning, who may be able
"to satisfy the learned of this ancient
"city on matters of science and history
"as well as of religion. . . . As the
"Society liberally expends its funds for
"the benefit of mankind, there is no
"place where their labours are likely to
"be more beneficial than at Benares.

(Signed) "Jay Narain Ghosal."

MORE POLITICAL ETHICS: THE NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION, AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

In the last number of this Magazine I ventured to make some comments on a passage in Mr. Froude's "History." They touched upon a very grave question of public morality. They were intended to vindicate what I conceive was the spirit of Mr. Froude's note—at all events, what I am sure is the spirit of the writer—from a misconstruction to which his words seemed to me to be liable. My first complaint of them was, that, by drawing too sharp a distinction between the ethical maxims of the sixteenth century and of the nineteenth, they threatened to deprive us of some of the valuable lessons from the history of the former which no one had more successfully drawn out than Mr. Froude. My second was, that, by too hastily adopting a prevalent confusion between the claims of conscience and the claims of private judgment, the writer had suggested the thought that the duties of a citizen, and especially of a soldier, must be tried by a different law from that which we apply to the highest questions of all.

Since the article appeared, I have had proofs that I should have been most unjust as well as most uncharitable, if I had pronounced judgment upon Mr. Froude for what appeared to me an inaccuracy in his method of stating his case. My own remarks have made me suspected by very kind and just critics of holding opinions which would be at least as dangerous as any that I could have attributed to him. I am particularly thankful that my observations should be brought to the test which I myself demanded for them, that of their application to our own times. If they will not bear that test they must be wrong, and I hope that I shall be most ready to confess that they are wrong.

If I were merely continuing an old topic, still more if I were merely justifying myself, I should feel that I had no business to occupy more space in the columns of a magazine which is bound to seek for variety, and the readers of which cannot be interested in the opinions of a particular man. But the criticisms to which I have alluded introduce new and stirring questions—questions that are of the profoundest interest to us all at the present moment. The tone in which they have been expressed can cause nothing but gratitude in the person who is the object of them, and the principle which they involve is so serious that it deserves all the reflection that can be bestowed upon it—all the light that can be brought from

any "wise saws or modern instances" to bear upon it.

The first objection to which I refer is contained in a very intelligent and friendly notice of Mr. Froude's work in the *Examiner* of October 6th. The writer agrees with me, both in my high estimate of the "History," and in my hesitation respecting the apology for Cecil's conduct which was contained in the note. But he thinks that my doctrine respecting the duty of a soldier to fulfil his task as a defender of his country, without debating the question in his mind whether any specific war upon which she has entered ought to have been commenced, might oblige a Neapolitan soldier to follow the fortunes of Francis II. rather than to pledge himself to the cause of Garibaldi. I thought of alluding to this topic myself in the course of my article; I believe it was an omission not to do so. I am glad that the writer in the *Examiner* gives me an opportunity of rectifying the mistake.

Before I refer to the special case of Naples, I must take leave to remark that the terms of my proposition clearly presume the existence of a settled government, under which the soldier is serving and which he has no doubt whatever is the government of his country. A civil war of necessity raises this doubt. When it has begun, the soldier must decide what *is* the service of his country. How agonising that question became in the case of our own Civil War, every one knows. The Parliament invoked the name of the King against the King. It became at last an idle, insincere formula; but in the beginning of the war it expressed faithfully the conflict in men's minds, the question where the legitimate authority dwelt. And that question was not settled by private judgments. A conscience of law, of its unutterable sacredness, of the obligation which it imposes—a conscience rising out of that of an actual, personal Lawgiver and King to whom all rulers must bow—gives that period its unspeakable interest for all generations of Englishmen. When that conscience gave place, after the deposition of Richard, to an anarchy of private judgments, the interest ceases; we are sure that on some terms that anarchy must end. So that, I believe, a civil war, while it makes that simple obedience which I demanded of the soldier in a state of peace and order impossible, yet illustrates very strikingly the distinction upon which I rested the demand.

I do not, however, for a single instant confound the struggle in which a Hampden might be found on one side, and a Falkland on the other, with the Italian struggle of our day. I try to believe that good men may be so attached to the symbols of order with which they have been familiar from their nurseries, as to think that they should cling to those symbols when they express only outrage upon order, the contempt of written and confessed law, the breach of all promises that bind gentlemen, the violation of all oaths by which creatures appeal to the judgment of their Creator. With these, as with all personal cruelties to brave, faithful, enduring citizens, which it is simple Atheism to suppose are not hateful in the sight of Almighty God, the name of Francis II. is associated. Let him shift his plea to what court he pleases; let it be one where the strict letter of the law is enforced; let it be one of equity or chivalry; the sentence must be the same. In the highest of all, the ratification must be the most complete. When the question is presented to the Neapolitan soldier, "Is the service of "your country the service of the man "who upholds this state of things, or the "service of a man who comes to protest "in the name of justice, law, and God, "against this state of things?"—I can but see one answer. Even if there had not been granted to the Italian of the nineteenth century all the same signs of God-desertion which were granted to the Englishman of 1688—in what some have called our silken revolution—even if the sceptre had not dropped from the hands of the Bourbon as it dropped from the hands of the Stuart, and at the rumour of a feebler, less-disciplined

force than that which landed in Torbay—I should still deem the conscience of a people more hopelessly sunk than the Neapolitan conscience has proved itself to be if it could hesitate in making this decision. But I adhere to the words. It is the *conscience* of the people and of each man that has decided in favour of Garibaldi, and against the King. All evidence appears to show that if the patriot leader forgets that fact,—if he suffers private judgment about forms of government to interfere with the verdict of that conscience,—if he is not prepared to sacrifice his own private judgment—the great cause for which he has fought and suffered so magnificently may be utterly marred. Modern revolutions, then, like those of other days, bear witness to the permanence of that distinction which we in our ease and carelessness are continually tempted to obliterate.

The other objection to my opinion was raised in a letter from a valued friend, whose opinion on all political and moral questions I should rate very highly. He asks me whether on my principle it would not be needful for a citizen of an American free State to enforce the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law? I cannot, of course, dispose of that question in the same way as of that which was raised by the *Examiner*. The United States are a settled community; its Legislature has deliberately sanctioned the maxim, that a slave escaping from any of the States in which slavery is permitted into those wherein it does not exist, shall be treated as the property of his master, and delivered up to him. Why should the official, civil or military, of any free State set up his private judgment, or what he would call his conscience, against this statute, if the English sailor or soldier may not set up his favourite judgment on what he would call his conscience, against the Chinese war? That, if I understand him, is my friend's question.

Now, I never doubted that it is the duty of a man in England, or in any other country, before he enters any profession, the military, the legal, or the clerical, to consider what obligations that profession will impose upon him, and whether he can faithfully accept those obligations. The more distinctly those obligations are set forth to him, the more opportunity he has for arriving at a decision upon this point. There may be *special* obligations imposed, or likely to be imposed, upon a soldier, a lawyer, or a clergyman, which would deter a man from becoming any one of the three. A man, for instance, at the commencement of the American war might have determined that he would just then rather be something else than a soldier, because service against his own kinsmen, or against men whose cause he thought a reasonable one, would be a service to which he could not give his whole heart. There is this *general* obligation involved in the very act of a man becoming a soldier, that he shall do what he is set to do to the very utmost of his energy and ability. I hold this to be an honest, righteous obligation—an obligation implied in the very idea of citizenship; an obligation which a man who accepts it should consider in the very highest degree laid upon his conscience. And, I maintain, there should be no *arrière pensée* when the time comes for fulfilling this obligation. The soldier ought not to say, "Oh! but this "particular war is not one I like; not "one to which, if I were a legislator, I "would have consented; therefore I shall "be doing a righteous act in not going "into it." I contend that he would be doing an unrighteous act in not going into it; he would be sacrificing his conscience to his private judgment.

Apply these considerations to the Fugitive Slave Law. A man has, (1) either notice of the existence of that law before he undertakes an office which might compel him to assist in the execution of it; or, (2) it has been passed while he is holding his office. I hold that his plain duty is, not to accept the office which would involve an act that he deems immoral, or, to resign his office if a new task which he did not contemplate at the time of accepting it is forced upon him. But I

cannot admit that, holding the office, he has a right to set up his private judgment as to the enforcement or the non-enforcement of a law of his State.

The case, therefore, is not a parallel one to the Chinese war; but it offers no exception to the principle which I have asserted as applicable to that war. The same maxim which declares that a man should sacrifice his private opinion to his duty to his country, declares that he should sacrifice his private interest rather than be accessory to an act which he believes is destructive of the grounds upon which the existence of his country is based.

For this, I am satisfied, is the conviction of those men in the Free States who are opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law. It is not with them a question of good nature or philanthropy. They may think of the negro as Mr. Carlyle, or as any South Carolina planter thinks of him. But the point is, on what does the freedom of the white man stand? What is meant by a Free State? Destroy the distinction of persons and things, treat any man whatever as a chattel, and the ground of white freedom, the ground of a Free State, is undermined. This fact, I believe, is becoming, and will become, more and more manifest to the conscience of the American freeman. Every act which interferes with it, every act by which a Free State recognises the existence of a slave in his State, will more and more appear to him to be a suicidal act. It will become clearly understood that the precedents to which laymen and divines in the southern States appeal are utterly destructive of their cause. The slave who was a member of the Roman familia was not a chattel; he was an inchoate citizen. He had the capacity of becoming one as much as the son had. He might have the education which qualified him to be a poet; he might have the interest in his country which fitted him to be a general. The Jewish law, on which the profane teachers of the sects rest their case, is still more decisive against them. The Jew is taught by the very first principles of his Government to regard God as the deliverer out of slavery. He was continually reminded that he was to care for bondsmen because he had been a bondsman. His slaves are never chattels. The year of jubilee is always before them.

I am not travelling out of the record in making these remarks; they are very important to the assertion of the principle for which I am contending. The American Abolitionist is not setting up a private judgment against the law of his country; he is maintaining the ground upon which the law of his country rests, against private interests and private judgments which invade it. Mrs. Stowe has exhibited the conflict respecting the Fugitive Slave Law in the mind, not of some official who was bound to enforce it, but of a legislator who had given his vote for passing it. In sight of the actual man and woman escaping to Canada, the arguments which had determined him to that course were forgotten; he favoured the breach of his own statute. I doubt not that the instance is drawn from life, and has been often repeated. Nor can I call the result the triumph of personal feeling over state expediency. Far rather it is the discovery to a man's conscience that he has been sacrificing the interests of the state to certain compromises which had their justification in private expediency. He is guilty of an inconsistency, but it is the inconsistency of returning to a great political principle which a mere arrangement has set aside.

I am particularly grateful to my friend for having suggested to me this American difficulty. There is no trial of any distinction to which I am more willing to submit it than this. I am convinced that the enemies of slavery will find that their best support lies in the Old England and the New England reverence for law and a Divine lawgiver; that the friends of slavery will more and more discover that the weapons by which they have already begun to vindicate their private judgments and private interests —the shillelagh, the bowie-knife, the revolver—naturally belong to them and to their cause.

TORQUIL AND OONA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

The bright brief summer of the western isles
Burst on grey rocks, yet wet with winter's wrath,
When Torquil, the brown fisher of the Kyles,
Courted the blue-eyed Oona of the Strath.

Lovers they were; and, when the beauteous world
Was sweetening onward to the wedding-day,
Great clouds of sea-birds dipped, and wheeled, and skirled,
O'er finny droves in every creek and bay.

And every fisher started to his feet:
All day they laboured with a hearty will,
And wives and children watched the tawny fleet
Stand out to sea beyond the crimson hill.

Save Torquil's only, with the morning light
The boats came laden homewards. One by one
Dragged the long hours, and Oona strained her sight
To pluck a sail from out the sinking sun.

The conflagration of the dawn arose
Upon a woman wringing piteous hands,
With long hair streaming in a wind that blows
White wraiths of foam that beckon o'er the sands;

And, ever as she went from place to place
Along the shore, or up the purple fells,
She saw the glimmer of a drowned face,
And brown hair trailing in a wave that swells.

And aye she sang of boats upset in squalls,
Of sailors that will never buried be—
Tossed on the grey wave as it leaps and falls,
And torn by the wild fishes of the sea:—

"Thy mother fondly hung above thy bed,
"And clothed thy shoulders with her careful hand;
"But now the billow heaves thy naked head,
"And haps thee with the blanket of the sand.

"The shirt I made for thee is wet, my dear;
"Blue is the mouth I kissed, and blue the nails;
"Yet, sleeping by thy side, I would not fear
"The coiling sea-snakes, and the shadowing whales."

And, conscious she was dying, oft she prayed—
The sole request for which her heart had room—
That God would pity her, and have her laid
Beside her Torquil in his moving tomb.

A little while, and she was laid at rest,
With white hands crossed upon the snowy lawn;
A cruize of salt upon her frozen breast,
And candles burning round her till the dawn.

Her fathers slept within a desert isle,
The dreariest mustering place of sullen waves,
In midst whereof a grey religious pile
Looks through the misty wind that shrills and raves.

A broken wall surrounds the field of dead;
The gate stands open for no man to pass;
And carven crosses with their runes unread
Lie sunken in a sea of withered grass.

And thither will they bear her; for the Celt,
Although his track comes reddening down with feud
From out the sunrise, evermore has felt,
Like a religion, ties and dues of blood.

The simple people stood around the doors,
And, in the splendour of the morn, a line
Of drying nets flapped round the idle shores;
Brown dulse-beds glistened in the heaving brine.

The kinsmen bore the body to the strand;
Within the boat full tenderly 'twas laid,
And, lying there, some reverential hand
Around the coffin wrapt her lover's plaid.

And onward sailed the bark, the while the crowd,
Ranged on the shore, a decent silence kept;
And, while it hung a speck 'twixt wave and cloud,
A mother, lingering, sea-ward looked and wept.

And, when the day along the splintered line
Of purple Coolin sank divinely fair,
And homeward lowed the mighty-uddered kine,
And the long rookery creaked through coloured air,

The men returned. As at a witch's call
A tempest rose, they told, and, as it came
Blackening, it broke, and through the solid squall
Fluttered the linked and many-sheeted flame;

And some one cried, "'Tis Torquil claims the dead;"
And how, when in the wave the corse they threw,
The darkness cracked in sunshine over head,
And ocean glittered 'neath the sudden blue.

And one stood listening to the simple folk—
Old Ronald, by a century of woe
Made hoary as a lichen-bearded rock,
Bent like a branch beneath a load of snow.

He once beheld along the making tide
Pale death-fires burning for a boat, which then
Waited, safe-moored, for bridegroom and for bride,
Grave priest, and troops of dancing maids and men.

Oft sitting by the fire on winter nights,
When round the huts the wind a descant sung
Of wrecks and drowning men, disastrous sights
And ancient battles lived upon his tongue.

So, when the boatmen ceased, and watery slips,
Red-glazed with sunset, faded in the sands,
Grey Ronald stood apart with murmuring lips;
Then, smit with passion, raised his voice and hands:—

"Within the awful midnight of the sea,
"Where nothing moves, these twain have found a grave:
"Was it for this on windless nights to me
"The fatal glow-worms glimmered on the wave?

"Though not for us that tender cure of grief,
"When the red naked grave that jars and stings
"Falls from its shape, and, greening leaf by leaf,
"Melts in the mass of long-familiar things,

"Until, upon a sunny Sabbath day,
"Within the grassy churchyard friends will stand,
"With no sharp pang that the low-mounded clay
"Once laughed aloud and gave a friendly hand—

"Though from our hearts Time never thus will lure
"Remembrance, yet we know the twain that fled,
"Happier than we, inherit the secure
"And measureless contentment of the dead;

"That they, knit up by death from strokes of ill,
"Are with us, fairer, nobler than before—
"Sweet Oona in the sunrise on the hill,
"Brown Torquil in the murmur of the shore.

"When the innumerous snow-flake blinds the vale,
"And wreaths are spinning o'er the huddled sheep,
"When the long reef of breakers in the gale
"Roars for men's lives, they dwell in happy sleep.

"Think of them when the summer sunset flares
"Down through the world of waters in the west,
"And when from shore to shore the ocean wears
"A mesh of glittering moonlight on its breast."

ITALIAN UNITY AND THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

BY JOHN SALE BARKER.

"Il bel paese ch' Apennin parte
Il mar circonda e l'Alpe."
PETRARCH.

THE history of Italy for nearly half a century presents a picture of continued revolutionary agitation. In the intervals between open insurrection, repeated conspiracies have still shown the volcanic fire smouldering under compression; and, periodically, our sympathy and indignation have at once been raised by beholding the flower of Italian manhood, intelligence, and worth, perishing on the scaffold, cast into dungeons, or driven into exile. But, while we have watched with attention the superficial phenomena —the facts as they occurred—the ideas that generate these facts, the true springs of action that work beneath the surface, have been but little understood or studied; and Englishmen have usually

been led astray by applying to Italy ideas formed on the traditions and wants of their own country. While the Italians have been yearning for national existence and for redemption from the yoke of the foreigner and the priest, they have been accustomed to hear from England the reiterated recommendation to imitate the English form of government. It is only of late that our statesmen and our press have yielded to the irresistible evidence of events, and begun to recognise the truth that this prolonged revolutionary agitation is not mere restiveness under oppression, but has been working always towards a definite goal.

Not only has every movement, in whatever part of the peninsula, during the last thirty or forty years, sprung more or less directly from one common source, but the Italian movement itself is only the most advanced manifestation of one which is extending over half the Continent, and which we know as the movement for nationality.

For the origin of the national movement in Europe, we must turn for a moment to consider the nature of those principles or agencies which have presided in the construction of states and establishment of governments throughout a great part of Europe. Some three centuries ago rival conquerors in Europe hit upon the expedient of making peace between themselves by a partition of their spoil and an equalization of their respective strength. This "balance of power" gradually became recognised as the public law of Europe; and, as its necessary basis, it caused the introduction of the doctrine that two or more great sovereigns, by agreement with each other, might arrange states, appoint rulers, and dispose of the peoples of Europe as they pleased. As often as peace was made upon this principle, it became in effect a coalition of a few great sovereigns, whose joint decrees were irresistible. European populations were awarded as prizes or divided as a prey—exchanged, sold, distributed, and re-distributed, as the mutual jealousy of these sovereigns or their common desire of aggrandisement dictated; and it was considered that a right of possession was thus conferred which was good, not merely against a fresh invader, or other princes who had been parties to such treaties, but against any resistance or assertion of independence on the part of the people thus disposed of. It was a principle of public law invented by conquerors for their own advantage only; and it aimed at the equalization, not the prevention, of conquest. It was not even an improvement on the past. The conqueror of an earlier epoch might boast that what he had won by the sword he would keep by the sword; but even here the evil resided in a man rather than a system. It was the *fact* of conquest; but European diplomacy invented possession by *right* of conquest. In the name of the balance of power, a system of public law was introduced by which the principle that the ruling power should come from within and not be imposed on a people from without—the principle which is not only the foundation of political liberty, but which evidently constitutes the only moral restraint upon conquest—was not merely evaded or broken through, but intended to be superseded.

Not only has the effect of this system in working been to sanction, and even extend foreign domination in its most direct and offensive form; but generally, throughout those parts of Europe which have been most frequently the scene of the central struggle between rival conquerors, it has led to the arbitrary imposition of the ruling dynasties upon their subjects, and tended to promote such a formation of states as never could have grown up spontaneously, from similarity either of race, language, or religion, or from geographical boundaries. These states, thus existing by no law from within, are only maintained artificially in existence by pressure from without. They are, in fact, but royal dynasties at the head of military establishments; and whatever modifies this character weakens the only ingredient in the composition which keeps the rest in combination, or prevents the whole

from merging in some other state. In the construction of these states, the populations have been regarded as little else than the passive human material or the means of revenue for the maintenance of armies; and, wherever they have awakened into life and begun to think, or their voice is permitted to be heard, a revolutionary tendency to new arrangements immediately shows itself.

The movement for nationality is growing up as a reaction against this system in those populations which have been treated only as prizes to be fought for in the field, and intrigued for in the cabinet. It is at once the effect and the symbol of progress—a re-awakening in some races, a first awakening in others, of a sentiment of self-respect. Slowly, but surely, has the day of settlement been coming on, and the Europe of the future now clashes with the Europe of the past. The movement is based essentially upon the aspiration after freedom from foreign domination, direct or indirect; it is for nationality and *independence*, the former as the safeguard of the latter. The love of liberty in the middle ages sometimes led to a municipal rather than a national spirit; but, in the presence of the existing system, and of the great military empires that have grown up, an instinctive sense of what gives strength and independence leads to the composition of masses strong enough for self-defence, but still having a spontaneous cohesion of their parts.

Let us now turn from the principle to its practical illustration in one part of Europe, and trace the gradual development of the national tendency among the Italians. From the Consul Crescenzio to Julius the Second, from Dante to Machiavelli, many of the profound thinkers among the Italians of the middle ages cherished the idea of the oneness of Italy, and felt that their country, bounded by the Alps and the sea, was marked by the hand of God to become the abode of one people. The national aspiration had thus early taken some form in the conception of great men of thought and action; but it only began at length to pass into the heart of the people as a consequence of the changes which took place in Italy during the sixteenth century—which may be said, speaking generally, to be the epoch of the loss of independence for the Italians.

The excess of vitality, the individual energy, the love of liberty which characterised the Italians of the middle ages, and which were the source of their marvellous genius and their rapid strides in civilization, tended to impede their union by the formation of many centres of activity. In other parts of Europe, as the feudal system declined, vast military despotisms were forming by conquest or absorption out of more passive or servile materials; and in the sixteenth century the armies of Austria, France, and Spain burst at once upon Italy—a fresh irruption of barbarians, attracted by a civilization superior to their own. In the same century, also, Clement VII. commenced the alliance of the Papacy with European despotism. Then foreign domination fell upon the Italians, crumbling by its weight their old animosities into dust, and the work of amalgamation into one people instinctively began. Italy writhed and struggled for a time under the iron heel of her tormentors, and then sank into the apathy of exhaustion or despair. For nearly three centuries her population seemed resigned to be alternately torn as a prey and distributed as prizes by foreign powers, with scarcely vitality enough remaining for a consciousness of their degradation. But under this stillness the germs of a new life were forming. Their moral union was hastened by the arbitrary divisions and redivisions that were forced upon them; they learnt that union was a necessity for self-defence, the safeguard of independence; and, wherever a sentiment of self-respect, a thought of liberty, or a longing for independence revived, some vague aspiration towards Italian nationality rose with it.

After the last distribution of the Italians by the congress of Vienna in 1815, the general discontent found vent in conspiracies and reiterated insurrection; but

the national aspiration assumed for the first time a definite form in 1832, when Mazzini founded the association of *La Giovine Italia.* He then first awakened the Italians to a consciousness of their future destiny, and imaged forth to them the vague hope that was in their hearts in the words that formed the programme of the association—"*Unità, Indipendenza.*"

It is now nearly thirty years since a few young men thus cast upon Italy the word, Unity; and it quickly took root in a soil already prepared for its reception. They were ridiculed, condemned, persecuted. Still they agitated by deeds and by writing; the word was watered with blood and tears; it flowered and bore fruit, and gradually spread over the country from the Alps to the farthest shores of Sicily. The governments had for arms the scaffold, the dungeon, exile, spies, gold; Mazzini and his friends had their constancy in a doctrine which appealed to an instinct in the hearts of the people. Hundreds have perished on the scaffold, martyrs to the worship of this idea of Italy one and free; tens of thousands have endured patiently imprisonment, exile, poverty—relinquished all the joys of life, that Italy may live. This word, "Unity," soon came to represent a distinct hope irrevocably awakened in the multitude; and at length a Prince, whose father in the beginning of his reign was the most relentless persecutor of the national propagandism, was forced to raise the national banner that he might save himself amid the general ruin that awaited Italian governments.

Such, briefly, has been the history of the national movement; but there is a period in its advance—that from 1847 to 1849—which deserves our attention before considering the present position of affairs. There rose to the ascendant, in 1847, a political party which aimed at obtaining constitutional government from the reigning Princes; and the *Giovine Italia*, or rather the national party into which it had by that time expanded, found itself opposed by the *moderati.* These condemned Mazzini as "the incorrigible dreamer of an impossible unity," who, by alarming the governments, deterred them from granting representative institutions, and who turned the people aside from seeking practical reforms and improvements. In 1848, however, insurrection broke out in the Austrian states of Northern Italy; in about three weeks the Austrians lost all the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom except Mantua and Verona—and this entirely through popular insurrection, before they encountered a battalion of professional soldiers; they lost also above thirty thousand men, including desertions. The insurrection burst out at Milan immediately after the concession of a constitution. The people had risen to the cry which symbolised an Italian nation: "*Viva l'Italia!*" And "*Viva l'Italia!*" resounded throughout Italy to Messina and Palermo. The *moderati* yielded to this evidence of the national tendency, and proposed some sort of league among Italian Princes, and a crusade in common against Austria. But the Princes saw the goal to which such a path must lead. They knew their power had no root in Italian soil; nor was there one among them whose throne had not, once at least since the congress of Vienna, required the presence of Austrian bayonets to prop it up. They pretended to acquiesce, only to lull the people into inaction and paralyze any combined or energetic effort. Charles Albert alone made real war against Austria; but even he checked the enthusiasm and rejected the aid of the popular element; he made it a war not of the Italian people but of a king of Piedmont. Hence his vacillation, weakness, and defeat. The national spirit, however, revived at Rome and Venice. Venice still held out; and, when the Roman Republic sprang from the ruins of the Papal Government, the future Italy there found a centre and a cradle where all the vigorous elements of true national Italian life would soon have drawn together. Even such a resistance as the French encountered would have proved to Austria an insuperable check. When the Roman Assembly deliberated on the

choice of a triumvirate, Armellini was chosen to represent Rome, Saffi to represent the Legations, and Mazzini as the representative of Italy, the incarnation of the national idea. Thus for the first time the national Italian banner was avowedly raised; and energetic preparations were already being made to carry this banner into the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, when France appeared, a new enemy for Italy, and nothing better could be done than to die with dignity as an example for the future.

It is important to understand thoroughly the position of Italian affairs in 1849, inasmuch as it is to that period that we ought to look for the germs of the present situation. Dating from that year, the eventual realization of unity became a certainty. It might be retarded, but not prevented. Rome was defended less with the hope of any actual success than to afford a great moral lesson to the nation, and to draw forth reverence for the sanctuary of Italian nationality; and, although the Papal Government was restored, the moral teaching for the Italians was complete, and their education to the idea of unity advanced beyond the possibility of reaction or decline. But, at the same time that Italy had thus become strong enough to encounter her former enemies —Austria and her domestic tyrants— the French occupation added new weight to keep her prostrate; and this has since constituted the chief obstacle to her liberation.

The Roman Republic afforded also the solution—first in its creation, and more completely in its fall—of the religious difficulty in the problem of Italian nationality. It proved that the apprehended power of the Papacy over the conscience of the masses was but a phantom which vanished when approached. The Papal Church in the middle ages, as a religious agency, helped the nations of Europe in their moral development, and protected the humble and defenceless; but its temporal power acted always in an opposite sense. A struggle gradually ripened between the liberty which the Church herself had fostered in the hearts of Christian peoples, and the local temporal despotism for which she strove; till at length, in the sixteenth century, she abandoned and sacrificed her religious mission for the sake of this local political power. She sought foreign aid to prop it, and the alliance commenced between the Papacy and European despotism for mutual support. From that time the influence of the Papal Church upon the Italian people had little other foundation than the inertia or the ignorance of the masses; and in 1848 the truth became at once apparent that the Papal power in Italy was a mere mechanical organization, without true vitality, and without hold on the sympathies or real religious sentiments that were in the hearts of the multitude. Never did revolution express more clearly the will of an entire people. Not a single arm among the subjects of the Pope was raised to support his government. In a population of less than three millions (counting men, women, and children), 343,000 adult men voted in the elections for the Assembly, each knowing that by the act of voting he became excommunicated; while the abolition of the temporal power of the Popes was decreed by this Assembly with only five dissentient voices. Yet there are living elements of religious life among the Italians; and some new organization will probably arise from the links of charity and goodwill which bind the people to the parochial clergy in contradistinction to the Roman hierarchy. But, if the Papacy had not already, before the French invasion, lost all hold upon the esteem and affection of its subjects, the means then taken for its re-establishment at Rome would have sufficed to render its future existence there impossible, except by the presence of the army which had been required to replace it. The steps of the Papal throne were stained with the blood of three thousand Italians slain in defending Rome—a stain which, while men have memories, never can be washed away.

The defence of Rome shows Garibaldi for the first time as a prominent actor on

the scene by the side of Mazzini—the one destined to be the armed apostle of unity in the field of battle, as the other was the warrior in the mental contest.

It is remarkable how little this epoch was understood either by our statesmen or our press. They seemed to be blind to all except the visible facts that occurred. The hearts of the Italians were a sealed book to them; they knew nothing of the ideas, aspirations, and longings that were written there; and, even till within the last two years, judging the Italians still by their history in the middle ages, they have been accustomed to lament and condemn their incapacity for union among themselves. They regarded Mazzini only in one of his special aspects, as the chief of a republican party, instead of looking at him primarily in his more general character as the incarnation of the idea of Italian unity; in the Roman republic they saw only the local form of political liberty, the higher meaning which it represented in the national sense being invisible to them; and, if they alluded to the national aspiration at all, it was rather as the visionary longing of a few enthusiastic dreamers than as the real living thing, the irresistible tendency, that agitated Italy.

After this period the Italian movement entered upon a somewhat different phase, and a change took place in Italian parties. The "moderate" party seemed to give in to the irresistible attraction of the national idea, but they still condemned revolution, or the action of the people in their own cause; and thus the division of parties, ceasing in reference to the supreme end in view, soon reappeared in reference to the means of arriving at that end. In other words, the now all-inclusive national party consisted now of two sections — the *moderati* and the party of action; and this is the only real division of parties at the present day. The *moderati* still represent the conservative in contradistinction to the progressive element among the Italians themselves, and their chief strength lies in the ranks of the aristocracy. By persevering in constitutional government, Victor Emmanuel separated his policy conspicuously from that system of forcible repression of the national agitation which represented the common interests of Italian rulers. Thus the *moderati* found a good standard round which to rally, and contended that no movement for nationality should take place except by the initiative of the Piedmontese Government. It was not, probably, that they really feared agitation for republican government; but they knew that, if Italy were created by popular action, the people would become powerful, gaining self-respect and self-reliance, and, although Victor Emmanuel might be accepted as king, the democratic tendency would remain. For the word "Unity" — which implied Italy self-created, its outward political organization as one nation, to be worked out by a force from within, arising from the consciousness in the people of national individuality as one collective life—they usually substituted the word, "Unification," which signified that Italy was to be *made* one, as if by some agency acting upon her; thus implying the exclusion of popular action, and pointing rather to the operation of regular armies. They seemed also to look upon their goal as something to be arrived at only in a distant future; and their immediate aim was rather the extension of Piedmont, little by little, as any combination in European politics might give help from without.

After 1849, that constitutionalists and republicans might act together in the common cause, Mazzini proposed, as a programme for the entire national party, unity and independence for Italy, and submission by all to the form of government that might prove to be the will of the majority. The theoretical republicans of Italy generally have adhered to this; and, although almost every outbreak or revolutionary movement has emanated from them, never since 1849 has the cry "*Viva la Republica!*" been heard. The republican tone of this party of action, indeed, is less a precise determination on a particular form of government, than a recognition of the national

or popular sovereignty. The aim is the existence of a nation, not the aggrandisement of a dynasty; but the nation, mistress of herself, may still reward a prince who has aided in the struggle. There are some shades of opinion within the party, from Garibaldi, who, although democratic in principle and feeling, yet points out Victor Emmanuel to the people as the king for them to choose, to Mazzini, and those who hold more strictly with him, who, without repudiating their republican faith, profess their readiness to bow to the national will, and to accept the King of Piedmont. But these shades of difference constitute no real division, and all work together as the party of action.

Let us now turn to contemplate the events of the last two years, viewing them by the light which this distinction of parties affords; only glancing first for a moment at the position of Piedmont before the war. For ten years the revolutionary fire had been kept smouldering under compression. Several attempts at insurrection had failed, crushed in their birth. Still it needed but a breath of air, a spark falling on the right spot at the right moment, to kindle a flame which might spread over the Peninsula; and the position of Piedmont was becoming continually more perilous. The *moderati*, in order to prevent the people from acting for themselves, had fostered in them the hope that the Piedmontese Government would some day act for them. Thus the Piedmontese Government was menaced at once by the ever increasing hostility of Austria, and by the danger of being drawn into the vortex of Italian revolution, with all its risks, in case insurrection should make head for a time in any part of Italy. As a protection from these dangers, Cavour at length sought for or accepted the alliance of the Emperor of the French. While the war lasted the *moderati* were completely in the ascendant, and the multitude went with them, applauding the policy of Cavour, and hailing a foreign despot as the founder of Italian independence and nationality; but, after the peace, the party of action began to reorganize itself, and gradually to regain its influence. Garibaldi and Mazzini—the latter of whom, while the faith in the French Emperor lasted, to use his own words, "did but look on and wait"—began once more to act together.

The first effort of the party of action after the peace of Villafranca was to spread revolution throughout the Roman and Neapolitan States, by the passage of Garibaldi, at the head of his division, from the Legations southward, in October of last year. This was the project of Mazzini; and he prepared insurrection at Ancona and in Sicily, the signal for whose outbreak was to be the advance of Garibaldi. The Italian hero and his volunteers entered into the project with enthusiasm. Farini and Ricasoli, then ruling Central Italy, yielded a reluctant consent; but they required that Mazzini himself should not come forward, hoping thus to lessen the chance of immediate opposition from Louis-Napoleon. On the eve of his advance, Garibaldi was stopped by an order from the king. After this, an attempt was made to form an association called "*La Nazione Armata.*" Garibaldi also endeavoured to obtain the command of the national guard in Lombardy and Central Italy, with the intention of organizing it upon a broader basis. But all these plans for arming the country were defeated by the Government through dread of popular action and subserviency to Louis-Napoleon.

The party of action then turned to Sicily. It must not be supposed that the insurrection there was a spontaneous outbreak merely generated by oppression. Sicily was chosen as the scene for initiating a general movement, having Italian unity for its scope. Rosolino Pilo and Crispi were the principal agents in organizing the insurrection. They went to Sicily for the purpose, always in communication with Mazzini; and they were, in effect, the chiefs of the insurrection until Garibaldi arrived. The plan of the intended movement was this:—It was proposed that revolution, beginning in Sicily, should pass thence into the king-

dom of Naples; all Southern Italy once gained over to the national cause through popular action, Venice would be attacked by sea and land, in concert with internal insurrection; it was hoped that Victor Emmanuel would be then forced to cast in his lot unreservedly with the Italian people, lest he should lose the prospect of the Italian crown; and the Italians of the North and South, thus united, would say to Louis-Napoleon, "Now deliver up to us our capital."—The Sicilian insurrection succeeded. The immense difficulty of a first successful outbreak—the obstacle before which the plans of the party of action had so often failed—was overcome. The reader is familiar, through our press, with the series of successes by which Sicily and Naples have been revolutionized; and a portion of the programme, laid down for the movement from its commencement, is now fulfilled.

At every step of its advance the party of action has encountered the opposition, more or less direct, of the *moderati*. When the insurrection first broke out in Sicily, they condemned it; but, when success seemed probable, they gave it their approval,—for it is a necessity for them, whenever, in spite of their teaching, insurrection succeeds and some advance is made, that they should advance too in order to secure what is gained to the monarchical interest; then their opposition is directed against the next step. Thus the Piedmontese Government permitted volunteers to embark for Sicily, but endeavoured to prevent the flame of revolution from extending into the kingdom of Naples. La Farina was sent to Sicily by Cavour, to work in concert with the local moderate or aristocratic element, trying to hasten the vote of annexation, so as to deprive Garibaldi of Sicily as a *point d'appui* for further operations. The king also wrote to him to prevent his crossing to the mainland. But Garibaldi was firm; and, when it became certain that he would cross, the Piedmontese Government resolved at all events to prevent his advancing into Central Italy. All further enrolment or embarkation of volunteers was stopped, all collections of arms or ammunition prohibited; and a force of volunteers which was collecting, partly in the island of Sardinia, partly on the Tuscan frontier, and intended to act in the Roman provinces and the Abruzzi, in concert with popular insurrection, was dispersed by order of the Government. But the population of Umbria and the Marches was ripe for insurrection; it might still rise even without assistance, and the Dictatorship of Garibaldi would extend into the Roman States. There was but one way of preventing this for the Piedmontese Government. The step seemed a bold one, but no doubt it had the sanction of Louis-Napoleon—to occupy the ground itself. Hence the invasion and occupation of the Roman provinces. When Garibaldi found himself thus shut out from the advance towards Venice, his first idea seems to have been to turn to Rome. His proclamations clearly pointed to this, and he still refused immediate annexation. In a proclamation to the Palermitans on the 17th September, he said: "At Rome only we will proclaim "the Italian kingdom. . . . The annexa- "tion of Sicily was desired, in order to "prevent me from passing the Straits: "the annexation of Naples is now wished "for, that I may not pass the Volturno; "but while there are chains in Italy to "break, I will advance." He soon gave way, however, at the appearance of decided opposition from Piedmont. Perhaps he feared that, instead of drawing Piedmont and its army with him if he advanced, he might encounter open hostility. In a few weeks no doubt the annexation will take place, and thus the *moderati* will have succeeded in arresting the movement towards unity for a time.

The prominent figure of the party of action lately on the scene has been Garibaldi. He has advanced irresistible, surrounded by the glorious aureole of the Italian idea, the gaze of the multitude, the theme of Europe; but those who see beyond the foreground of the picture, have beheld another figure—that of the teacher and apostle of the idea of Italian unity, who, yielding to the general impression that by coming forward he

might excite hostility to the movement on the part of Louis-Napoleon, or alarm those who fear the republican principle, has remained in the background, indifferent to his own position, and merging all thought of self in the great aim of his existence, but has still, nevertheless, inspired, projected, organized, and laboured on at his task.

Within the struggle for Italian nationality we thus see the contest between the conservative and the progressive element among the Italians themselves—the latter, from its nature as essentially connected with any truly national movement, having been the real power which has worked onwards towards its realization. The Piedmontese monarchy and the *moderati* float on the summit of the wave and advance with it; but they have not caused its motion. Those English writers who assume that Victor Emmanuel has for years encouraged the national aspiration, that he has led instead of following the movement, do but place him in an odious light, and confirm the charge brought against him by other Italian rulers of an unscrupulous ambition, and of deliberately seeking self-aggrandizement at their expense. But such a path was too full of danger to have tempted him. It is only within a few months that Cavour has ventured to declare the policy of Piedmont to be for unity. At the congress of Paris in 1856 he spoke of impending revolution in Italy, but said nothing of the national aspiration as its source, and even proposed a further division of the Peninsula by forming the Legations into an eighth Italian State. The terms of the alliance arranged at Plombières were undoubtedly a simple increase of territory for each ally—Piedmont to be aggrandized at the expense of Austria, France at that of Piedmont or Italy. Though Italian nationality was the war-cry against Austria, this meant only a federation of Italian States; and, whether Cavour did or did not hold out the prospect of a crown of Tuscany for Prince Napoleon as well as promise Savoy and Nice to France, his policy brought this danger upon Italy, and it was only by the resolute attitude of the population of Central Italy, where the national sentiment was thoroughly awakened, and who saw the path towards unity in annexation to Piedmont, that the danger was warded off. Thus the real advance that was made still came from the people. The party of action, when raising the Italian banner nearly thirty years ago, taught that a people of five-and-twenty millions can be independent and united if they resolutely will it; and they have striven both by precept and example to arouse the Italians to a new life of energy. When the brothers Bandiera, in 1844, said, "Italy "will live when the Italians know how to "die; and to teach them that, there is "nothing like example," they but expressed the spirit of self-sacrifice that has breathed since in tens of thousands who have been ready always to risk their lives to form the forlorn hope of any attempt at action.

Before these pages are presented to the public, new events may have occurred, and it would be idle to speculate upon the future beyond the anticipation of certain general results. At the recent opening of the Piedmontese Chamber, Cavour declared that war against Austria would be displeasing to the great Powers, and that an advance to Rome would be "monstrous ingratitude" to Louis-Napoleon; but it may safely be predicted that, should he attempt to arrest the movement beyond the spring, he will fail. Even the attempt would endanger the monarchy. Victor Emmanuel must advance, or the revolution will advance without him. The party of action will still agitate. Their cry to the Government will be, "On, on, or else we come." The volunteers who have flocked to the side of Garibaldi have fought neither for gold, nor a decoration, nor the smile of a prince; they have but one aim—Italian unity and independence. On embarking at Genoa their cry was, "A Roma! A Roma!" nor can there be order or settled government in the south until all Italy be free. The revolution at Naples is not for annexation to Piedmont, but to merge with Piedmont in Italy; and there is no Italy without Rome and Venice. Rome is the sacred

city to which alone all others will yield as a capital, the centre through which alone there can be union between north and south; and, whether a few months or a few years must yet elapse before Italy shall take her place with sister European nations, in the interval she can know no repose.

Throughout this narrative we have seen the national feeling gaining strength for ever through alternate persecution and attempts at conciliation.

And this is but the type of the national thought that broods over Europe. The Italian question cannot be isolated; the great struggle does but commence in Italy. The Italian cause, perhaps, most deserves our sympathy and study as the exemplar of a wider movement. Our statesmen, diplomatists, and others, who look to some local or transitory cause for insurrection or discontent, rather than to the working of great principles, contrive to ignore the inherent evils of the present European system, by assuming that the working of governments for good or evil does not depend upon the construction of the state, or upon the just or unjust origin of the ruling power; but the first form that any sense of their own dignity, or any desire for liberty, assumes for a people is the aspiration for independence, and, when this jars with the existing organization of the state or government, despotism and tyranny are necessary in self-defence. The aspiration towards liberty growing up in European populations is a sense of rights, duties, and a mission to fulfil in the national or collective life as in the individual; and they tend irresistibly to group themselves in large masses or nationalities, such as God suggests to them through an instinct in their hearts. This movement is a progressive step for humanity. It is the preparation of a soil in Europe in which political liberty will at length take root securely; it heralds the introduction of a new and better public law—a law arising from this awakened understanding and moral sense, which reject the doctrine that conquest or decrees of princes can entail any moral obligation of submission on the people thus subjected or disposed of; and, instead of contriving an equipoise between rival ambitions by giving some strong place to one to balance some strong place held by another, it would tend to the formation of states having a defensive strength from an innate and natural cohesion in one collective life.

NOTE ON THE ARTICLE ON "THE AMMERGAU MYSTERY," IN LAST NUMBER OF THE MAGAZINE.

In the account of the Ammergau representation, contained in the last number of this Magazine, there were two or three errors (the result of its being transmitted from foreign parts), which it may be well to correct.

P. 463. A complete collection of all the accounts of the Mystery, from 1820 to 1850, has been published by Deutinger, Dean of Munich.

P. 463. It was not till after this account was written, that I had the pleasure of seeing the excellent description of the spectacle by a well-known hand in a letter to the *Times*, of September 4th, signed G. G.—Written at the moment, and almost at the place, it conveyed, more fully than could be the case with any later narrative, the strength of the effect produced. In all essential points I am glad to find its coincidence with my own impression.

P. 464. A general view of the first origin of these mysteries is given in the very interesting section on that subject in Dean Milman's "History of Latin Christianity," vol. vi. p. 493.

P. 465. I am told that both in Spain and Italy dramatic representations of sacred subjects are still frequent. But in its leading characteristics the Ammergau Mystery is probably unique.

P. 465. The versified prologues of the chorus were composed by Allioli, Dean of Augsburg, known as the author of the most popular Roman Catholic translation of the Bible into German.

P. 475. The last representation of the Ammergau spectacle in this year was on the 30th of September, in the presence of the King of Bavaria.

P. 477. The sentence at the foot of the page should run thus:—

"The more striking the representation, the more salutary its effect on those for whom it is intended, the more forcibly we may be ourselves impressed in witnessing it;—so much the more pointed does the lesson become, of the utter inapplicability of such a performance to other times and places than its own."

A. P. S.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1860.

A POPULAR EXPOSITION OF MR. DARWIN ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

No scientific work that has been published within this century has excited so much general curiosity as the treatise of Mr. Darwin. It has for a time divided the scientific world into two great contending sections. A Darwinite and an anti-Darwinite are now the badges of opposed scientific parties. Each side is ably represented. In the foremost ranks of the opposition against Darwin have already appeared Professor Owen, Mr. Hopkins, Sir B. Brodie, and Professor Sedgwick; whilst Professor Huxley, Professor Henslowe, Dr. Hooker, and Sir Charles Lyell, have given the new theory a support more or less decided. We shall endeavour most carefully to avoid the partiality of partisanship; and, as our object is neither to attack nor to defend, but simply to expound, we shall have no necessity to assume the tone of ungenerous hostility exhibited in the *Edinburgh Review*, or to summon from theology the asperities contained in the *Quarterly*. Such may be appropriate to controversy, but can give those who are unacquainted with Mr. Darwin's work no idea of his theory; which, all must agree, has been stated with the most perfect impartiality, and is the result of a life of most careful scientific study.

It will be, in the first place, advisable to enunciate, as clearly as possible, the problem which the treatise on the Origin of Species suggests for solution. And this cannot be done unless we possess a distinct conception of the words we employ. Let us therefore inquire, what is the meaning of the word species? The necessity of classifying the various objects in the animal and vegetable kingdoms was fully recognised by Socrates when he applied his dialectical mode of investigation to test the meaning of general terms. The object of classification was to carve out the organic world into distinct groups, each of which possessed some common property. "Family" was the most comprehensive, then "Genus," then "Species," and then "Variety." A Family would thus include many Genera, a Genus many Species, and a Species many Varieties. These divisions are to some extent arbitrary and artificial; for in nature many of the distinctions, which in certain cases seem most marked and decided, are not universally preserved, but fade gradually away. Thus no distinction might appear to be more easily recognisable than that which exists between animals and vegetables; but, as we descend to the less highly-organised forms of creation, the most distinctive characteristics of animals and vegetables become fainter, and at length we meet with organisms with regard to which even the highest scientific acumen finds it difficult to decide whether they

are vegetables or animals. And, similarly, it is impossible accurately to define the exact amount or the exact kind of difference which is sufficient to place two organisms in two distinct Families or two distinct Genera. This difficulty and doubt increases as we descend to the lower classificatory divisions, and it is admitted that it is impossible to frame any exact definition of a specific difference. This difficulty is strikingly exhibited in botany. A most eminent botanist, Mr. Bentham, maintains that there are only one thousand two hundred species of English plants. An equally high botanical authority, Mr. Babington, affirms that there are two thousand species. A similar difference of opinion exists amongst naturalists. For instance, it was long a disputed point whether or not the dog and wolf were varieties of one species.

The following definition of a species is sometimes given: that two animals or vegetables belong to different species when they are infertile with each other. This hardly deserves the name of a definition. It is enunciated in deference to pre-conceived notions, and assumes the incorrectness of the theory which it is afterwards used to disprove. This definition can manifestly have little influence in diminishing that difficulty, which has been above alluded to, of deciding what is a specific difference; for it requires a test which can rarely be applied to the existing organic world, and is entirely inapplicable to those numerous species which have passed away. Thus it would be almost impossible to ascertain whether different molluscs, or insects, or testacea, are fertile with each other; and, manifestly, such an imperfect experiment in breeding cannot be made upon those animals and plants of which we have solely a geological record. Therefore it would seem that the classification of species must remain so arbitrary, that equally high scientific authorities may continue to dispute whether the plants of a limited area like England should be held to constitute two thousand or one thousand two hundred species. The question of species may thus, at the first sight, appear to be a dispute about an arbitrary classification, and it may naturally be asked, Why, therefore, does the problem of the Origin of Species assume an aspect of supreme scientific interest?

The common assumption that species are infertile with each other, and that the descendants of any particular species always belong to that species, at once suggests this difficulty:—How can a new species be introduced into the world? There is abundant evidence that new species have been introduced. If we go back to a comparatively modern geological epoch, it will be found that all the fossil animals belong to undoubtedly distinct species from any which exist at the present time. This is admitted by every naturalist and geologist, whatever may be his opinion on the origin of species. The geological record shows us that past species have died out, and that existing species have been gradually introduced. What is the cause which has produced this extinction of species? What is the agency by which the new species have been placed upon the earth? These are the questions to which Mr. Darwin has sought to give an answer. The same question has been asked again and again, and it admits only two kinds of answers. If the ordinary assumption is admitted that no two members of different species can be the progenitors of a mixed race, and if it is also supposed that the descendants of any varieties of a particular species must always be considered as belonging to this species, and that, however much in succeeding ages such descendants may differ from the parent stock, this difference can never entitle them to be ranked as distinct species—if these propositions are admitted, it then becomes quite manifest that the statement that a new species has appeared is tantamount to the assertion that a living form has been introduced upon the earth which cannot have been generated from anything previously living. It therefore becomes necessary to suppose that the same effort of Creative Will, which originally placed life upon this planet, is repeated at the introduction of every

new species; and thus a new species has to be regarded as the offspring of a miraculous birth. We are as powerless to explain by physical causes this miracle as we are any other. To hope for an explanation would be as vain as for the human mind to expect to discover by philosophy the agency by which Joshua made the sun and moon stand still. Our ignorance, therefore, of the origin of species is absolute and complete, if every new species is supposed to require a distinct and independent act of the will of an Omnipotent Creator. When it was supposed that every heavenly body had its path guided by a direct omnipotent control, all are now ready to admit that the cause of the motion of these bodies was unknown, and that this want of knowledge was not the less complete because it was disguised under such expressions as the harmonies of the universe. Those, therefore, who attempt to render unnecessary the belief in these continuously-repeated creative fiats, seek to explain hitherto unexplained phenomena of the highest order of interest and importance in natural history. Whenever this explanation shall have been given, a similar service will have been done to this science, as was performed by Newton for astronomy, when he enunciated his law of gravitation. Newton's discovery is now found in numerous religious works as a favourite illustration of the wisdom of the Creator; and it is now considered that a hymn of praise is sung to God when we expound the simplicity of the Newtonian laws. The day will doubtless come when he who shall unfold, in all their full simplicity, the laws which regulate the organic world, will be held, as Newton is now, in grateful remembrance for the service he has done not only to science, but also to religion.

Aptly, indeed, has the origin of species been described as the mystery of mysteries; for, as long as a phenomenon is accounted for by creative fiats, it is enshrouded in a mystery which the human mind is powerless to penetrate. Mr. Darwin has endeavoured to bring this subject within the cognisance of man's investigations, by supposing that every species has been produced by ordinary generation from the species which previously existed. Such a supposition is the only alternative for those who reject the doctrine of creative fiats.

We shall now proceed to expound the agency by which Mr. Darwin conceives that this development of new species from previous ones has taken place. We think our exposition will indicate the great difference between the speculations of Mr. Darwin and those of other theorisers upon the transmutation of species, such as Lamarck and the author of the "Vestiges of Creation." But it may perhaps conduce to clearness to remark beforehand upon a very unfair and very erroneous test which has been applied to Mr. Darwin's work. Every hostile criticism repudiates the theory, because, as it is asserted, it is not based upon a rigorous induction. There is much philosophic cant about this rigorous induction. An individual who is supremely ignorant of science finds no difficulty in uttering some such salvo as, "This is not the true Baconian method." Such expressions, which too frequently are mere meaningless phrases, were repeated *ad nauseam* at the British Association. They are revived in an article on Mr. Darwin in the *Quarterly Review*. There we find it reiterated, "This is not a true Baconian induction." In reply to all this, it should at once be distinctly stated that Mr. Darwin does not pretend that his work contains a proved theory, but merely an extremely probable hypothesis. The history of science abundantly illustrates that through such a stage of hypothesis all those theories have passed which are now considered most securely to rest on strict inductive principle. Dr. Whewell has remarked, "that a tentative process has been the first step towards the establishment of scientific truths." Some association perchance, as the falling apple, first aroused in Newton's mind a suspicion of the existence of universal gravitation. He then had no proof of the particular law of this gravitating force; he made several

guesses. The inverse square was the only one which caused calculation to agree with observation; the inverse square was therefore assumed to be the true law. The most complicated calculations were based upon this assumption; they have been carefully corroborated by observation, and in this manner the law of gravitation has been proved true beyond all dispute. Those who attack the philosophic method of Mr. Darwin ought explicitly to state how they would proceed to establish a theory on the origin of species by what they term a rigorous induction. Is such an example to be found in the doctrine of creative fiats? The greatest of logicians has remarked,[1] "The mode of investigation which, from "the proved inapplicability of direct "methods of observation and experi- "ment, remains to us as the main source "of the knowledge we possess, or can "acquire, respecting the conditions and "laws of recurrence of the more complex "phenomena, is called in its most gene- "ral expression the deductive method, "and consists of three operations—the "first, one of direct induction; the "second, of ratiocination; and the third, "of verification." The method here indicated Mr. Darwin has most rigorously observed. A life devoted to the most careful scientific observations and experiments, and to the accumulation of a most comprehensive knowledge of the details of natural history, has suggested to Mr. Darwin's mind a certain hypothesis with regard to the origin of species. The results which have been deduced from this hypothesis he has endeavoured to verify by a comparison with observed phenomena. Mr. Darwin has been himself most careful to point out that this verification is not yet complete. Until it becomes so, Mr. Darwin's theory must be ranked as an hypothesis. The eminently high authorities who have already welcomed Mr. Darwin's theory as a probable hypothesis, should induce the general public to welcome it as a legitimate step towards a great scientific discovery; and those who cannot take any special part in the controversy will render science a great service if they resent bigoted prejudice, and earnestly seek to give both parties in the dispute a fair hearing.

It has been previously remarked that every species is composed of individuals, which are grouped into varieties, these varieties being distinguished from each other by a varying amount of difference. For instance, all the breeds of dogs are varieties of the same species. The characteristic points of these breeds strike the most casual observer. There is the utmost diversity in size; the heads vary in form, the coats in colour and texture, the legs in length; and animals varying in these respects inherit also different constitutions and different capabilities. But all these breeds are considered to belong to the same species, because each variety of dog is perfectly fertile with every other. Now that it is found that a fertile cross can be with facility obtained between the wolf and the dog, these animals are classed in the same species. A less difference may very reasonably be thought to exist between the horse and the ass than between the poodle and the mastiff; but the mule, which is the offspring of the horse and the ass, is sterile, and therefore these animals are regarded as distinct species. The various breeds of dogs have been produced by a method with which, as applied to the varieties of other species, every agriculturist and gardener is perfectly familiar. Mr. Darwin supposes that a similar method is at work throughout the whole range of animated nature. He has himself for years made most careful experiments upon the breeding of pigeons, and the art may be thus explained:—Suppose a breeder is anxious to produce pigeons with some particular characteristic, for instance, a short beak. It is a law which is always in operation, but which, at the same time, cannot be explained, that the offspring of the same parents possess some individual differences. The most casual observer must have remarked the many points of difference which the same litter of pups presents. Similarly, when a number of

[1] Mill's Logic, vol. i. book iii. chap. xi. p. 491.

pigeons, the offspring of the same parents, are minutely examined, it will be invariably found that there are already existing some slight points of diversity in the particular organ which it is sought still further to modify. If the object, therefore, is to produce short beaks, those young pigeons must be selected which have the shortest beaks. Another universal but still inexplicable law can be enunciated, that individual peculiarities are inheritable, and thus the young pigeons, which are bred from those which have been previously selected for their short beaks, will, on the average, possess shorter beaks than those which have been bred from unselected parents. A second selection is now made. The shortest-beaked birds are again reserved; and thus at last, by continuing the process, these small differences will be constantly accumulated, until at length the shortened beak becomes a decided characteristic, and a new breed or variety will have been thus established. In this manner all our breeds of domestic animals and all our varieties of plants and flowers might have been produced. Thus a gardener may have raised a plot of seedling geraniums from seed all taken from the same plant. The flowers and leaves of these seedling geraniums will in all probability present some points of difference in colour and size. It may be the gardener's object to produce a flower of some particular colour. Amongst his seedlings he selects those which approach most nearly to this colour. Very possibly out of many hundreds he may find very few which offer a sufficient approximation. Let us suppose that he has selected two. As plants are more prolific when not fertilized with their own pollen, he fertilizes one of these geraniums with the pollen of the other. Amongst the geraniums which are raised from this seed, only a few will probably possess any tendency towards the colour which it is sought to produce. Those which exhibit the strongest tendency towards this colour are again preserved; the process is again repeated, until at length the skill of the gardener is rewarded, the new colour is obtained, and a new variety of geranium is the result. Then there will be no difficulty in perpetuating this variety by means of cuttings, which always produce plants true to the one from which they have been taken. And thus the horticulturists and the breeders of animals avail themselves of two universal laws of nature, which are—

1st. The constant tendency towards individual variations.

2dly. The constant tendency to inherit individual peculiarities.

These resources are supplied to man in the original constitution of organic life, and enable varieties to be produced when the selection is directed by man's intelligence. In nature, a selection cannot be thus directed. Is there, therefore, in nature any such selection regulated by fixed laws? Mr. Darwin maintains that this power of selection is supplied by the struggle for life; and the main fundamental object of his theory is, to show that this struggle for existence is ever at work, constantly tending to produce and to perpetuate, by definite laws, varieties of organisms no less distinct and decided than those which man creates amongst domesticated animals and cultivated plants.

There are those who dispute whether the struggle for existence is capable of effecting all that Mr. Darwin attributes to it; but the reality of this struggle for existence throughout the whole of nature is a demonstrated truth. Mr. Darwin remarks: "This struggle "for existence inevitably follows from "the high geometrical ratio of the in- "crease of all organic beings throughout "the world." This is the doctrine of Malthus applied to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. The mention of Mr. Malthus will, we fear, not induce conviction; for our leading public journal, no doubt very accurately, re-echoed the popular ignorance and prejudice with regard to Mr. Malthus, when he was lately described as that "morose, "hard-hearted old man, whose theories "now are entirely exploded." But the intensity of the struggle for existence, necessitated by the laws of propagation which regulate the increase of animals

and plants, can be abundantly illustrated by a few facts. "There is no exception "to the rule, that every organic being "naturally increases at so high a rate, "that, if not destroyed, the earth would "soon be covered by the progeny of a "single pair. Even races of slow-breed- "ing men have been doubled in twenty- "five years; and at this rate, in a few "thousand years, there would be literally "not standing-room for his progeny. "Linnæus has calculated that, if an an- "nual plant produced only two seeds— "and there is no plant so unproductive "as this—and their seedlings next year "produced two, and so on, then in "twenty years there would be a million "plants. The elephant is reckoned the "slowest breeder of all known animals, "and I have taken some pains to esti- "mate its probable minimum rate of "natural increase. It will be under the "mark to assume that it breeds when "thirty years old, and goes on breeding "until ninety years old, bringing forth "three pairs of young in this interval. "If this be so, at the end of the fifth "century there would be alive fifteen "million elephants descended from the "first pair."

Therefore, as long as the earth is peopled with a multitudinous variety of living creatures, and as long as its surface is adorned with a highly-variegated vegetation, an exterminating war throughout the whole of nature must ceaselessly be waged. Who are the victims in this conflict? Shall we say that everything is determined by inexplicable chance, and that we have no further insight into the laws which regulate those who are slain than we have in a battle waged by the passions of man? The conflict is so severe, and so equally balanced, that the slightest advantage in structure will tell unerringly in the result. Mr. Darwin supposes that, in consequence of the universal tendency towards individual variations—a law upon which we have already remarked—relative advantages and disadvantages will always exist. An animal may require a particular weapon against its most powerful foe. There will be individual variations in this weapon; and those who possess it in its most effective state will prevail against the dangers with which they are surrounded, and will be preserved when their less fortunate companions are sacrificed. The laws of nature, in fact, select a portion to live, because a particular individual variation is possessed. Man, we have seen, is enabled to make a similar selection; but his choice is not unfrequently directed by caprice. Nature's choice is, however, regulated by undeviating laws, which never cease to act, but which depend on complicated conditions beyond our powers to analyze. And, when this force of selection existing throughout nature is distinctly perceived, there can be no difficulty in understanding that an analogous process to that which is adopted by man in the breeding of animals and in horticulture, can secure the perpetuation in nature of varieties of animals and plants. Thus the struggle for life selects a certain number of individuals out of every species to live, because they possess some individual variation. In deference to that second universal law of organic life which has been enunciated, the offspring of those which are thus selected will show a tendency to inherit those modifications of structure which have previously determined the selection. Those who inherit these modifications of structure with the greatest intensity will be again selected in the struggle for existence; the process will be continuously repeated; and, as long as this struggle for life is carried on under the same surrounding physical conditions, the conflict will require similar weapons of defence and offence, and the modifications will constantly accumulate in the same direction. Few can deny the reality of this struggle for existence, and few can dispute the method of its action and the tendency of its results. The main ground of controversy is, Will this constant accumulation of inherited variations ever constitute a specific difference? The most hostile critics of Mr. Darwin acknowledge the value of his theory so far as it accounts for the origin of varieties, but maintain that he

has failed to prove that the accumulated inheritance of these small variations, singled out by a process of natural selection, will ever constitute a specific difference, or, in other words, would produce in any organism a variation so great as to cause it to be infertile with the stock from which it originated. As we have before remarked, Mr. Darwin's theory cannot pretend to be completely proved; we are therefore bound not to apply to it those tests supplied by logic to which every proof ought to be submitted. It is a question of probability; and, as long as it remains so, everything which can be either said in support or contradiction ought to be fairly stated and maturely weighed. We will therefore endeavour to give a correct statement of the leading arguments on both sides.

Many common animals are sculptured upon ancient Egyptian tombs; many have also been preserved as mummies; and, when it is found that, during the three thousand years which have elapsed, the ibis, for instance, has remained unchanged, it is maintained that the process of development supposed by Mr. Darwin's theory cannot have occurred.

An individual would excite a smile of ridicule who, having discovered that Mont Blanc three thousand years ago was of the same altitude as it is at the present time, should consider that he had refuted those theories of modern geology which suppose that the stupendous peaks of Switzerland were lifted from off their ocean bed, and that every physical change in this earth's appearance has been produced by the indefinitely prolonged operation of the same physical causes which on every side around us continue in ceaseless activity. The extinction of species and the introduction of new ones are associated with periods which can only be described as geological epochs; and the time which has elapsed since the occurrence of the most remote recorded historical event is but an instant compared with the period which is indicated by the deposition of one of the strata which tell the history of this planet's structure.

The three thousand years which have elapsed since the animals were sculptured upon the Egyptian tombs have not sufficed to produce any change in the physical geography of the valley of the Nile. We have no reason to suppose but that the soil was then of the same fertility as it is now, the temperature of the same warmth, the air of the same moisture, and that the mighty river itself rolled down the same volume of water and sedimentary matter to the sea. The struggle for existence was carried on then under precisely the same conditions as it is now; particular animals and plants possessed then as now the same relative advantages and disadvantages in their structure; and the causes which determine success in this struggle for life have remained absolutely unaltered. But let us look forward to the geological epoch. Egypt may not be then what she is now; the land may be upheaved; the Nile may have changed its course; and many animals and plants which flourish there now will be unsuited to these changed physical circumstances; they will then probably not prevail in the struggle for existence, but will pass away as extinct species, and their place will be occupied by other organisms which are adapted to the changed conditions of life. The fossils in every stratum unmistakeably indicate such successive revolutions in the animal and vegetable world. No one will dispute that old forms of life are thus succeeded by new ones. The question to be determined is, Must we continue to confess complete ignorance of the laws which regulate the introduction of these new forms of life? A confession of this ignorance is made whenever we resort to the doctrine of creative fiats.

Those who, like Mr. Darwin, endeavour to explain the laws which regulate the succession of life, do not seek to detract one iota from the attributes of a Supreme Intelligence. Religious veneration will not be diminished, if, after life has been once placed upon this planet by the will of the Creator, finite man is able to discover laws so simple that we can understand the agency by which all

that lives around us has been generated from those forms in which life first dawned upon this globe.

The distinctness of the groups of the fossil animals which compose the geological records supplies the most formidable argument against Mr. Darwin's theory; and, unless the difficulty thus suggested can be explained away, the main support of the theory is gone. We cordially rejoice that this theory is ultimately to be refuted or established by the principles of geology. We were therefore not a little astonished, that in the discussions upon Mr. Darwin at the British Association at Oxford geology was not even alluded to. It was sad, indeed, to think that the opponents of the theory sought to supply this omission by summoning to their aid a species of oratory which could deem it an argument to ask a professor if he should object to discover that he had been developed out of an ape. The professor aptly replied to his assailant by remarking, that man's remote descent from an ape was not so degrading to his dignity as the employment of oratorical powers to misguide the multitude by throwing ridicule upon a scientific discussion. The retort was so justly deserved, and so inimitable in its manner, that no one who was present can ever forget the impression it made. Happy are we to be able to escape from such recriminations, for there is some chance of a satisfactory solution when we can appeal to physical principles.

The argument to which allusion has just been made shall be stated in Mr. Darwin's own words; for, so singular is his impartiality, and so sincere his love of truth, that he has himself advanced, in their utmost force, all the most important arguments which can be opposed to his theory. "The number of inter-
" mediate varieties which have formerly
" existed on the earth must be truly
" enormous. Why, then, is not every
" geological formation, and every stra-
" tum, full of such intermediate links?
" Geology assuredly does not reveal any
" such finely graduated organic chain;
" and this, perhaps, is the most obvious
" and gravest objection to my theory.
" The explanation lies, as I believe, in
" the extreme imperfection of the geolo-
" gical record."

The mode therefore is plainly indicated by which the incorrectness of Mr. Darwin's speculations can be completely established. If the physical philosopher can demonstrate that the geological record has not this character of extreme imperfection, Mr. Darwin will doubtless be amongst the first to admit that his theory can then be no longer maintained. Mr. Hopkins[1] of Cambridge, than whom no one can be better qualified, has commenced this mode of attack; and such is the spirit with which Mr. Darwin receives a fair and generous antagonist, that we believe he was amongst the first to welcome and acknowledge the hostile criticism of Mr. Hopkins.

Mr. Darwin attributes imperfection to the geological record upon two different grounds:—

First.—An extremely incomplete examination has yet been made of any existing strata, and the animals and plants which are preserved in any strata can only form a very small portion of those which were living when the strata were deposited.

Secondly.—The strata which now exist form but a small proportion of those which have been deposited. Between the strata now remaining numerous intermediate ones have been completely removed by denudation.

The first of these propositions rests upon the following considerations:—Strata have only been examined with a scientific purpose for the last few years. The geology of many countries is as yet unknown; only those portions which now happen to be dry land are exposed to view. Certain conditions are requisite for the preservation of an animal or plant in a fossil state. For instance, when a dead body sinks to the bottom of the sea it will decay, unless there is a sufficiently rapid deposition of sediment to surround and inclose the animal before decay commences. In every case,

[1] See *Fraser* of June and July, 1860.

also, the soft tegumentary portions of an organism must perish. The late Professor Forbes has remarked, "Numbers "of our fossil species are known and "named from single and broken speci- "mens, or from a few specimens col- "lected on some one spot." These considerations are important, and would suffice to account for the non-appearance of *complete* series of transitional forms. But Mr. Darwin frankly admits that the explanation of the almost *entire* absence of transitional forms must be mainly based upon those other causes which, according to his explanation, have made the geological record so extremely imperfect. The efficiency of denudation in completely removing every trace of a stratum, impressed itself upon Mr. Darwin's mind when, in the *Beagle*, he examined the western coast of South America. This coast along many hundred miles of its length is, by subterraneous agency, gradually rising with a uniform velocity of about three feet in a century. Suppose this upheaval has been continuous, the time will then have been comparatively recent since many portions of this shore which are now dry land were undoubtedly covered with the ocean. Along this coast the rocks are being ceaselessly worn by the action of the waves, and rivers are constantly bearing to the sea sedimentary matter. It will therefore inevitably follow that upon the bed of the ocean strata are being continuously accumulated. Similar strata must have been formed upon the adjacent dry land before it was upheaved from the ocean; therefore it might be expected that here would be found a considerable accumulation of tertiary strata. Such, however, is not the case; the tertiary strata are so poorly developed, that they will be inevitably removed by rain and other atmospheric agencies before the expiration of a comparatively brief geological epoch. What, then, has become of those considerable strata which were undoubtedly accumulated upon this land when it formed the bed of the ocean? There is one way, and only one, by which we can account for this removal of strata. As the bed of the ocean became gradually upheaved, different portions of the land, before emerging from the ocean, became subject to the action of coast-waves. Denudation consequently occurred; and the power and extent of this denudation is recorded by the fact, that of these stratified deposits the remains are too small to enable any permanent record of their former existence to be long preserved. Such considerations, Mr. Darwin maintains, may be extended to the whole world; for modern geology requires us to suppose that in every portion of this globe there have been alternate periods of depression and upheaval. There is reason to suppose that life can rarely be maintained beneath water of a certain depth. It has, for instance, been clearly demonstrated that those minute animals which build up our coral reefs require a certain amount of light, and that therefore they must work at a fixed distance beneath the surface of the ocean. Coral reefs exist on the coast of Australia many hundreds of feet in perpendicular height. The bed of the ocean, therefore, must have subsided with exactly the same rapidity as the walls of these coral reefs have risen in perpendicular height. In a similar manner, a deposit of great thickness filled with the same kind of fossil shells probably indicates that during the formation of this deposit the ocean remained of a uniform depth; or, in other words, the subsidence kept pace with the deposition of sedimentary matter. When this subsidence ceased, and an upheaval commenced, the rate of this upward movement may perhaps have been uniform with the former downward motion. The strata would then, as they approach the surface of the ocean, be subjected to a denudation by the coast-waves during a period equal to that which sufficed for their deposition. By this denudation Mr. Darwin maintains that we have every reason to suppose that a series of strata might be completely removed in a similar manner to those tertiary strata which, as we have before remarked, have been washed from off the rising coast of South

America. Against this theory of denudation, Mr. Hopkins has advanced an argument which is well worthy of serious consideration. In order that it may be stated in its full force, Mr. Hopkins's own words shall be used :—

"We believe the entire destruction of "any sedimentary bed of considerable "horizontal extent to have been of rare "occurrence. All the more important "denudations of which we have any "evidence have been preceded by large "upheavals, by which the strata have "been tilted; and thus, while those "portions of each stratum which have "been most elevated may have been ex- "posed to enormous denudation, those "portions which have been least elevated "or perhaps depressed, have been thus "kept out of the reach of the denuding "agencies. The entire obliteration of a "stratum would require in general that "it should be upheaved in such a man- "ner as never to deviate sensibly from "a horizontal position. In fact, this "approximation to horizontality must "be closer than it frequently may be "during the time of deposition, for the "smallest dip in an extensive stratum "would place it in a condition as to "denudation similar to that above "described as due to large upheavals. "The higher portions might be denuded, "while the lower remain untouched. "The Weald affords one of the best "elucidations of denudation accom- "panied only by the partial destruction "of strata. We have no reason to "suppose that a single stratum has been "obliterated by this denudation, which, "while it has left scarcely a remnant of "the removed beds in the central por- "tion of the district, has left portions "of them untouched on its borders, "where they dip beneath the existing "surface."

We cannot here enter more fully into this deeply interesting question. Our object has been to indicate as much of the character of the argument on both sides as would convince the reader that the solution of the problem which is here suggested involves many of the most complicated and profound principles of physical geology. And yet Mr. Darwin admits that with the solution of this question his whole theory must either stand or fall. Why, then, have his speculations in some quarters been received in so unscientific a spirit, when he maintains that they are based upon scientific principles, and boldly challenges these same principles to prove their incorrectness?

It might appear according to the geological record that whole groups of allied species have suddenly come upon the earth. This suggests another difficulty, which deserves careful consideration. Low down in the chalk, groups of teleostean fishes are found in great numbers, and it has been supposed that before them no traces are preserved of any species allied to these teleostean fishes. Yet such allied forms must undoubtedly have existed, if this new species has been introduced by a process of gradual development. The whole question, therefore, turns upon the degree of perfection which is to be attributed to the geological record. Mr. Darwin's position upon this subject has been most powerfully strengthened by a recent discovery in paleontology. Sessile cirripedes are found largely distributed over all tertiary strata, and they are of the most ubiquitous families of testacea existing at the present time. Until within a very few years not the slightest trace of a sessile cirripede had been found in any secondary strata, and the sessile cirripedes might have been quoted against Mr. Darwin with even more effect than the teleostean fishes. It was, in fact, repeatedly said, "Here are a group of "animals so easily preserved that they "are fossilized in great numbers in "all tertiary strata. They cannot be "found in any secondary strata. Is it "not therefore evident that they could "not have been gradually developed, "but that they were suddenly created "at the commencement of the tertiary "period?"

Mr. Darwin would then, as he does now, have in vain besought his opponents not to place too implicit confidence in the perfection of the geological record.

But within the last few months a skilful paleontologist, M. Bosquet, has sent Mr. Darwin a drawing of a perfect specimen of an unmistakeable sessile cirripede, which he had himself extracted from the chalk of Belgium. And, as if to make the case as striking as possible, this sessile cirripede was a Chthamalus, a very large and ubiquitous genus, of which not one specimen has as yet been found, even in any tertiary stratum. Hence we now positively know that sessile cirripedes existed during the secondary period; and these cirripedes might have been the progenitors of our many tertiary and existing species.

Since, before this discovery, nothing appeared more improbable than that sessile cirripedes were to be found in the secondary period, ought we to regard the difficulty suggested by the teleostean fishes as insuperable? For who can say that in a similar manner advancing knowledge may not some day remove it? Already M. Pictet has carried the existence of the teleostean fishes one stage beyond the period when it has been supposed they were suddenly created. Other eminent paleontologists incline to the belief "that some much "older fishes, whose affinities are as yet "imperfectly known, are really tele-"ostean."

Mr. Darwin appears desirous to maintain, as a probable inference from his theory, that every past and present organism has descended from four original forms. Such an inference is at once met by a very obvious objection; for it requires us to suppose that life existed upon this planet long previous to the deposition of those Silurian rocks which afford us the first traces of fossil remains. Mr. Darwin is consequently compelled to assert that fossil-bearing rocks of a date long anterior to the Silurian period were once deposited, but have been either removed or transformed.

Many of those who may be inclined to agree with Mr. Darwin that all organisms have descended from a few original forms will, perhaps, think that it is unfortunate to lay stress upon such a supposition. It is not involved in the theory, nor is it a necessary inference from it; it cannot, therefore, be advisable to allow speculative difficulties to add to the obstacles against which the theory has to contend. There is a great problem to be solved, and its *enunciation* may involve nothing which can even be disputed; for it is a demonstrated truth, that those organisms of which we have the first record were succeeded by new and distinct species, and that the same process has been again and again repeated. What has been the agency to affect this succession of life? All must admit that such a problem really presents itself for solution. Why, then, attempt to make the solution likewise indicate the form in which life was first introduced upon this earth? Transmutationists and non-transmutationists must agree that life was originally introduced by an act of Creative Will, and a transmutationist need not necessarily concern himself with the number of forms which were thus first spontaneously created.

In an earlier part of this paper we have endeavoured to point out the analogy between the process of natural selection and the method which is pursued by the horticulturist and the breeder of animals. The question will very probably arise, What has the horticulturist and the breeder of animals effected towards the creation of a new species? It is important to consider this question, because it will lead to the perception of that imperfection in the common definition of species which we have already alluded to. Breeds of pigeons which have undoubtedly descended from the same original stock have been made by the pigeon-fancier, so different in their structure that, if they were found as fossils, they would be undoubtedly classed as distinct species. But they are not regarded as distinct species, because they are fertile with each other. Man has never yet made two varieties from the same stock to differ so much from each other as to possess the great characteristic of distinct species, namely, infertility. If this is ever effected, it will be the greatest ex-

perimental corroboration of Mr. Darwin's theory. Man, therefore, has already produced what may be termed a morphological species, but he has not produced a physiological species. This is a distinction which ought to be kept carefully in view; for there is not any amount of structural difference which would enable us *a priori* to predict whether two animals were infertile with each other—this being the only reliable test of physiological species. Thus the horse differs from the ass in only two particulars. The horse has a bushy tail; the ass a tufted tail. The horse has callosities on the inner side of both the fore and hind legs; the ass has callosities only on the inner side of the fore legs.[1] No trace of these characteristic differences could be found in fossil specimens of the horse and ass. If, therefore, found fossil, they could but be classed as belonging to the same species; but, when the physiological test is applied, they are at once ranked as distinct species, because the offspring of the horse and the ass are infertile. And, therefore, with reference to the classification of species, we often argue in a vicious circle. Thus, formerly, every botanist considered the cowslip and the primrose as belonging to two distinct species; but within the last few years horticulturists have unmistakeably produced the cowslip from the primrose; and, therefore, it would appear that they might claim to have produced a species by the accumulation of the differences presented by varieties. Thus one species would have been generated from another species; and the great species question could be regarded as solved. But then it is at once rejoined, "This has not, by an ocular demonstration of the efficiency of development, been done. Our original classification was wrong. It is true we should not have discovered its error unless you had made your experiment, because, without such an experiment, we must have continued to believe that the cowslip and the primrose were specifically distinct."

We have now exhausted all the space we can claim; we trust we have devoted it to a candid exposition of the leading points of Mr. Darwin's theory, and that we have fairly stated the most important arguments on the other side. Our object will be fully attained if we induce those who do not know the work itself to peruse it with an unprejudiced mind. It is not for us to hazard a prediction as to the ultimate fate of the theory itself. Dr. Hooker, a man of the highest scientific reputation, when closing a most remarkable discussion at the late meeting of the British Association, used emphatic words to the following effect:—"I knew "of this theory fifteen years ago; I was "then entirely opposed to it; I argued "against it again and again; but since "then I have devoted myself unremit-"tingly to natural history; in its pursuit "I have travelled round the world. "Facts in this science which before were "inexplicable to me became one by one "explained by this theory, and con-"viction has been thus gradually forced "upon an unwilling convert." Other minds may perhaps pass through similar stages of primary doubt and ultimate belief; but, be that as it may, if Mr. Darwin's theory were disproved to-morrow, the volume in which it has been expounded would still remain one of our most interesting, most valuable, and most accurate treatises on natural history.

[1] * Further information upon this subject will be found in a most able Essay on Mr. Darwin, in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1860.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BROWN PATRONUS.

On a Saturday afternoon in August, a few weeks after his eventful ride, Tom returned to Englebourn Rectory, to stay over Sunday and attend Betty Winburn's funeral. He was strangely attracted to Harry by the remembrance of their old boyish rivalry; by the story which he had heard from his cousin, of the unwavering perseverance with which the young peasant clung to and pursued his suit for Simon's daughter; but, more than all, by the feeling of gratitude with which he remembered the effect his visit to Betty's sick-room had had on him, on the day of his ride from Barton Manor. On that day he knew that he had ridden into Englebourn in a miserable mental fog, and had ridden out of it in sunshine, which had lasted through the intervening weeks. Somehow or another he had got set straight then and there, turned into the right road and out of the wrong one, at what he very naturally believed to be the most critical moment of his life.

Without stopping to weigh accurately the respective merits of the several persons whom he had come in contact with on that day, he credited them all with a large amount of gratitude and good will, and Harry with his mother's share as well as his own. So he had been longing to *do* something for him ever since. The more he rejoiced in, and gave himself up to his own new sensations, the more did his gratitude become as it were a burden to him; and yet no opportunity offered of letting off some of it in action. The Magistrates, taking into consideration the dangerous state of his mother, had let Harry off with a reprimand for his assault; so there was nothing to be done there. He wrote to Katie offering more money for the Winburns; but she declined—adding, however, to her note, by way of postscript, that he might give it to her clothing club or coal club. Then came the news of Betty's death, and an intimation from Katie that she thought Harry would be much gratified if he would attend the funeral. He jumped at the suggestion. All Englebourn, from the Hawk's Lynch to the Rectory, was hallowed ground to him. The idea of getting back there, so much nearer to Barton Manor, filled him with joy, which he tried in vain to repress when he thought of the main object of his visit.

He arrived in time to go and shake hands with Harry before dinner; and, though scarcely a word passed between them, he saw with delight that he had evidently given pleasure to the mourner. Then he had a charming long evening with Katie, walking in the garden with her between dinner and tea, and after tea discoursing in low tones over her work table, while Mr. Winter benevolently slept in his arm-chair. Their discourse branched into many paths, but managed always somehow to end in the sayings, beliefs, and perfections of the young lady of Barton Manor. Tom wondered how it had happened so when he got to his own room, as he fancied he had not betrayed himself in the least. He had determined to keep resolutely on his guard, and to make a confidant of no living soul till he was twenty-one, and, though sorely tempted to break his resolution in favour of Katie, had restrained himself. He might have spared himself all the trouble; but this he did not know, being unversed in the ways of women, and all unaware of the subtlety and quickness of their intuitions in all matters connected with the heart. Poor, dear, stolid, dim-sighted mankind, how they do see through us and walk round us!

The funeral on the Sunday afternoon

between churches had touched him much, being the first he had ever attended. He walked next behind the chief mourner—the few friends, amongst whom David was conspicuous, yielding place to him. He stood beside him in Church, and at the open grave, and made the responses as firmly as he could, and pressed his shoulder against his, when he felt the strong frame of the son trembling with the weight and burden of his resolutely suppressed agony. When they parted at the cottage door, to which Tom accompanied the mourner and his old and tried friend David, though nothing but a look and a grasp of the hand passed between them, he felt that they were bound by a new and invisible bond; and, as he walked back up the village and past the churchyard, where the children were playing about on the graves—stopping every now and then to watch the sexton as he stamped down, and filled in the mould on the last made one, beside which he had himself stood as a mourner—and heard the bells beginning to chime for the afternoon service, he resolved within himself that he would be a true and helpful friend to the widow's son. On this subject he could talk freely to Katie; and he did so that evening, expounding how much one in his position could do for a young labouring man if he really was bent upon it, and building up grand castles for Harry, the foundations of which rested on his own determination to benefit and patronize him. Katie listened half doubtingly at first, but was soon led away by his confidence, and poured out the tea in the full belief that, with Tom's powerful aid, all would go well. After which they took to reading the Christian Year together, and branched into discussions on profane poetry, which Katie considered scarcely proper for the evening, but which, nevertheless, being of such rare occurrence with her, she had not the heart to stop.

The next morning Tom was to return home. After breakfast he began the subject of his plans for Harry again, when Katie produced a small paper packet, and handed it to him, saying—

"Here is your money again!"

"What money?"

"The money you left with me for Harry Winburn. I thought at the time that most probably he would not take it."

"But are you sure he doesn't want it? Did you try hard to get him to take it?" said Tom, holding out his hand reluctantly for the money.

"Not myself. I couldn't offer him money myself, of course; but I sent it by David, and begged him to do all he could to persuade him to take it."

"Well, and why wouldn't he?"

"Oh, he said the club-money which was coming in was more than enough to pay for the funeral, and for himself he didn't want it."

"How provoking! I wonder if old David really did his best to get him to take it?"

"Yes, I am sure he did. But you ought to be very glad to find some independence in a poor man."

"Bother his independence! I don't like to feel that it costs me nothing but talk—I want to pay."

"Ah, Tom, if you knew the poor as well as I do, you wouldn't say so. I am afraid there are not two other men in the parish who would have refused your money. The fear of undermining their independence takes away all my pleasure in giving."

"Undermining! Why, Katie, I am sure I have heard you mourn over their stubbornness and unreasonableness."

"Oh, yes, they are often provokingly stubborn and unreasonable, and yet not independent about money, or anything they can get out of you. Besides, I acknowledge that I have become wiser of late; I used to like to see them dependent, and cringing to me, but now I dread it."

"But you would like David to give in about the singing, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, if he would give in I should be very proud. I have learnt a great deal from him; I used positively to dislike him; but, now that I know him, I think him the best man in the parish.

If he ever does give in—and I think he will—it will be worth anything, just because he is so independent."

"That's all very well; but what am I to do to show Harry Winburn that I mean to be his friend, if he won't take money?"

"You have come over to his mother's funeral—he will think more of that than of all the money you could give him; and you can show sympathy for him in a great many ways."

"Well, I must try. By the way, about his love affair; is the young lady at home? I have never seen her, you know."

"No, she is away with an aunt, looking out for a place. I have persuaded her to get one, and leave home again for the present. Her father is quite well now, and she is not wanted."

"Well, it seems I can't do any good with her, then; but could not I go and talk to her father about Harry? I might help him in that way."

"You must be very careful; Simon is such an odd-tempered old man."

"Oh, I'm not afraid; he and I are great chums, and a little soft soap will go a long way with him. Fancy, if I could get him this very morning to 'sanction Harry's suit,' as the phrase is, what should you think of me?"

"I should think very highly of your powers of persuasion."

Not the least daunted by his cousin's misgivings, Tom started in quest of Simon, and found him at work in front of the greenhouse, surrounded by many small pots and heaps of finely-sifted mould, and absorbed in his occupation.

Simon was a rough, stolid Berkshire rustic, somewhat of a tyrant in the bosom of his family, an unmanageable servant, a cross-grained acquaintance; as a citizen, stiff-necked and a grumbler, who thought that nothing ever went right in the parish; but, withal, a thorough honest worker; and, when allowed to go his own way—and no other way would he go, as his mistress had long since discovered—there was no man who earned his daily bread more honestly. He took a pride in his work, and the rectory garden was always trim and well kept, and the beds bright with flowers from early spring till late autumn.

He was absorbed in what he was about, and Tom came up close to him without attracting the least sign of recognition; so he stopped, and opened the conversation.

"Good day, Simon; it's a pleasure to see a garden looking so gay as yours."

Simon looked up from his work, and, when he saw who it was, touched his battered old hat, and answered,—

"Mornin, Sir! Ees, you finds me allus in blume."

"Indeed I do, Simon; but how do you manage it? I should like to tell my father's gardener."

"'Tis no use to tell un if a hev'nt found out for his self; 'tis nothing but lookin' a bit forrard and farm-yard stuff as does it."

"Well, there's plenty of farm-yard stuff at home, and yet, somehow, we never look half so bright as you do."

"May be as your gardener just takes and hits it auver the top o' the ground, and lets it lie. That's no kinder good, that beant—'tis the roots as wants the stuff; and you med jist as well take and put a round o' beef agin my back bwone as hit the stuff auver the ground, and never see as it gets to the roots o' the plants."

"No, I don't think it can be that," said Tom, laughing; "our gardener seems always to be digging his manure in, but somehow he can't make it come out in flowers as you do."

"Ther' be mwore waays o' killin' a cat besides choking on un wi' cream," said Simon, chuckling in his turn.

"That's true, Simon," said Tom; "the fact is, a gardener must know his business as well as you to be always in bloom, eh?"

"That's about it, Sir," said Simon, on whom the flattery was beginning to tell.

Tom saw this, and thought he might now feel his way a little further with the old man.

"I'm over on a sad errand," he said; "I've been to poor Widow Win-

burn's funeral—she was an old friend of yours, I think?"

"Ees; I minds her long afore she wur married," said Simon, turning to his pots again.

"She wasn't an old woman, after all," said Tom.

"Sixty-two year old cum Michaelmas," said Simon.

"Well, she ought to have been a strong woman for another ten years at least; why, you must be older than she by some years, Simon, and you can do a good day's work yet with any man."

Simon went on with his potting without replying, except by a carefully-measured grunt, sufficient to show that he had heard the remark, and was not much impressed by it.

Tom saw that he must change his attack; so, after watching Simon for a minute, he began again.

"I wonder why it is that the men of your time of life are so much stronger than the young ones in constitution. Now, I don't believe there are three young men in Englebourn who would have got over that fall you had at Farmer Groves' so quick as you have; most young men would have been crippled for life by it."

"Zo 'em would, the young wosbirds. I dwon't make no account on 'em," said Simon.

"And you don't feel any the worse for it, Simon?"

"Narra mossel," replied Simon; but presently he seemed to recollect something, and added, "I wun't saay but what I feels it at times when I've got to stoop about much."

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that, Simon. Then you oughtn't to have so much stooping to do; potting, and that sort of thing, is the work for you, I should think, and just giving an eye to everything about the place. Anybody could do the digging and setting out cabbages, and your time is only wasted at it."—Tom had now found the old man's weak point.

"Ees, Sir, and so I tells Miss," he said; "but wi' nothin' but a bit o' glass no bigger 'n a cowcumber frame 'tis all as a man can do to keep a few plants alive droo' the winter."

"Of course," said Tom, looking round at the very respectable green-house which Simon had contemptuously likened to a cucumber-frame, "you ought to have at least another house as big as this for forcing."

"Master ain't pleased, he ain't," said Simon, "if he dwont get his things, his spring wegebatles, and his strawberries, as early as though we'd a got forcin pits and glass like other folk. 'Tis a year and mwore since he promised as I sh'd hev glass along that ther' wall, but 'tis no nigher comin' as I can see. I be to spake to Miss about it now, he says, and, when I spakes to her, 'tis, 'Oh, Simon, we must wait till the 'spensary's 'stablished,' or 'Oh, Simon, last winter wur a werry tryin wun, and the sick club's terrible bad off for funds,'—and so we gwoes on, and med gwo on, for aught as I can see, so long as ther's a body sick or bad off in all the parish. And that'll be allus. For, what wi Miss's wisitin on em, and sendin' on em dinners, and a'al the doctors stuff as is served out o' the 'spensary—wy, 'tis enough to keep em bad a'al ther lives. Ther aint no credit in gettin' well. Ther wur no sich a caddle about sick folk when I wur a buoy."

Simon had never been known to make such a long speech before, and Tom augured well for his negotiation.

"Well, Simon," he said, "I've been talking to my cousin, and I think she will do what you want now. The dispensary is set up, and the people are very healthy. How much glass should you want now along that wall?"

"A matter o' twenty fit or so," said Simon.

"I think that can be managed," said Tom; "I'll speak to my cousin about it; and then you would have plenty to do in the houses, and you'd want a regular man under you."

"Ees; t'would take two on us reg'lar to kep things as should be."

"And you ought to have somebody who knows what he is about. Can you

think of any one who would do, Simon?"

"Ther's a young chap as works for Squire Wurley. I've heard as he wants to better hisself."

"But he isn't an Englebourn man. Isn't there any one in the parish?"

"Ne'er a one as I knows on."

"What do you think of Harry Winburn—he seems a good hand with flowers?" The words had scarcely passed his lips when Tom saw that he had made a mistake. Old Simon retired into himself at once, and a cunning distrustful look came over his face. There was no doing anything with him. Even the new forcing house had lost its attractions for him, and Tom, after some further ineffectual attempts to bring him round, returned to the house somewhat crest-fallen.

"Well, how have you succeeded?" said Katie, looking up from her work, as he came in and sat down near her table. Tom shook his head.

"I'm afraid I've made a regular hash of it," he said. "I thought at first I had quite come round the old savage by praising the garden, and promising that you would let him have a new house."

"You don't mean to say you did that!" said Katie, stopping her work.

"Indeed, but I did, though. I was drawn on, you know. I saw it was the right card to play; so I couldn't help it."

"Oh, Tom! how could you do so? We don't want another house the least in the world; it is only Simon's vanity. He wants to beat the gardener at the Grange at the flower-shows. Every penny will have to come out of what papa allows me for the parish."

"Don't be afraid, Katie; you won't have to spend a penny. Of course I reserved a condition. The new house was to be put up if he would take Harry as under gardener."

"What did he say to that?"

"Well, he said nothing. I never came across such an old Turk. How you have spoiled him! If he isn't pleased, he won't take the trouble to answer you a word. I was very near telling him a piece of my mind. But he *looked* all the more. I believe he would poison Harry if he came here. What can have made him hate him so?"

"He is jealous of him. Mary and I were so foolish as to praise poor Betty's flowers before Simon, and he has never forgiven it. I think, too, that he suspects, somehow, that we talked about getting Harry here. I ought to have told you, but I quite forgot it."

"Well, it can't be helped. I don't think I can do any good in that quarter; so now I shall be off to the Grange, to see what I can do there."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Harry is afraid of being turned out of his cottage. I saw how it worried him, thinking about it; so I shall go to the Grange, and say a good word for him. Wurley can't refuse, if I offer to pay the rent myself—it's only six pounds a year. Of course, I shan't tell Harry; and he will pay it all the same; but it may make all the difference with Wurley, who is a regular screw."

"Do you know Mr. Wurley?"

"Yes, just to speak to. He knows all about me, and he will be very glad to be civil."

"No doubt he will; but I don't like your going to his house. You don't know what a bad man he is. Nobody but men on the turf, and that sort of people, go there now; and I believe he thinks of nothing but gambling and game-preserving."

"Oh yes, I know all about him. The county people are beginning to look shy at him; so he'll be all the more likely to do what I ask him."

"But you won't get intimate with him?"

"You needn't be afraid of that."

"It is a sad house to go to—I hope it won't do you any harm."

"Ah, Katie!" said Tom, with a smile, not altogether cheerful, "I don't think you need be anxious about that. When one has been a year at Oxford, there isn't much snow left to soil; so now I am off. I must give myself plenty of time to cook Wurley."

"Well, I suppose I must not hinder

you," said Katie. "I do hope you will succeed in some of your kind plans for Harry."

"I shall do my best; and it is a great thing to have somebody besides oneself to think about and try to help —some poor person—don't you think so, even for a man?"

"Of course I do. I am sure you can't be happy without it, any more than I. We shouldn't be our mother's children if we could be."

"Well, good-bye, dear; you can't think how I enjoy these glimpses of you and your work. You must give my love to Uncle Robert."

And so they bade one another adieu, lovingly, after the manner of cousins, and Tom rode away with a very soft place in his heart for his cousin Katie. It was not the least the same sort of passionate feeling of worship with which he regarded Mary. The two feelings could lie side by side in his heart with plenty of room to spare. In fact, his heart had been getting so big in the last few weeks, that it seemed capable of taking in the whole of mankind, not to mention woman. Still, on the whole, it may be safely asserted, that, had matters been in at all a more forward state, and could she have seen exactly what was passing in his mind, Mary would probably have objected to the kind of affection which he felt for his cousin at this particular time. The joke about cousinly love is probably as old, and certainly as true, as Solomon's proverbs. However, as matters stood, it could be no concern of Mary's what his feelings were towards Katie, or any other person.

Tom rode in at the lodge gate of the Grange soon after eleven o'clock, and walked his horse slowly through the park, admiring the splendid timber, and thinking how he should break his request to the owner of the place. But his thoughts were interrupted by the proceedings of the rabbits, which were out by hundreds all along the sides of the plantations, and round the great trees. A few of the nearest just deigned to notice him by scampering to their holes under the roots of the antlered oaks, into which some of them popped with a disdainful kick of their hind legs, while others turned round, sat up, and looked at him. As he neared the house, he passed a keeper's cottage, and was saluted by the barking of dogs from the neighbouring kennel; and the young pheasants ran about round some twenty hen-coops, which were arranged along opposite the door where the keeper's children were playing. The pleasure of watching the beasts and birds kept him from arranging his thoughts, and he reached the hall-door without having formed the plan of his campaign.

A footman answered the bell, who doubted whether his master was down, but thought he would see the gentleman if he would send in his name. Whereupon Tom handed in his card; and, in a few minutes, a rakish-looking stable-boy came round for his horse, and the butler appeared, with his master's compliments, and a request that he would step into the breakfast-room. Tom followed this portly personage through the large handsome hall, on the walls of which hung a buff coat or two and some old-fashioned arms, and large paintings of dead game and fruit—through a drawing-room, the furniture of which was all covered up in melancholy cases—into the breakfast-parlour, where the owner of the mansion was seated at table in a lounging jacket. He was a man of forty, or thereabouts, who would have been handsome, but for the animal look about his face. His cheeks were beginning to fall into chops, his full lips had a liquorish look about them, and bags were beginning to form under his light blue eyes. His hands were very white and delicate, and shook a little as he poured out his tea; and he was full and stout in body, with small shoulders, and thin arms and legs; in short, the last man whom Tom would have chosen as bow in a pair oar. The only part of him which showed strength were his dark whiskers, which were abundant, and elaborately oiled and curled. The room was light and pleasant, with two windows looking over the park, and fur-

nished luxuriously, in the most modern style, with all manner of easy chairs and sofas. A glazed case or two of well-bound books showed that some former owner had cared for such things; but the doors had, probably, never been opened in the present reign. The master, and his usual visitors, found sufficient food for the mind in the Racing Calendar, Boxiana, the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, and *Bell's Life*, which lay on a side table; or in the pictures and prints of racers, opera dancers, and steeple-chaces, which hung in profusion on the walls. The breakfast-table was beautifully appointed, in the matter of China and plate; and delicate little rolls, neat pats of butter in ice, and two silver hot dishes containing curry and broiled salmon, and a plate of fruit, piled in tempting profusion, appealed, apparently in vain, to the appetite of the lord of the feast.

"Mr. Brown, Sir," said the butler, ushering in our hero to his master's presence.

"Ah, Brown, I'm very glad to see you here," said Mr. Wurley, standing up and holding out his hand. "Have any breakfast?"

"Thank you, no, I have breakfasted," said Tom, somewhat astonished at the intimacy of the greeting; but it was his cue to do the friendly thing—so he shook the proffered hand, which felt very limp, and sat down by the table, looking pleasant.

"Ridden from home this morning?" said Mr. Wurley, picking over daintily some of the curry to which he had helped himself.

"No, I was at my uncle's, at Englebourn, last night. It is very little out of the way; so I thought I would just call on my road home."

"Quite right. I'm very glad you came without ceremony. People about here are so d—d full of ceremony. It don't suit me, all that humbug. But I wish you'd just pick a bit."

"Thank you. Then I will eat some fruit," said Tom, helping himself to some of the freshly-picked grapes; "how very fine these are!"

"Yes, I'm open to back my houses against the field for twenty miles round. This curry isn't fit for a pig. Take it out, and tell the cook so." The butler solemnly obeyed, while his master went on with one of the frequent oaths with which he garnished his conversation. "You're right, they can't spoil the fruit. They're a set of skulking devils, are servants. They think of nothing but stuffing themselves, and how they can cheat you most, and do the least work." Saying which, he helped himself to some fruit; and the two ate their grapes for a short time in silence. But even fruit seemed to pall quickly on him, and he pushed away his plate. The butler came back with a silver tray, with soda water, and a small decanter of brandy, and long glasses on it.

"Won't you have something after your ride?" said the host to Tom; "some soda water with a dash of bingo clears one's head in the morning."

"No, thank you," said Tom, smiling, "its bad for training."

"Ah, you Oxford men are all for training," said his host, drinking greedily of the foaming mixture which the butler handed to him. "A glass of bitter ale is what you take, eh? I know. Get some ale for Mr. Brown."

Tom felt that it would be uncivil to refuse this orthodox offer, and took his beer accordingly, after which his host produced a box of Hudson's Regalias, and proposed to look at the stables. So they lighted their cigars, and went out. Mr. Wurley had taken of late to the turf, and they inspected several young horses which were entered for country stakes. Tom thought them weedy-looking animals, but patiently listened to their praises and pedigrees, upon which his host was eloquent enough; and, rubbing up his latest readings in *Bell's Life*, and the racing talk which he had been in the habit of hearing in Drysdale's rooms, managed to hold his own, and asked, with a grave face, about the price of the Coronation colt for the next Derby, and whether Scott's lot was not the right thing to stand on for the St. Leger, thereby raising himself con-

siderably in his host's eyes. There were no hunters in the stable, at which Tom expressed his surprise. In reply, Mr. Wurley abused the country, and declared that it was not worth riding across—the fact being that he had lost his nerve, and that the reception which he was beginning to meet with in the field, if he came out by chance, was of the coldest.

From the stables they strolled to the keeper's cottage, where Mr. Wurley called for some buckwheat and Indian corn, and began feeding the young pheasants, which were running about almost like barn-door fowls close to them.

"We've had a good season for the young birds," he said; "my fellow knows that part of his business, d—n him, and don't lose many. You had better bring your gun over in October; we shall have a week in the covers early in the month."

"Thank you, I shall be very glad," said Tom; "but you don't shoot these birds?"

"Shoot 'em! what the devil should I do with them?"

"Why, they're so tame I thought you just kept them about the house for breeding. I don't care so much for pheasant shooting; I like a good walk after a snipe, or creeping along to get a wild duck, much better. There's some sport in it, or even in partridge shooting with a couple of good dogs, now—"

"You're quite wrong. There's nothing like a good dry ride in a cover with lots of game, and a fellow behind to load for you."

"Well, I must say, I prefer the open."

"You've no covers over your way, have you?"

"Not many."

"I thought so. You wait till you've had a good day in my covers, and you won't care for quartering all day over wet turnips. Besides, this sort of thing pays. They talk about pheasants costing a guinea a head on one's table. It's all stuff; at any rate, mine don't cost *me* much. In fact, I say it pays, and I can prove it."

"But you feed your pheasants?"

"Yes, just round the house for a few weeks, and I sow a little buckwheat in the covers. But they have to keep themselves pretty much, I can tell you."

"Don't the farmers object?"

"Yes, d——n them; they're never satisfied. But they don't grumble to *me;* they know better. There are a dozen fellows ready to take any farm that's given up, and they know it. Just get a beggar to put a hundred or two into the ground, and he won't quit hold in a hurry. Will you play a game at billiards?"

The turn which their conversation had taken hitherto had offered no opening to Tom for introducing the object of his visit, and he felt less and less inclined to come to the point. He looked his host over and over again, and the more he looked the less he fancied asking anything like a favour of him. However, as it had to be done, he thought he couldn't do better than fall into his ways for a few hours, and watch for a chance. The man seemed good-natured in his way; and all his belongings—the fine park and house, and gardens and stables —were not without their effect on his young guest. It is not given to many men of twice his age to separate a man from his possessions, and look at him apart from them. So he yielded easily enough, and they went to billiards in a fine room opening out of the hall; and Tom, who was very fond of the game, soon forgot everything in the pleasure of playing on such a table.

It was not a bad match. Mr. Wurley understood the game far better than his guest, and could give him advice as to what side to put on and how to play for cannons. This he did in a patronizing way, but his hand was unsteady and his nerve bad. Tom's good eye and steady hand, and the practice he had had at the St. Ambrose pool-table, gave him considerable advantage in the hazards. And so they played on, Mr. Wurley condescending to bet only half-a-crown a game, at first giving ten points, and then five, at which latter odds Tom managed to be two games ahead when the butler announced lunch, at two o'clock.

"I think I must order my horse," said Tom putting on his coat.

"No, curse it, you must give me my revenge. I'm always five points better after lunch, and after dinner I could give you fifteen points. Why shouldn't you stop and dine and sleep? I expect some men to dinner."

"Thank you, I must get home to-day."

"I should like you to taste my mutton; I never kill it under five years old. You don't get that every day."

Tom, however, was proof against the mutton; but consented to stay till towards the hour when the other guests were expected, finding that his host had a decided objection to being left alone. So after lunch, at which Mr. Wurley drank the better part of a bottle of old sherry to steady his nerves, they returned again to billiards and Hudson's regalias.

They played on for another hour; and, though Mr. Wurley's hand was certainly steadier, the luck remained with Tom. He was now getting rather tired of playing, and wanted to be leaving, and he began to remember the object of his visit again. But Mr. Wurley was nettled at being beaten by a boy, as he counted his opponent, and wouldn't hear of leaving off. So Tom played on carelessly game after game, and was soon again only two games ahead. Mr. Wurley's temper was recovering, and now Tom protested that he must go. Just one game more his host urged, and Tom consented. Wouldn't he play for a sovereign? No. So they played double or quits; and after a sharp struggle Mr. Wurley won the game, at which he was highly elated, and talked again grandly of the odds he could give after dinner.

Tom felt that it was now or never, and so as he put on his coat, he said,

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for a very pleasant day, Mr. Wurley."

"I hope you'll come over again, and stay and sleep. I shall always be glad to see you. It is so cursed hard to keep somebody always going in the country."

"Thank you; I should like to come again. But now I want to ask a favour of you before I go."

"Eh, well, what is it?" said Mr. Wurley, whose face and manner became suddenly anything but encouraging.

"There's that cottage of yours, the one at the corner of Englebourn copse, next the village."

"The woodman's house, I know," said Mr. Wurley.

"The tenant is dead, and I want you to let it to a friend of mine; I'll take care the rent is paid."

Mr. Wurley pricked up his ears at this announcement. He gave a sharp look at Tom; and then bent over the table, made a stroke, and said, "Ah, I heard the old woman was dead. Who's your friend, then?"

"Well, I mean her son," said Tom, a little embarrassed; "he's an active young fellow, and will make a good tenant, I'm sure."

"I dare say," said Mr. Wurley, with a leer; "and I suppose there's a sister to keep house for him, eh?"

"No, but he wants to get married."

"Wants to get married, eh?" said Mr. Wurley, with another leer and oath. "You're right; that's a deal safer kind of thing for you."

"Yes," said Tom, resolutely disregarding the insinuation which he could not help feeling was intended; "it will keep him steady, and if he can get the cottage it might make all the difference. There wouldn't be much trouble about the marriage then, I dare say."

"You'll find it a devilish long way. You're quite right, mind you, not to get them settled close at home; but Englebourn is too far, I should say."

"What does it matter to me?"

"Oh, you're tired of her! I see. Perhaps it won't be too far, then."

"Tired of her! who do you mean?"

"Ha, ha!" said Mr. Wurley, looking up from the table over which he was leaning, for he went on knocking the balls about; "devilish well acted! But you needn't try to come the old soldier over me. I'm not quite such a fool as that."

"I don't know what you mean by coming the old soldier. I only asked you to let the cottage, and I will be

responsible for the rent. I'll pay in advance if you like."

"Yes, you want me to let the cottage for you to put in this girl."

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, interrupting him, and scarcely able to keep his temper; "I told you it was for this young Winburn."

"Of course you told me so. Ha, ha!"

"And you don't believe me?"

"Come now, all's fair in love and war. But, I tell you, you needn't be mealy-mouthed with me. You don't mind his living there; he's away at work all day, eh? and his wife stays at home."

"Mr. Wurley, I give you my honour I never saw the girl in my life that I know of, and I don't know that she will marry him."

"What did you talk about your friend for, then?" said Mr. Wurley, stopping and staring at Tom, curiosity beginning to mingle with his look of cunning unbelief.

"Because I meant just what I said."

"And the friend, then?"

"I have told you several times that this young Winburn is the man."

"What, *your friend?*"

"Yes, my friend," said Tom; and he felt himself getting red at having to call Harry his friend in such company. Mr. Wurley looked at him for a few moments, and then took his leg off the billiard table, and came round to Tom with the sort of patronizing air with which he had lectured him on billiards.

"I say, Brown, I'll give you a piece of advice," he said. "You're a young fellow, and haven't seen anything of the world. Oxford's all very well, but it isn't the world. Now I tell you, a young fellow can't do himself greater harm than getting into low company and talking as you have been talking. It might ruin you in the county. That sort of radical stuff won't do, you know, calling a farm labourer your friend."

Tom chafed at this advice from a man who, he well knew, was notoriously in the habit of entertaining at his house, and living familiarly with, betting men and trainers, and all the riff-raff of the turf. But he restrained himself by a considerable effort, and, instead of retorting, as he felt inclined to do, said, with an attempt to laugh it off, "Thank you, I don't think there's much fear of my turning radical. But will you let me the cottage?"

"My agent manages all that. We talked about pulling it down. The cottage is in my preserves, and I don't mean to have some poaching fellow there to be sneaking out at night after my pheasants."

"But his grandfather and great-grandfather lived there."

"I dare say, but it's my cottage."

"But surely that gives him a claim to it."

"D—n it! it's my cottage. You're not going to tell me I mayn't do what I like with it, I suppose."

"I only said that his family having lived there so long gives him a claim."

"A claim to what? These are some more of your cursed radical notions. I think they might teach you something better at Oxford."

Tom was now perfectly cool, but withal in such a tremendous fury of excitement that he forgot the interests of his client altogether.

"I came here, sir," he said, very quietly and slowly, "not to request your advice on my own account, or your opinion on the studies of Oxford, valuable as no doubt they are: I came to ask you to let this cottage to me, and I wish to have your answer."

"I'll be d—d if I do; there's my answer."

"Very well," said Tom; "then I have only to wish you good morning. I am sorry to have wasted a day in the company of a man who sets up for a country gentleman with the tongue of a Thames bargee and the heart of a Jew pawnbroker."

Mr. Wurley rushed to the bell and rang it furiously. "By —!" he almost screamed, shaking his fist at Tom, "I'll have you horse-whipped out of my house;" and then poured forth a flood of uncomplimentary slang, ending in another pull at the bell, and "By — I'll

have you horse-whipped out of my house."

"You had better try it on—you and your flunkies together," said Tom, taking a cigar-case out of his pocket and lighting up, the most defiant and exasperating action he could think of on the spur of the moment. "Here's one of them; so I'll leave you to give him his orders, and wait five minutes in the hall, where there's more room." And so, leaving the footman gaping at his lord, he turned on his heel, with the air of Bernardo del Carpio after he had bearded King Alphonso, and walked into the hall.

He heard men running to and fro, and doors banging, as he stood there looking at the old buff-coats, and rather thirsting for a fight. Presently a door opened, and the portly butler shuffled in, looking considerably embarrassed, and said,—

"Please, sir, to go out quiet, else he'll be having one of his fits."

"Your master, you mean?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler, nodding, "D. T., sir. After one of his rages the black dog comes, and its hawful work; so I hope you'll go, sir."

"Very well, of course I'll go. I don't want to give him a fit." Saying which, Tom walked out of the hall-door, and leisurely round to the stables, where he found already signs of commotion. Without regarding them, he got his horse saddled and bridled, and, after looking him over carefully, and patting him, and feeling his girths, in the yard, in the presence of a cluster of retainers of one sort or another, who were gathering from the house and offices, and looking sorely puzzled whether to commence hostilities or not, mounted and walked quietly out.

After his anger had been a little cooled by the fresh air of the wild country at the back of the Hawk's Lynch, which he struck into on his way home soon after leaving the park, it suddenly occurred to him that, however satisfactory to himself the results of his encounter with this unjust landlord might seem, they would probably prove anything but agreeable to the would-be tenant, Harry Winburn. In fact, as he meditated on the matter, it became clear to him that in the course of one morning he had probably exasperated old Simon against his aspirant son-in-law, and put a serious spoke in Harry's love-wheel, on the one hand, while, on the other, he had insured his speedy expulsion from his cottage, if not the demolition of that building. Whereupon he became somewhat low under the conviction that his friendship, which was to work such wonders for the said Harry, and deliver him out of all his troubles, had as yet only made his whole look-out in the world very much darker and more dusty. In short, as yet he had managed to do considerably less than nothing for his friend, and he felt very small before he got home that evening. He was far, however, from being prepared for the serious way in which his father looked upon his day's proceedings. Mr. Brown was sitting by himself after dinner when his son turned up, and had to drink several extra glasses of port to keep himself decently composed, while Tom narrated the events of the day in the intervals of his attacks on the dinner, which was brought back for him. When the servant had cleared away, Mr. Brown proceeded to comment on the history in a most decided manner.

Tom was wrong to go to the Grange in the first instance; and this part of the homily was amplified by a discourse on the corruption of the turf in general, and the special curse of small country races in particular, which such men as Wurley supported, and which, but for them, would cease. Racing, which used to be the pastime of great people, who could well afford to spend a few thousands a year on their pleasure, had now mostly fallen into the hands of the very worst and lowest men of all classes, most of whom would not scruple—as Mr. Brown strongly put it—to steal a copper out of a blind beggar's hat. If he must go, at any rate he might have done his errand and come away, instead of staying there all day accepting the man's hospitality. Mr. Brown himself really should be much embarrassed to know what to do

if the man should happen to attend the next sessions or assizes. But, above all, having accepted his hospitality, to turn round at the end and insult the man in his own house! This seemed to Brown *père* a monstrous and astounding performance.

This new way of putting matters took Tom entirely by surprise. He attempted a defence, but in vain. His father admitted that it would be a hard case if Harry were turned out of his cottage, but wholly refused to listen to Tom's endeavours to prove that a tenant in such a case had any claim or right as against his landlord. A weekly tenant was a weekly tenant, and no succession of 'weeks' holding could make him anything more. Tom found himself rushing into a line of argument which astonished himself and sounded wild, but in which he felt sure there was some truth, and which, therefore, he would not abandon, though his father was evidently annoyed, and called it mere mischievous sentiment. Each was more moved than he would have liked to own; each in his own heart felt aggrieved, and blamed the other for not understanding him. But, though obstinate on the general question, upon the point of his conduct in leaving the Grange Tom was fairly brought to shame, and gave in at last, and expressed his sorrow, though he could not help maintaining that, if his father could have heard what took place, and seen the man's manner, he would scarcely blame him for what he had said and done. Having once owned himself in the wrong, however, there was nothing for it but to write an apology, the composition of which was as disagreeable a task as had ever fallen to his lot.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Μηδὲν ἄγαν.

Has any person, of any nation or language, found out and given to the world any occupation, work, diversion, or pursuit, more subtlely dangerous to the susceptible youth of both sexes than that of nutting in pairs? If so, who, where, what? A few years later in life, perhaps district visiting, and attending schools together, may in certain instances be more fatal; but, in the first bright days of youth, a day's nutting against the world! A day in autumn, warm enough to make sitting in sheltered nooks in the woods, where the sunshine can get, very pleasant, and yet not too warm to make exercise uncomfortable; two young people who have been thrown much together, one of whom is conscious of the state of his feelings towards the other, and is, moreover, aware that his hours are numbered, that in a few days at furthest they will be separated for many months, that persons in authority on both sides are beginning to suspect something (as is apparent from the difficulty they have had in getting away together at all on this same afternoon)—here is a conjunction of persons and circumstances, if ever there was one in the world, which is surely likely to end in a catastrophe. Indeed, so obvious to the meanest capacity is the danger of the situation that, as Tom had, in his own mind, staked his character for resolution with his private self on the keeping of his secret till after he was of age, it is hard to conceive how he can have been foolish enough to get himself into a hazel copse alone with Miss Mary on the earliest day he could manage it after the arrival of the Porters, on their visit to Mr. and Mrs. Brown. That is to say, it would be hard to conceive, if it didn't just happen to be the most natural thing in the world.

For the first twenty-four hours after their meeting in the home of his fathers, the two young people, and Tom in particular, felt very uncomfortable. Mary, being a young lady of very high spirits, and, as readers may probably have discovered, much given to that kind of conversation which borders as nearly upon what men commonly call chaff as a well-bred girl can venture on, was annoyed to find herself quite at fault in all her attempts to get her old antagonist of Commemoration to show fight. She felt in a moment how changed his manner was, and thought it by no means

changed for the better. As for Tom, he felt foolish and shy at first to an extent which drove him half wild; his words stuck in his throat, and he took to blushing again like a boy of fourteen. In fact, he got so angry with himself that he rather avoided her actual presence, though she was scarcely a moment out of his sight. Mr. Brown made the most of his son's retreat, devoted himself most gallantly to Mary, and was completely captivated by the first night of their arrival, and triumphed over his wife when they were alone at the groundlessness of her suspicions. But she was by no means so satisfied on the subject as her husband.

In a day or two, however, Tom began to take heart of grace, and to find himself oftener at Mary's side, with something to say, and more to look. But now she, in her turn, began to be embarrassed, for all attempts to re-establish their old footing failed; and the difficulty of finding a satisfactory new one remained to be solved. So for the present, though neither of them found it quite satisfactory, they took refuge in the presence of a third party, and attached themselves to Katie, talking at one another through her. Nothing could exceed Katie's judiciousness as a medium of communication; and through her a better understanding began to establish itself, and the visit which both of them had been looking forward to so eagerly seemed likely, after all, to be as pleasant in fact as it had been in anticipation. As they became more at ease, the vigilance of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Porter seemed likely to revive. But in a country house there must be plenty of chances for young folk who mean it to be together; and so they found and made use of their opportunities, giving at the same time as little cause to their natural guardians as possible for any serious interference. The families got on, on the whole, so well together that the visit was prolonged from the original four or five days to a fortnight; and this time of grace was drawing to a close when the event happened which made the visit memorable to our hero.

On the morning in question, Mr. Brown arranged at breakfast that he and his wife should drive Mr. and Mrs. Porter to make calls on several of the neighbours. Tom declared his intention of taking a long day after the partridges, and the young ladies were to go and make a sketch of the house from a point which Katie had chosen. Accordingly, directly after luncheon the carriage came round, and the elders departed, and the young ladies started together, carrying their sketching apparatus with them.

It was probably a bad day for scent, for they had not been gone a quarter of an hour when Tom came home, deposited his gun, and followed on their steps. He found them sitting under the lee of a high bank, sufficiently intent on their drawings, but neither surprised nor sorry to find that he had altered his mind and come back to interrupt them. So he lay down near them, and talked of Oxford, and Englebourn, and so from one thing to another, till he got upon the subject of nutting, and the sylvan beauties of a neighbouring wood. Mary was getting on badly with her drawing, and jumped at the idea of a ramble in the wood; but Katie was obdurate, and resisted all their solicitations to move. She suggested, however, that they might go; and, as Tom declared that they should not be out of call, and would be back in half an hour at furthest, Mary consented, and they left the sketcher, and strolled together out of the fields, and into the road, and so through a gate into the wood. It was a pleasant oak wood. The wild flowers were over, but the great masses of ferns, four or five feet high, made a grand carpet round the stems of the forest monarchs, and a fitting couch for here and there one of them, which had been lately felled, and lay in fallen majesty, with bare shrouded trunk awaiting the sawyers. Further on the hazel underwood stood thickly on each side of the green rides, down which they sauntered side by side. Tom talked of the beauty of the wood in Spring-time, and the glorious succession of colouring—pale yellow and deep blue and white and purple—which

the primroses and hyacinths and starwort and fox-gloves gave, each in their turn, in the early year, and mourned over their absence. But Mary preferred Autumn, and would not agree with him. She was enthusiastic for ferns and heather. He gathered some sprigs of the latter for her, from a little sandy patch which they passed, and some more for his own button-hole; and then they engaged in the absorbing pursuit of nutting, and the talk almost ceased. He caught the higher branches, and bent them down to her, and watched her as she gathered them, and wondered at the ease and grace of all her movements, and the unconscious beauty of her attitudes. Soon she became more enterprising herself, and made little excursions into the copse, surmounting briars, and passing through tangled places like a Naiad, before he could be there to help her. And so they went on, along the rides and through the copse, forgetting Katie and time, till they were brought up by the fence on the further side of the wood. The ditch was on the outside, and on the inside a bank with a hedge on the top, full of tempting hazel bushes. She clapped her hands at the sight, and, declining his help, stepped lightly up the bank, and began gathering. He turned away for a moment, jumped up the bank himself, and followed her example.

He was standing up in the hedge, and reaching after a tempting cluster of nuts, when he heard a short sharp cry of pain behind him, which made him spring backwards, and nearly miss his footing as he came to the ground. Recovering himself, and turning round, he saw Mary lying at the foot of the bank, writhing in pain.

He was at her side in an instant, and dreadfully alarmed.

"Good heavens! what has happened?" he said.

"My ancle!" she cried; and the effort of speaking brought the sudden flush of pain to her brow.

"Oh! what can I do?"

"The boot! the boot!" she said, leaning forward to unlace it, and then sinking back against the bank. "It is so painful. I hope I sha'n't faint."

Poor Tom could only clasp his hands as he knelt by her, and repeat: "Oh, what can I do—what can I do?"

His utter bewilderment presently roused Mary, and her natural high courage was beginning to master the pain.

"Have you a knife?"

"Yes—here," he said, pulling one out of his pocket, and opening it; "here it is."

"Please cut the lace."

Tom, with beating heart and trembling hand, cut the lace, and then looked up at her.

"Oh, be quick—cut it again; don't be afraid."

He cut it again; and, without taking hold of the foot, gently pulled out the ends of the lace.

She again leaned forward, and tried to take off the boot. But the pain was too great; and she sank back, and put her hand up to her flushed face.

"May I try?—perhaps I could do it."

"Yes, pray do. Oh, I can't bear the pain!" she added, next moment; and Tom felt ready to hang himself for having been the cause of it.

"You must cut the boot off, please."

"But perhaps I may cut you. Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, really. There, take care. How your hand shakes. You will never do for a doctor."

His hand did shake certainly. He had cut a little hole in the stocking; but, under the circumstances, we need not wonder—the situation was new and trying. Urged on by her, he cut and cut away, and, at last, off came the boot, and her beautiful little foot lay on the green turf. She was much relieved at once, but still in great pain; and now he began to recover his head.

"The ancle should be bound up; may I try?"

"Oh, yes; but what with?"

Tom dived into his shooting-coat pocket, and produced one of the large, many-coloured neck-wrappers which were fashionable at Oxford in those days.

"How lucky," he said, as he tore it

into strips. "I think this will do. Now, you'll stop me, won't you, if I hurt, or don't do it right?"

"Don't be afraid; I'm much better. Bind it tight—tighter than that."

He wound the strips as tenderly as he could round her foot and ancle, with hands all alive with nerves, and wondering more and more at her courage as she kept urging him to draw the bandage tighter yet. Then, still under her direction, he fastened and pinned down the ends; and, as he was rather neat with his fingers, from the practice of tying flies and splicing rods and bats, produced, on the whole, a creditable sort of bandage. Then he looked up at her, the perspiration standing on his forehead, as if he had been pulling a race, and said:

"Will that do? I'm afraid it's very awkward."

"Oh, no; thank you so much! But I'm so sorry you have torn your handkerchief."

Tom made no answer to this remark, except by a look. What could he say, but that he would gladly have torn his skin off for the same purpose, if it would have been of any use; but this speech did not seem quite the thing for the moment.

"But how do you feel? Is it very painful?" he asked.

"Rather. But don't look so anxious. Indeed, it is very bearable. But what are we to do now?"

He thought for a moment, and said, with something like a sigh,—

"Shall I run home, and bring the servants and a sofa, or something to carry you on?"

"No, I shouldn't like to be left here alone."

His face brightened again.

"How near is the nearest cottage?" she asked.

"There's none nearer than the one which we passed on the road—on the other side of the wood, you know."

"Then I must try to get there. You must help me up."

He sprang to his feet, and stooped over her, doubting how to begin helping her. He had never felt so shy in his life. He held out his hands.

"I think you must put your arm round me," she said, after looking at him for a moment. Her woman's instinct was satisfied with the look. He lifted her on to her feet.

"Now, let me lean on your arm. There, I daresay I shall manage to hobble along well enough;" and she made a brave attempt to walk. But the moment the injured foot touched the ground, she stopped with a catch of her breath, and a shiver, which went through Tom like a knife; and the flush came back into her face, and she would have fallen had he not again put his arm round her waist, and held her up. "I am better again now," she said, after a second or two.

"But Mary, dear Mary, don't try to walk again, for my sake. I can't bear it."

"But what am I to do?" she said. "I must get back somehow."

"Will you let me carry you?"

She looked in his face again, and then dropped her eyes, and hesitated.

"I wouldn't offer, dear, if there were any other way. But you mustn't walk. Indeed, you must not; you may lame yourself for life."

He spoke very quietly, with his eyes fixed on the ground, though his heart was beating so that he feared she would hear it.

"Very well," she said; "but I'm very heavy."

So he lifted her gently, and stepped off down the ride, carrying his whole world in his arms, in an indescribable flutter of joy, and triumph, and fear. He had gone some forty yards or so, when he staggered, and stopped for a moment.

"Oh, pray put me down—pray do! You'll hurt yourself. I'm too heavy."

For the credit of muscular Christianity, one must say that it was not her weight, but the tumult in his own inner man, which made her bearer totter. Nevertheless, if one is wholly unused to the exercise, the carrying a healthy young English girl weighing hard on

eight stone, is as much as most men can conveniently manage.

"I'll just put you down for a moment," he said. "Now take care of the foot;" and he stooped, and placed her tenderly against one of the oaks which bordered the ride, standing by her side without looking at her. Neither of them spoke for a minute. Then he asked, still looking away down the ride, "How is the foot?"

"Oh, pretty well," she answered, cheerfully. "Now, leave me here, and go for help. It is absurd of me to mind being left, and you mustn't carry me any more."

He turned, and their eyes met for a moment, but that was enough.

"Are you ready?" he said.

"Yes, but take care. Don't go far. Stop directly you feel tired."

Then he lifted her again, and this time carried her without faltering, till they came to a hillock covered with soft grass. Here they rested again, and so by easy stages he carried her through the wood, and out into the road, to the nearest cottage, neither of them speaking.

An old woman came to the door in answer to his kick, and went off into ejaculations of pity and wonder in the broadest Berkshire, at seeing Master Tom and his burthen. But he pushed into the house and cut her short with—

"Now, Mrs. Pike, don't talk, that's a dear good woman, but bustle about, and bring that arm-chair here, and the other low one, with a pillow on it, for the young lady's foot to rest on."

The old woman obeyed his injunctions, except as to talking; and, while she placed the chairs and shook up the pillow, descanted on the sovereign virtues of some green oil and opodeldoc, which was as good as a charm for sprains and bruises.

Mary gave him one grateful look as he lowered her tenderly and reluctantly into the chair, and then spoke cheerfully to Mrs. Pike, who was foraging in a cupboard, to find if there was any of her famous specific in the bottom of the bottle. As he stood up, and thought what to do next, he heard the sound of distant wheels, and looking through the window saw the carriage coming homewards. It was a sorrowful sight to him.

"Now, Mrs. Pike," he said, "never mind the oil. Here's the carriage coming; just step out and stop it."

The old dame scuttled out into the road. The carriage was within one hundred yards. He leant over the rough arm-chair in which she was leaning back, looked once more into her eyes; and then, stooping forwards, kissed her lips, and the next moment was by the side of Mrs. Pike, signalling the coachman to stop.

In the bustle which followed he stood aside, and watched Mary with his heart in his mouth. She never looked at him, but there was no anger, but only a dreamy look in her sweet face, which seemed to him a thousand times more beautiful than ever before. Then, to avoid inquiries, and to realize all that had passed in the last wonderful three hours, he slipped away while they were getting her into the carriage, and wandered back into the wood, pausing at each of their halting places. At last he reached the scene of the accident, and here his cup of happiness was likely to brim over, for he found the mangled little boot and the cut lace, and securing the precious prize, hurried back home, to be in time for dinner.

Mary did not come down, but Katie, the only person of whom he dared to inquire, assured him that she was doing famously. The dinner was very embarrassing, and he had the greatest difficulty in answering the searching inquiries of his mother and Mrs. Porter, as to how, when, where, and in whose presence the accident had happened. As soon as the ladies rose, he left his father and Mr. Porter over their old port and politics, and went out in the twilight into the garden, burthened with the weight of sweet thought. He felt that he had something to do—to set himself quite right with Mary; he must speak somehow, that night, if possible, or he should not be comfortable or at peace with his conscience. There

were lights in her room. He guessed by the shadows that she was lying on a couch by the open window, round which the other ladies were flitting. Presently lights appeared in the drawing-room; and, as the shutters were being closed, he saw his mother and Mrs. Porter come in, and sit down near the fire. Listening intently, he heard Katie talking in a low voice in the room above, and saw her head against the light as she sat down close to the window, probably at the head of the couch where Mary was lying. Should he call to her? If he did how could he say what he wanted to say through her?

A happy thought struck him. He turned to the flower-beds, hunted about and gathered a bunch of heliotrope, hurried up to his room, took the sprig of heather out of his shooting coat, tied them together, caught up a reel and line from his table, and went into the room over Mary's. He threw the window open, and, leaning out, said gently, "Katie." No answer. He repeated the name louder. No answer still, and, leaning out yet further, he saw that the window had been shut. He lowered the bunch of flowers, and, swinging it backwards and forwards, made it strike the window below—once, twice; at the third stroke he heard the window open.

"Katie," he whispered again, "is that you?"

"Yes, where are you? What is this?"

"For her," he said in the same whisper. Katie untied the flowers, and he waited a few moments, and then again called her name, and she answered.

"Has she the flowers?"

"Yes, and she sends you her love, and says you are to go down to the drawing-room;" and with that the window closed, and he went down with a lightened conscience into the drawing-room, and after joining in the talk by the fire for a few minutes, took a book, and sat down at the further side of the table. Whether he ever knew what the book was may be fairly questioned, but to all appearances he was deep in the perusal of it till the tea and Katie arrived, and the gentlemen from the dining-room. Then he tried to join in the conversation again; but, on the whole, life was a burthen to him that night till he could get fairly away to his own room, and commune with himself, gazing at the yellow harvest moon with his elbows on the window-sill.

The ancle got well very quickly, and Mary was soon going about with a gold-headed stick which had belonged to Mr. Brown's father, and a limp which Tom thought the most beautiful movement he had ever seen. But, though she was about again, by no amount of patient vigilance could he now get the chance of speaking to her alone. But he consoled himself with the thought that she must understand him; if he had spoken he couldn't have made himself clearer.

And now the Porters' visit was all but over, and Katie and her father left for Englebourn. The Porters were to follow the next day, and promised to drive round and stop at the rectory for lunch. Tom petitioned for a seat in their carriage to Englebourn. He had been devoting himself to Mrs. Porter ever since the accident, and had told her a good deal about his own early life. His account of his early friendship for Betty and her son, and the renewal of it on the day he left Barton Manor, had interested her, and she was moreover not insensible to his assiduous and respectful attentions to herself, which had of late been quite marked: she was touched too at his anxiety to hear all about her boys, and how they were going on at school. So on the whole Tom was in high favour with her, and she most graciously assented to his occupying the fourth seat in their barouche. She was not without her suspicions of the real state of the case with him; but his behaviour had been so discreet that she had no immediate fears; and, after all, if anything should come of it some years hence, her daughter might do worse. In the meantime she would see plenty

of society in London; where Mr. Porter's vocations kept him during the greater part of the year.

They reached Englebourn after a pleasant long morning's drive; and Tom stole a glance at Mary, and felt that she understood him, as he pointed out the Hawk's Lynch and the clump of Scotch firs to her mother; and told how you might see Barton from the top of it, and how he loved the place, and the old trees, and the view.

Katie was at the door ready to receive them, and carried off Mary and Mrs. Porter to her own room. Tom walked round the garden with Mr. Porter, and then sat in the drawing-room, and felt melancholy. He roused himself however when the ladies came down and luncheon was announced. Mary was full of her reminiscences of the Englebourn people, and especially of poor Mrs. Winburn and her son, in whom she had begun to take a deep interest, perhaps from overhearing some of Tom's talk to her mother. So Harry's story was canvassed again, and Katie told them how he had been turned out of his cottage, and how anxious she was as to what would come of it.

"And is he going to marry your gardener's daughter after all?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"I am afraid there is not much chance of it," said Katie; "I cannot make Martha out."

"Is she at home, Katie?" asked Mary; "I should like to see her again. I took a great fancy to her when I was here."

"Yes, she is at the lodge. We will walk there after luncheon."

So it was settled that the carriage should pick them up at the lodge; and soon after luncheon, while the horses were being put to, the whole party started for the lodge after saying goodbye to Mr. Winter, who retired to his room much fatigued by his unwonted hospitality.

Old Simon's wife answered their knock at the lodge door, and they all entered, and Mrs. Porter paid her compliments on the cleanliness of the room.

Then Mary said, "Is your daughter at home, Mrs. Gibbons?"

"Ees, miss, someweres handy," replied Mrs. Gibbons; "her hav'n't been gone out not dree minutes."

"I should like so much to say goodbye to her," said Mary. "We shall be leaving Barton soon, and I shall not see her again till next summer."

"Lor bless'ee, miss, 'tis werry good ov 'ee," said the old dame, very proud; "do'ee set down then while I gives her a call." And with that she hurried out of the door which led through the back kitchen into the little yard behind the lodge, and the next moment they heard her calling out—

"Patty, Patty, whar bist got to? Come in and see the gentle-folk."

The name which the old woman was calling out made Tom start.

"I thought you said her name was Martha," said Mrs. Porter.

"Patty is short for Martha in Berkshire," said Katie, laughing.

"And Patty is such a pretty name, I wonder you don't call her Patty," said Mary.

"We had a housemaid of the same name a year or two ago, and it made such a confusion—and when one once gets used to a name it is so hard to change—so she has always been called Martha."

"Well, I'm all for Patty; don't you think so?" said Mary, turning to Tom.

The sudden introduction of a name which he had such reasons for remembering, the memories and fears which it called up—above all, the bewilderment which he felt at hearing it tossed about and canvassed by Mary in his presence, as if there were nothing more in it than in any other name—confused him so that he floundered and blundered in his attempt to answer, and at last gave it up altogether. She was surprised, and looked at him inquiringly. His eyes fell before hers, and he turned away to the window, and looked at the carriage, which had just drawn up at the lodge door. He had scarcely time to think how foolish he was to be so moved, when he heard the back kitchen door open again, and the old woman and her

daughter come in. He turned round sharply, and there on the floor of the room, curtseying to the ladies, stood the ex-barmaid of the Choughs. His first impulse was to hurry away—she was looking down, and he might not be recognised; his next, to stand his ground, and take whatever might come. Mary went up to her and took her hand, saying that she could not go away without coming to see her. Patty looked up to answer, and, glancing round the room, caught sight of him.

He stepped forward, and then stopped and tried to speak, but no words would come. Patty looked at him, dropped Mary's hand, blushed up to the roots of her hair as she looked timidly round at the wondering spectators, and, putting her hands to her face, ran out of the back door again.

"Lawk a massy! what ever can ha' cum to our Patty?" said Mrs. Gibbons, following her out.

"I think we had better go," said Mr. Porter, giving his arm to his daughter, and leading her to the door. "Good bye, Katie; shall we see you again at Barton?"

"I don't know, uncle," Katie answered, following with Mrs. Porter in a state of sad bewilderment.

Tom, with his brain swimming, got out a few stammering farewell words, which Mr. and Mrs. Porter received with marked coldness as they stepped into their carriage. Mary's face was flushed and uneasy, but at her he scarcely dared to steal a look, and to her was quite unable to speak a word.

Then the carriage drove off, and he turned, and found Katie standing at his side, her eyes full of serious wonder. His fell before them.

"My dear Tom," she said, "What is all this? I thought you had never seen Martha?"

"So I thought—I didn't know—I can't talk now—I'll explain all to you—don't think very badly of me, Katie—God bless you!" with which words he strode away, while she looked after him with increasing wonder and then turned and went into the lodge.

He hastened away from the Rectory and down the village street, taking the road home mechanically, but otherwise wholly unconscious of roads and men. David, who was very anxious to speak to him about Harry, stood at his door making signs to him to stop in vain, and then gave chase, calling out after him, till he saw that all attempts to attract his notice were useless, and so ambled back to his shop-board much troubled in mind.

The first object which recalled Tom at all to himself was the little white cottage looking out of Englebourn copse towards the village, in which he had sat by poor Betty's death-bed. The garden was already getting wild and tangled, and the house seemed to be uninhabited. He stopped for a moment and looked at it with bitter searchings of heart. Here was the place where he had taken such a good turn, as he had fondly hoped—in connexion with the then inmates of which he had made the strongest good resolutions he had ever made in his life perhaps. What was the good of his trying to befriend anybody? His friendship turned to a blight; whatever he had as yet tried to do for Harry had only injured him, and now how did they stand? Could they ever be friends again after that day's discovery? To do him justice, the probable ruin of all his own prospects, the sudden coldness of Mr. and Mrs. Porter's looks, and Mary's averted face, were not the things he thought on first, and did not trouble him most. He thought of Harry, and shuddered at the wrong he had done him as he looked at his deserted home. The door opened and a figure appeared. It was Mr. Wurley's agent, the lawyer who had been employed by farmer Tester in his contest with Harry and his mates about the pound. The man of law saluted him with a smirk of scarcely concealed triumph, and then turned into the house again and shut the door, as if he did not consider further communication necessary or safe. Tom turned with a muttered imprecation on him and his master, and hurried away along the lane which led to the heath. The Hawk's

Lynch lay above him, and he climbed the side mechanically and sat himself again on the old spot.

He sat for some time looking over the landscape, graven on his mind as it was by his former visit, and bitterly, oh, how bitterly! did the remembrance of that visit, and of the exultation and triumph which then filled him, and carried him away over the heath with a shout towards his home, come back on him. He could look out from his watch-tower no longer, and lay down with his face between his hands on the turf, and groaned as he lay.

But his good angel seemed to haunt the place, and soon the cold fit began to pass away, and better and more hopeful thoughts to return. After all, what had he done since his last visit to that place to be ashamed of? Nothing. His attempts to do Harry service, unlucky as they had proved, had been honest. Had he become less worthy of the love which had first consciously mastered him there some four weeks ago? No; he felt, on the contrary, that it had already raised him, and purified him, and made a man of him. But this last discovery, how could he ever get over that? Well, after all, the facts were just the same before; only now they had come out. It was right that they should have come out; better for him and for every one that they should be known and faced. He was ready to face them, to abide any consequences that they might now bring in their train. His heart was right towards Mary, towards Patty, towards Harry—that he felt sure of. And, if so, why should he despair of either his love or his friendship coming to a bad end?

And so he sat up again, and looked out bravely towards Barton, and began to consider what was to be done. His eyes rested on the rectory. That was the first place to begin with. He must set himself right with Katie—let her know the whole story. Through her he could reach all the rest, and do whatever must be done to clear the ground and start fresh again.

At first he thought of returning to her at once, and rose to go down to Englebourn. But anything like retracing his steps was utterly distasteful to him just then. Before him he saw light, dim enough as yet, but still a dawning; towards that he would press, leaving everything behind him to take care of itself. So he turned northwards, and struck across the heath at his best pace. The violent exercise almost finished his cure, and his thoughts became clearer and more hopeful as he neared home. He arrived there as the household were going to bed, and found a letter waiting for him. It was from Hardy, saying that Blake had left him, and he was now thinking of returning to Oxford, and would come for his long-talked-of visit to Berkshire, if Tom was still at home and in the mind to receive him.

Never was a letter more opportune. Here was the tried friend on whom he could rely for help and advice and sympathy — who knew all the facts too from beginning to end! His father and mother were delighted to hear that they should now see the friend of whom he had spoken so much; so he went up stairs, and wrote an answer, which set Hardy to work packing his portmanteau in the far west, and brought him speedily to the side of his friend under the lee of the Berkshire hills.

To be continued.

THE LOST EXPEDITION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Lift—lift, ye mists, from off the silent coast,
Folded in endless winter's chill embraces;
Unshroud for us awhile our brave ones lost!
Let us behold their faces!

In vain—the North has hid them from our sight;
The snow their winding sheet,—their only dirges
The groan of ice-bergs in the polar night
Racked by the savage surges.

No Funeral Torches with a smoky glare
Shone a farewell upon their shrouded faces;—
No monumental pillar tall and fair
Towers o'er their resting-places.

But Northern Streamers flare the long night through
Over the cliffs stupendous, fraught with peril,
Of ice-bergs, tinted with a ghostly hue
Of amethyst and beryl.

No human tears upon their graves are shed—
Tears of Domestic Love, or Pity Holy;
But snow-flakes from the gloomy sky o'erhead,
Down-shuddering, settle slowly.

Yet History shrines them with her mighty dead,
The hero-seamen of this isle of Britain,
And, when the brighter scroll of Heaven is read,
There will their names be written!

THE ENGLISH EVANGELICAL CLERGY.

The Rev. Dr. Pears, a well-known clergyman of the Evangelical school, in a visitation sermon preached last June, and lately published, expresses himself as follows: "Of all misfortunes which "may happen to the Church, none surely "is more disastrous than that the clergy "should be behind their age; that, "while the laity, led by a few eager and "active intellects, are pushing on into "new fields of inquiry, every day "widening the range of speculation, and "venturing on ground before thought "dangerous or untenable, the appointed "guides and teachers of the people "should be found toiling far in the rear, "treading the old worn path of defini-"tions and dogmas, or aiming pointless "shafts at positions which have been "long since abandoned." Bearing this undoubted truth in view, it may be worth while to examine in an impartial spirit what the present position of the Evangelical clergy is; how far they have developed, how far mistaken, the principles upon which the great religious movement of the end of last century was based; what is the attitude which they collectively assume towards the rest of the Church; and what are the prospects of the party which is under their direction. It is in the existence of a healthy republic of intellect that much of the freedom of a nation lies; and that it contributes to this, by appealing to the judgment of the laity, is the benefit, and the only benefit, which the polemic warfare of the clergy can bestow.

For, in regard of its original principles, those which gave it power and success, the Evangelical party seems at first sight to have outlived its work. It started with certain ideas, proposed certain springs of action, of which it would not be entirely true to say that it is not still in possession, but of which it is undeniable that it has no longer a monopoly. The impulse has spread; the waves have widened till their centre has faded from view. If now an artificial attempt be made to retain the influence which was then so beneficial, and which, having served its legitimate use, has to some extent decayed, the attempt must fail, as will fail all other attempts

to procure or keep power on false pretences; nor will the case be better, if any new principles are set up as substitutes for the old, and props for a falling party. The principles of which the Evangelical school was at first the expositor were chiefly two: it gave prominence to the intimate individual relation of each person to the unseen world; and it insisted strongly on the distinction between membership of the visible Church and the inner and mysterious communion within and independent of it. It was with these two subjects that all sermons were then filled, all social unions coloured, all missions inspired; and it was by them that men's hearts were excited to a new and wonderful life. There were then no tests of orthodoxy, no signing of articles, no appeal to the sentence of the multitude; even on the most serious topics, as whenever a great cause is being promoted, there was not unanimity of thought. They had then no journals of sectarian warfare, no shibboleths of personal adherence; it was the spirit, and not the letter, that made alive. The memoirs of Wesley, Grimshaw, and Wilberforce are full indeed of questions of doctrine; but it was on those greater realities that all the questions hung. Venn, of Huddersfield, says, in a letter dated August 12, 1778: "But never, on any account, "dispute. Debate is the work of the "flesh. No one is ever found disputing "about such external matters" (the question was one of baptism) "till "sorrow for sin, till love for Christ, and "communion with Him, . . . are de-"parted from the heart entirely, or very "much enfeebled." Even Simeon, in 1829, writes, "I have neither taste nor "talent for controversy; nor do I on "the whole envy those by whom such "taste and talent are possessed." It is important to observe this feature of the new sect, which worked its way by the innate strength of its principles, not by the force of its associations, the nobility of its chairmen of meetings, or the circulation of its Thersitean prints. There are many now who remember its later years; who could tell how in the midst of neglect and hatred Cecil and Newton made men young again with visions of great aims and destinies, and Wilberforce spoke bravely and calmly of the strange experiences of the new life.

How has this spirit prevailed? How far has it altered? How far has it been supplanted by forms, and its motives of action petrified into prejudices? It is a sad and strange law which makes the second generation invariably seize on the accidents, instead of the substance, of the things which ennobled the first. It is true, indeed, that the one principle of individual religious life did assert itself so thoroughly that, while no party has lost it, all have gained much of its influence: beyond this, what has the present Evangelical party to show which will distinctively exhibit its character, and give it a right to perpetuate itself to the disunion of the Church? The party is remarkable at present chiefly for three things;—its social theories, its polemic organization, and its philanthropic activity. Besides this, it takes a very marked line on intellectual subjects, and pretends to a severity of conservatism on points of doctrine. In each of these topics it may be interesting to trace, where it is still traceable, the results of the original motive power, especially with regard to the attitude of the clergy, before offering a judgment on the position of the party collectively.

Perhaps that fatal law of the petrifaction of a principle into a canon is nowhere more evident than in the social theories of the Evangelical party. With them separation from "the world" was at first recommended, as it was to the early Christians, not as a valuable rule of life, but as almost a necessity of their being. It was not asceticism; it was not Puritanism; it was not a code of behaviour binding clergy chiefly, laity partially. Macaulay's keen remark on the objection of the Puritans to bull-baiting is well known: they objected, not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator. But it was a different principle from this which animated Romaine, and Berridge, and Talbot. They had no difficulties as

to where to draw the line between carnal and lawful amusements,—between "worldly vanity" and necessary intercourse with men. They simply felt that they were a peculiar people, and their life was a sanctified one. Such a principle as this must, at the first attempt to reduce it to a code, result in utter failure. Wesley could well say, and without affectation, to his followers, "You have no more business to be gentlemen than to be dancing-masters." Cecil writes, "It is a snare to a minister "when in company to be drawn out to "converse largely on the state of the "funds and the news of the day;" and urges that such conversation "gives a "consequence to these pursuits which "does not belong to them." This is the very spirit of the apostles; in our own day it appears only in a setting of external ordinances, and such advice as that of Mr. Ryle,—"A minister ought "not to spend a *whole* evening in speak-"ing merely of politics. . . . I do not "mean to say we ought to be preaching "in every room we enter; but," &c. What now remains of that old spirit is simply a set of practical rules directed against some of the most popular amusements of the day, and enforced with an arbitrary severity of which the rest of the community is little aware. It is thought wrong, for example, for those who profess a religious life to cultivate the drama in any form, except that of reading Shakspeare; to attend horse-races—regattas are allowed—or evening parties where there is dancing, there being no objection to "at homes." Some out of door games are lawful: clergymen, however, must not play cricket or follow game. One of Lord Palmerston's bishops, it is stated in a weekly journal, not long ago refused to admit a candidate to orders until he gave a distinct pledge to give up shooting. In the evening, all may play chess, or minor games of chance; but the more intellectual rubber is strictly forbidden. The Rev. W. Mackenzie, in his sketch of Bickersteth's life, expresses this curiously enough: "It could not be said "that either father or mother was a "person of spiritual religion; indeed "the father had no scruple about a "game at cards, and the mother," &c. All Evangelical people may drink wine; but clergymen, at all events, must not smoke. Works of fiction are to some extent countenanced, though under protest. With respect to music, opinion is not accurately formed. The oratorio is the debated ground; and a dignitary of the Church was loudly attacked a few years since for having attended Exeter Hall in the evening. The chief religious organ of the party is constantly engaged in publishing the names of clergymen,—and even the families of clergymen,—who have lately been present at balls, a practice in which it is not pleasant to be obliged to confess that some leading Evangelical ministers are little behind it. "Do you find there the godly?" says one, alluding to balls; "I think not." (Sermon on Gal. vi. 15.) Now it would clearly be of no use here to argue that to create an artificial separation between one part of the Church and the rest is a system totally opposed to the constitution of man and the idea of Christianity; that it is directly contrary to the custom of the early Church, and the precepts of the apostles; that it creates vast ill-feeling, and still vaster jealousy and censoriousness. It would be of still less use to prove that it is entirely repugnant to the principles of the Church service, and inconsistent with the very words of the Liturgy. But, in looking at the present position of the body which professes these views, it is impossible not to see that it is in this code of ordinances, more than in any other point, that they exhibit a falling off from their original moving force; that they conciliate least respect, and secure most enemies; that they do least good to others, and produce most disloyalty amongst those of their own number who obey in practice the laws against which in their hearts they rebel.

The creed of social intercourse of which we have been speaking is sustained partly by the inherent vitality which seems to attach most signally to all formal legislation when the spirit

which produced it has decayed or altered; and partly by the lay-organization of the school by which it is professed. This organization is not the less powerful from being indirect, or less operative from being in great measure unacknowledged and unaccredited. Clergymen have remarked in our hearing, "There is no such name as Evangelical "formally adopted by the party; we "are not a party, and have no party "titles." We could produce evidence, if necessary, to show that the title is formally adopted by those who are recognized as leaders; and that not casually, but purposely, and as a distinctive appellation. It was to a collective body, not a mere mass of individuals, that the Earl of Shaftesbury, during the late war, addressed, as though from some Vatican, his instructions as to the side which his followers were to favour in their prayers: and it is to a united sect, and not a mass of units, that the *Record* alludes when it speaks of "Christian people." It may perhaps be worth while to examine a little more fully into the nature and extent of this organization. One of its most characteristic features is, that it includes a very large lay element. All who pay any attention to the subject are familiar with the names of numbers of laymen, — noblemen, bankers, retired officers, and others,—without whom no combined action takes place, and without whose authority no new step is considered to be satisfactorily accredited. There are many names whose duty it is to serve simply as guarantees to the provinces of the peculiar character of any movement, polemic or otherwise; and that they can serve no other object is evident from the fact that they appear so often, that the gentlemen who lend them could by no possibility attend in practice to all the interests which they profess to direct. At the head of these stands one nobleman, whose name it would be an affectation to omit. That any one man should have the directing power which Lord Shaftesbury possesses, should appoint bishops, preside at every great assembly, control personally nearly every leading man, inspire the press, represent in Parliament the interests of the party, and that on the strength simply of a good life and great activity in philanthropic movements, without extreme personal popularity, without distinguished talent for business, without commanding eloquence, without extensive knowledge, without profoundness of thought, without much soundness of judgment,—is a fact as strange as it is unfortunate;—unfortunate because it shows the change in the party, thus crystallized no less in its *personnel* than in its principles. Of the methods, however, by which the party is controlled,—without enlarging upon the Evangelical press, the office and power of which is well known, and accurately appreciated,—the first that deserves mention is the influence of constant changes in the subject of agitation suggested. An army long engaged at any one work becomes demoralised; give variety to their labours, and discipline is at once secured. "Let them have plenty of marching," said Lamoricière of the Irish Brigade. Perhaps the time of great protests and declarations is now passed, when it was possible for any canvassing secretary to cast his eye over a printed list of his party, affirming as one man their prescribed adherence to this doctrine, or regulated abhorrence of that innovation. But whether it be a Gorham case or a Denison case, a Crystal Palace movement or a movement against Sunday bands, the cause of Indian education or the cause of a grant to Maynooth, the drill is unceasing. More than one "alliance" adopt it as their business to circulate among the clergy of their school information as to the progress of each battle, and instruction as to the petitions and funds which are to support the combatants engaged. The loyalty of each disciple is as well known by the petitions which he presents to Parliament from his parish, and the manner in which he receives the deputation from each "parent society," as the fig-tree is known by its fruit. It is this working together, this simultaneity of action, that gives its coherence to every result; that induces Mr. Ryle

to speak of the rest of the clergy of the Church of England as "our adversaries;" that enables Canon Stowell to quote the text which speaks of the heavenly wisdom as "first pure, then peaceable," with the suggestive comment, "Purity first, peace afterwards."

Perhaps, however, organization depends more on the distribution of patronage than on any other element. The Evangelical school may be fairly said to have now in their hands the appointment of all the bishops, and about half the deans. The Evangelical bishops have on the whole been more successful than might have been expected; but, if the system is continued long, an entire preponderance of men wedded to a particular system must be very dangerous. Another arrangement, which secures a large number of the most important livings to the same party is that of trusteeship. A certain number of clergymen, who succeed by co-optation, are entrusted, by legacies and subscriptions, with the power of appointing to some of the largest, though often not the most lucrative cures of the Church. One of the most important of these is that which is known as Simeon's trust: which bestows the livings of Bath, Clifton, Derby, Cheltenham, Bradford, Beverley, and many others. It need hardly be said, that all the appointments are of one character.[1]

But the Evangelical "Carlton" is the Church Pastoral-aid Society. This is an association, now in the twenty-sixth year of its existence, for supplying curates and Scripture-readers to populous places. The primary object is of course purely philanthropic; and no one will for a moment deny the vast amount of aid which it renders to the working clergy. But this is not all. The society requires, whenever a grant is given, that the assistant who is appointed to the parish shall be approved by the Committee, and subject to their veto if his principles are not such as are thought deserving of aid. Now, considering that the working members of the Committee are all of the strongest school of Evangelicals, it is not to be wondered at if the association is universally looked upon as the most active instrument of propagandism now existing. All the energies of the party are directed to its support. Three thousand clergymen give it active assistance. Its annual income, from subscriptions, exceeds 40,000*l.*; and it is a condition, expressed or implied, of every grant, that the recipient of the bounty shall undertake to urge the Society's claims on his congregation, at least on one stated occasion in the year. In some cases, leading men of the party do so on the distinct plea of its party character. Indeed, in the last report, the Committee draw particular attention to the evangelical nature of their principles, and ask their clerical friends to point it out more prominently to their flocks. They publish distinct attacks, not only on Romanism—one of their select preachers is described by his biographer as looking on popery with hatred and terror, "as if he saw the whole system steaming direct from Hell,"—but also on Puseyism. The following is a passage from one Incumbent's grateful letter, which is printed with official approbation:—

"Another case has struck me much. "A young man, highly educated and in "a responsible position, had been greatly "attracted by Puseyism. He had long "attended a Puseyite place of worship; "but, seeing a controversial lecture ad- "vertised, he determined to come and "hear it. He did so, and was so deeply "impressed, that he has never since re- "turned to his former Church. He is "now a most valuable help to me."—(P. 38.)

The employment of lay agency, it may be mentioned, is an instrument of much power in the hands of the Evangelicals, some of whom push it to a remarkable excess. One clergyman of a manufacturing town last year himself appointed thirty lay-missionaries to hold prayer-meetings in his parish. One society, a very good and useful one, is established for the purpose of supplying these lay agents to the metropolis, and

* The present trustees are the Rev. Messrs. Auriol, Carus, Holland, Marsh, and Venn.

has more than a hundred in its pay. It is conducted on the same principles as the Pastoral-Aid. Indeed the arrangements of most of the religious societies is of an evangelical cast: and there are few in whose Exeter Hall meetings an attack on some other party of the Church is not received with the heartiness of cheering which only polemic zeal can raise. The Church Missionary Society, which has existed sixty years, which has revolutionized whole nations in the interest of civilisation and Christianity, whose converts are numbered by the hundred thousand, does service also as a party engine. Established in imitation of methodist and baptist associations for the same cause, and from the first under the guidance of Pratt, Thornton, Venn, and other Evangelicals of heroic mould, its committee-rooms are still head-quarters of party agency, its officers the chief promoters of the cause, and its publications contain elaborate attacks on Tractarianism.[1] "In "its choice of men," says its select preacher in 1858, "the Church Mis- "sionary Society has erred rather in "excess than in defect of holy jealousy. "And thus, directly or indirectly, it has "become a rally-point and bulwark in "our Church. . . . Let the Church Mis- "sionary Society be cajoled or frightened, "and many an Eli would tremble."

There is again another means of united action which has been devised of late years for the same object,—clerical meetings. It has long been customary for the clergy of many districts to meet for conversation and mutual encouragement, though the custom has been chiefly adopted by those of the Evangelical school. But within the last few years a system of monster meetings has been brought into play. There assemble, at stated periods, around some well-known chief, a large number, —sometimes two or three hundred,—of those clergymen who are known to be of sound views, with a very few favoured laymen. Addresses are delivered, sermons preached, and statements made. Young clergymen make the acquaintance of the great leaders, some of whom are on such occasions never wanting: and from them they learn how war is waged, and battles won. In London, the time of the May Meetings in Exeter Hall is known as one of general rendezvous, and it is then that the inner circle of champions hold council on their policy and prospects. The large meetings are held at various places; one, the origin, we believe, of the rest, at Weston-super-Mare; one at Peterborough, one at Bristol, a large one at Islington; and others. The addresses are prepared with great care, special subjects being generally allotted beforehand to each speaker; and they show study, and, except in the case of the chief leaders, a diffident sense of the greatness of the occasion. A small book is now before us, containing the addresses delivered at one of the largest of these meetings in the year 1858. It is called "The Church," is published by Wertheim and Macintosh, and edited by the Rev. Charles Bridges. Dr. McNeile, who is of course one of the speakers, seems to have urged the importance of the meeting, composed, as he says, of the Evangelical clergy of the Church: and reminds his hearers that they are the salt of the whole mass. Canon Stowell follows him in an address of which the following passages are select examples.

"After all, what is the real tendency "of 'broad church principles,' as they "are called? Why the very name is "sufficient to brand them; for we know "that 'broad is the way,' not of truth, "but of error; and that 'narrow is the "way' which leadeth to life eternal."—(P. 19.)

"There is as much hostility in the "carnal mind to the distinctive doctrines "of the gospel now as there was then; "yes, and among the clergy as among "the laymen, however much it may be "reserved or disguised."—(P. 22.)

"There can be (with regard to India) "no longer uncertainty as to what we "have to apprehend, from the way in "which Lord Stanley has spoken out. "I thank God for his candour, while I

[1] See, for example, the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," January, 1855.

"bitterly deplore his godless senti-
"ments."—(P. 38.)

The Rev. J. C. Ryle remarks that Exeter Hall is a fifth estate of the realm. He laments that young men are not as satisfactory as could be wished. "How often, after writing to friends, "and then advertising in the *Record*, "Evangelical clergymen are obliged to "put up with curates not established in "the faith, and not up to the mark, "simply because no others are to be "met with." He laments that no effort is made to "put out of the Church" men who differ from him in their views of inspiration and future punishment. One more quotation we must give, and then dismiss the discourse with satisfaction :—

"It is not uncommon now to hear of "High-churchmen saying to Evangelical "clergymen, as was said in the time of "Ezra and Nehemiah, by Sanballat and "Tobiah, 'Let us build with you.' But "let us not be taken in by such sophis-"try. Better build by ourselves, better "let the work go on slowly, than allow "Sanballat and Tobiah to come and "build by our side. I believe that all "communion of that sort, all inter-"change of pulpits with unsound men, "is to be deprecated, as doing nothing "but harm to the cause of God. I be-"lieve that by so doing we endorse the "sentiments of persons who have no "real love of Christ's truth. We en-"able the High-church party to manu-"facture ecclesiastical capital out of the "Evangelical clergy, and to make people "believe that we are all one in heart, "when, in reality, we differ in first "principles. From such unity and co-"operation we pray to be delivered."

Such are the chief features of the organisation of a powerful and active school in the Church of England. If ever that Church is to be again the Church of the nation, if ever it is to lead a grand attack on vice, and folly, and worldliness, it cannot be by the continuance among this large portion of her clergy of the spirit which seems to animate their collective action. In estimating it, we use no unfair tests; we appeal to no private scandal; we repeat no anecdotes; we quote the *dicta* only of the leaders of the party. Of individual intolerance we do not complain; it is a fault common to all ages and all parties. We shall not quote the *Record;* even though some of the leaders acknowledge it as their organ, by publishing their views in its columns, we shall yet not urge against their followers the rancour of which very many of them disapprove. When a minister of a central manufacturing town, who is usually courteous, and a favourable specimen of his school, says that if he knew any clergyman to hold the extreme High Church view of the doctrine of Confession he would not allow him to enter his family—"he could not trust him,"—we have no wish to charge the saying upon all those whose champion he is. But, when in every step that is taken in common by clergymen of this party, in every union for purposes of philanthropy or spiritual communion there springs up at once a polemic spirit, often bitter and always uncompromising, it is a sign that the party in which such can be the case has done its work, is shorn of half its strength for other and holier purposes, and had better die.

But the Evangelical party is redeemed by the working of its parishes. It is to its credit that it is foremost in united schemes of charity: it is to its credit, to some extent, that foreign missions have so increased and spread. But that which saves it from wreck, which atones for its arbitrary social maxims, which partly conceals its obnoxious polemic organization, is the fact that the Evangelical clergy, as a body, are indefatigable in ministerial duties, and devoted, heart and soul, to the manifold labours of Christian love. The school, the savings-bank, the refuge, all the engines of parochial usefulness, find in them, for the most part, hearty supporters and friends. There is a positive literature of parish machinery. We have now before us a small work on the subject by the minister of a large parish in the south-west of London, which gives the details of the administration of such a system. The hardest workers are not generally the

fiercest partisans; and it contains throughout not one word of religious sectarianism or hostile inuendo. Instead, there are practical suggestions and information on topics of which the following are some: —books for the sick, arrangement of pulpit, management of voice, district visitors, psalmody, almoners, Sunday and other schools, maternity fund, early communion, charity sermons, meetings, parish accounts, school books, rewards, confirmation classes, the cooking of rice, relief tickets, penny banks, soup in time of cholera, lending library, cottage lectures, open-air services, working men's seats in church, local collections, and books of memoranda. This parish, we are bound to say, is but a specimen of many; and we could quote, but that such work is not the nobler for the praise of men, similar tracts, supplying for parish circulation the annual narrative of progress in this kind of work. It is not necessary to dwell long on the subject; it is patent, and easily appreciated. But when the history of the Evangelical party is written, it will be told of them, that with narrow-mindedness and mistaken traditions, with little intellectual acquirements and ill-directed zeal against their brothers in the Church, they yet worked manfully in the pestilent and heathen by-ways of our cities, and preached the gospel to the poor.

It remains to say a few words on the intellectual attitude of the party. This is not the occasion to discuss points of doctrine, or examine questions of ecclesiastical polity. But it is impossible not to remark that the position which this body of clergymen, the appointed guides to thinking and reflecting fellow-men, have deliberately and almost unanimously adopted, is one of direct antagonism to intellectual progress and research. In this one point they have followed the tradition of the elders. Venn wrote, in 1780, "Our God never "prescribes a critical study of the "Hebrew text;" and since then it is hardly too much to say, that his followers have not led public opinion in any one point of mental advancement, or contributed one single work,—at all events more than one,—which has been generally accepted as a signal addition to the stores of theological speculation or criticism. Their most distinguished men are not men of conspicuous learning; their most highly prized writings seem even to slight the acquirements of science and scholarship. And this is the case not only in their practice, but in their theory. The spiritual element of our nature is so highly exalted, that the intellectual is looked upon with absolute suspicion. "The cultivation of the intellectual powers," says Dr. Close (Sermons, 1842, p. 149), "can of itself "have no tendency towards moral or "spiritual good. . . . Time cannot alter "the deteriorating tendency of unas-"sisted human intellect." Of all studies discordant with the Church of England, Mr. Clayton, a well-known evangelical preacher, writes (Sermons, p. 239): "Young persons should especially be "careful to turn away from all such "dangerous speculations." Mr. Ryle, even when speaking of the duty of reading and study, which he allows to be neglected, makes the singular exception, "I do not mean that we ought to read "things which do not throw light upon "the word of God" (Home Truths, vol. vi.), and in his preface to a commentary on St. Luke, shows his idea of the value of accurate criticism by the remark that "the 'various readings' of the New "Testament are of infinitesimally small "importance." The Rev. C. Bridges (Weston Address, p. 46), somewhat naïvely confesses, "with regard to the "snares for the intellect, if we seek to "meet the great reasoner on his own "ground, he is more than a match for "us;" and Canon Stowell, apparently with regard to a late edition of the New Testament, laments that "at this time "some of our learned and critical men "do us more injury than advantage."

Now it is well known that the last few years have been years of great advance in theological knowledge. Science, ethnology, the history of language, accurate scholarship, are doing much to assist the study of the Bible, and further the progress of religious thought. It is

probable that much will be done by the pursuit of these studies to modify opinions and suggest new canons of criticism. We have no wish that it should be otherwise. Religious thought was never intended to stagnate. Novelty is not, indeed, a mark of truth; but obstructiveness in matters of theory is a certain guide to error. And, therefore, towards new phases of sacred speculation the attitude of a lover of truth will be, not antagonistic virulence, but judicial impartiality. He will not be rash to adopt the guesses of a restless ambition; but he will not shut his eyes to reasonable and probable argument. He will not deem the intellect the sovereign principle in man; but he will determine, in God's strength, to bring anything to the bar of reason. He will not read the apostolic precept as though it were "Disprove all things;" but he will no more be driven from intellectual duty by fear of consequences, than from moral. He will give all reverence to those who teach the soul: but, loyal to the ends to which man's nature points, he will render unto mind the things that are mind's. And so he will strive, without partiality or without hypocrisy, to enter the kingdom of God as a little child; and so act, if he may,

> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music.

Is it possible that Evangelical energy may ever adopt this attitude? It was the essence of Protestantism to attack prejudice: and they are the most zealous Protestants of the Church. The chief doctrine of the Reformation was the right of private judgment; and though many of the maxims of the Reformation have been lost, this has not quite died yet. Is it yet possible that a fuller knowledge of the tendencies of the age, and some mighty resurrection from the narrowness of organised partizanship may change the current of their sympathies, and make them, even now, champions, not of change, but of inquiry, and research, and development? It cannot be, while they believe the sentiment of Dr. Close, in his Lectures on the Evidences, that Revelation was not meant to gratify a "proud investigation." Investigation of every possible subject is the bounden duty of every educated man, as far as his time and talents allow; and that investigation may well be proud which is the result of powers bestowed by the Almighty for the study of His mysteries. If they refuse to acknowledge this duty; if they cling to the crystallized system of what was once a working and living spirit, forgetting nothing, learning nothing; if they give all the energies of their collective action to attack some difference of ecclesiastical creed, and all the weight of their social influence to create artificial division in what God, by forming human society, has pronounced united; then all their labours of parish charity, and schemes of world-wide philanthropy, will hardly save them from the sentence which awaits all that is transitory, because artificial; and those who know what once the party was will see, when they look upon it now, only a fresh instance of the way in which zeal is pernicious, when its purpose is an anachronism, and good men wasted, when the mind is narrowed to tradition, and the sympathies distorted to party.

POETRY, PROSE, AND MR. PATMORE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

Every poet pleads, and every critic laments, the difficulties opposed by modern habits of thought, and the constitution of modern society, to the production of substantial works of poetic art—such, we mean, as affect an independent concrete existence, instead of merely serving to express the feelings of the writers as individuals. If, it is said, the author resorts for his

subject to the antique or the ideal world, the degree of his success does but serve to measure the remoteness of his exile from contemporary interests and sympathies; if, on the other hand, he endeavours to reflect the life around him, he can no more escape alloying his strain with the transitory and accidental than the diver can avoid bringing up the oyster with the pearl. This is true; but it cannot be said that the unhappy divorce between the real and ideal is the especial disaster of our times. Few and brief have been the periods in human history when a vital belief in a mythology capable of supplying art with the most exalted themes has co-existed with the ability to apply it to poetic usages. The reason is evident—that such a degree of ability implies a degree of culture and intelligence in presence of which the most picturesque legends disappear like

> "A withered morn,
> Smote by the fresh beam of the springing East."

For two generations only was it possible for the Greeks to retain, along with the civilization which permitted their tragic poets to exemplify the perfection of artistic skill no less than of native power, the simple traditional belief which gave their dramas a root in the national life as well as the national sense of beauty. Dante's contemporaries readily explained the gloom of his aspect as the effect of his Stygian experiences; but the Cardinal of Este, two hundred and fifty years later, would probably have referred the Divine Comedy to the same category as the Orlando Furioso. In fact, the difficulty of accomplishing the task on which modern criticism rather vociferously insists, of finding imaginative expression for the interests, aspirations, and social peculiarities of our own age, is so far from being any special characteristic of the age in question that it would be hard to point out any writers who have more unequivocally succumbed to it than the great Italian pair of the sixteenth century,—Ariosto and Tasso. The contemporaries of the Constable Bourbon can hardly have cared much about Orlando; and, in Tasso's day, the Holy Sepulchre, so far from being the goal of a crusade, would not even answer as a pretext for replenishing the Papal coffers. If, then, the universal witness of the human heart justified Mrs. Browning in her "Distrust" of

> "The poet who discerns
> No character or glory in his times,
> And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
> Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle court,"

the successive laureates of that lucky house of Este ought to have been poetically dead and buried long ago. The notoriety of the contrary fact suggests that the utilitarian theory of poetry may perhaps be less sound than specious. We see (and, if further example be required, Spenser, Keats, Shelley, and Schiller are at hand) that it is quite possible for genius to disdain the ground of realities and yet exist—though, it may be but as a wild, wandering beauty, a

> "Strange bird of Paradise
> That floats through Heaven and cannot light."

The modern impatience of the *indirect* operation of the humanizing and harmonizing influences of art—the confusion of the poet's function with that of the philosopher, the legislator, the reformer—have only tended to make writers conceited and readers unjust.

Still, however extravagant the form in which it may sometimes find expression, the desire to see poetry brought into a more intimate relation with the practical needs of the age is in itself laudable and legitimate. In proportion to our appreciation of the elevating and refining character of its influences must be our unwillingness to contemplate these as necessarily limited in their operation to a small literary class. It cannot be said that contemporary poets have, as a body, shown any indisposition "to grapple with the questions of the time." On the contrary, their mistake has rather consisted in the failure to discriminate between those vitally and eternally significant and the merely trans-

ient and accidental features of the age. We live in times exceedingly favourable to the development of the speculative faculty—a period in which it is hardly possible to reflect seriously on any important topic without encountering some problem in urgent need of solution. The answers which for so many centuries have more or less contented the inquiring mind of man are now found to have been merely provisional; and, while old questions are being reopened on all sides, the gigantic development of physical and political science has suggested an infinity of new ones. By virtue of its peculiar sensitiveness, the poetic is even more likely than the ordinary mind to conceive an intense interest in some of these problems; and it is the very law of its being to reproduce its impressions in its creations. Unfortunately, nothing but an instinctive sense of artistic fitness will enable it to distinguish the permanent from the accidental features of its fascinating environment. We might mention two contemporary poets who possess this delicate tact, but doubt if the list could be extended.

Some writers not merely by preference adopt a metrical form as the vehicle of thought, but are before all things *poets*. Their conception of a poet is not that of one writing to instruct, to refine, to expound a plan of life, to accomplish any end whatever capable of being expressed with logical precision in words; but whose aim, or rather call it instinct, is simply to compose poetry. If you ask what this poetry is, they cannot tell you; they are only sure that it is an actual entity, as real an existence as painting or music. As painting, they would say, is not outline and colour, so neither is poet's language and rhythm; these are simply the vesture of the spirit else invisible. As music is not an ingenious way of moving the passions, but a something which possesses this among other properties, so the power of poetry to exalt or admonish is indeed an inherent quality, but not the essence of poetry itself. A writer who has risen to this conception of his art will neither make perfection of form nor practical utility his main object, for his instinct assures him that the soul of poetry lies elsewhere. As the painter does not conceive the universe to be all colour, as the musician has eyes as well as ears, so he himself does not regard poetry as sunlight, steeping the universe in a flood of monotonous radiance, but as the intense electric beam, whose splendid concentration on some objects only serves to isolate them from the surrounding darkness. Consequently, he will be an eclectic, content with selecting from the mass of contemporary interests those themes alone which appear to him susceptible of poetic treatment; like a bee, he alights only upon flowers. Thus, though Mr. Tennyson is one of the most thoughtful of men, familiar with every branch of ethical and abstract speculation, it is impossible to extract anything like a theory of life from his writings, simply because such a theory must necessarily take cognisance of a multitude of details which he has intuitively perceived to be unpoetical. The same might have been said even of so eminent a thinker as Goethe, had he never written in prose.

But, it may be asked, is the reader dependent on the fidelity of the writer's intuitions? Can he not determine for himself when he is or is not reading poetry? We might reply that he is himself frequently a participant in "the vision and the faculty divine," even though "the channels between thought and expression may have been obstructed." Perhaps, however, it may be possible to discover a less abrupt *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Painting, sculpture, music, are found to agree in the common aim of raising man above himself—of substituting a state of emotion for one of tranquillity. If no emotion be excited by the sight of a painting or a statue, or the hearing of a piece of music, then either the spectator or listener is naturally insensible to the influence of art, or has temporarily become so through satiety, pre-occupation, or infirmity, or else the merits of the work itself are merely of a technical character. Poetry, in the proper sense of the term,

is attended by the same effect, and may be discovered by the same criterion. The range of the poetic is indeed more extensive than that of the sister arts. Emotion may be aroused by an appeal to the affections, as in Moore's—

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art;"

—to the imagination, as in Shelley's description of the waning moon:—

"Like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up on the murky earth,
A white and shapeless mass;"

or, finally, by the enunciation of some grand moral or philosophical truth, such as Wordsworth's—

"Sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

This latter sublime passage is to be rather apprehended intuitively than by a conscious effort of the understanding; and so in every case the appeal is addressed to feeling of some sort;[1] and, therefore, poetry, in the highest sense, cannot undertake the construction of a theory of life or the universe, on which the logical faculty alone is competent to pronounce. Yet this is the very work which each successive generation requires and attempts to accomplish. The highest kind of poetry, then, cannot fulfil the wants and wishes of contemporaries; and it even requires self-discipline and watchfulness, and an ambition of achieving practical results, to prevent its wandering off altogether into the ideal regions which are after all most congenial to its nature. Mrs. Shelley has recorded the difficulty her husband experienced in composing political songs, political zealot as he was.

The cultivation of poetry for its own sake is, however, quite exceptional, even with poets. With most, when once they have travelled beyond the simple lyrical expression of their individual emotions, the main impulse to the production of poetry has obviously been to afford the world the benefit of their opinion on subjects which appear to them of importance. Thus, if we are to accept Milton's own account of his aims, his sublimest flights of imagination are merely accessories to the practical end of "justifying the ways of God to man." It is impossible to suppose that the architect of Pandemonium took no pleasure in his work for its own sake, independent of the value he ascribed to it as a buttress of theology; but, with less imaginative writers, the artistic motive disappears in the didactic. In the "Course of Time," for example, the Calvinistic polemic is real and hearty; the imaginative form a reminiscence of Milton, as conventional as a red petticoat in a landscape. The same assertion, *mutatis mutandis*, may be made with reference to Cowper, Young, Crabbe, &c. Almost all Wordsworth's poems stand in direct and calculated relation to his theories of life and art. Even Mrs. Browning tells us that she intends "Aurora Leigh" as the exponent of her own. Now we think we may venture to assume as axioms—

1. That every system of thought is in some way the offspring of the age in which it makes its appearance. Thus Wordsworth's anti-conventionalism was at bottom merely another manifestation of the same spirit that was contemporaneously overthrowing the thrones of the continent. The Tractarian protest against the tendencies of the age was virtually as much the creature of the age as those tendencies themselves.

2. The poets who frame such systems are necessarily better exponents of the special characteristics of their times than those who restrict themselves to the essentially poetical; for this is the common property of all ages. But, the

[1] See Mr. Mill's masterly essay on Poetry and its Varieties ("Dissertations and Discussions," vol. i.).

more completely they express these characteristic features, the more certainly do they reproduce the frivolous casual aspects of the age, as well as those of serious and permanent significance. Consequently, the problem, how to adapt the eternal spirit of poetry to contemporary interests and sympathies, does not admit of a satisfactory solution. A rigid idealist, professing to go round the world without transgressing the limits of pure poetry, is like one endeavouring to empty the sea with a bucket. A mere realist, trying to accomplish the poet's task with the satirist's tools, would hew an oak with rushes, weave a cable from sand. The same strictures apply to the purely didactic poet, who is inevitably driven to adapt his instructions to the special requirements of his generation.

Mr. Patmore[1] is an admirable example of the second of the poetical classes we have endeavoured to discriminate above —of those, namely, who write poetry not for its own sake, but for that of some definite aim ever present to their minds. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Patmore have each treated of the mission of woman; but is it possible to imagine two more dissimilar works than the "Princess" and the "Angel in the House?" Mr. Patmore describes his task as self-imposed, requiring special training, steady purpose, and prolonged effort:—

> "The fairest realm in all the earth
> Is counted still a heathen land;
> So I, like Joshua, now go forth
> To give it into Israel's hand.
> I've girt myself with faith and prayer," &c.

And he does indeed go at his work with a simple manly directness that would insure him our respect, even if his genius did not, as it must, command our admiration. Mr. Tennyson, too, professes to have a moral, of which he is continually losing sight, and which cannot be deduced from the preceding narrative. "Maud" has fifty times the moral significance of "The Princess," and for this very reason, that Mr. Tennyson has not gone out of his way in quest of anything, but, allowing free play to his artistic instincts, has evolved an ethical lesson as well. Mr. Patmore could not write with this *abandon;* he speaks by the intellect, though, it may be, often *to* the feelings. Fortunately these feelings, though temporarily entwined like ivy with much that is accidental and perishable, have still, like ivy, a root in the solid earth. If we wish to understand Mr. Patmore's merit in this respect, we can compare his poem with one partly conceived in a kindred spirit—Aurora Leigh. Each book is occupied with a social problem; but Mrs. Browning's is one to which the peculiar aspects of the age have imparted an adventitious importance, while Mr. Patmore's is invested with constant freshness by its vital relation to the needs of the human heart. The elements of decay in his work—its wood, hay, and stubble—appear to us to be not so much inherent in its structure as superinduced by his didactic spirit, his determination to exhaust the significance of his theme, instead of confining himself to its poetic aspects as Mr. Tennyson would have done. In a word, he seems to us to confuse the office of the poet with that of the moralist on one hand, and that of the novelist on the other.

This implies that Mr. Patmore is after all essentially a poet, and moreover that, when he temporarily ceases to be such, he does but substitute one kind of excellence for another. His ethics and his social delineations are as good in their way as the inspirations of his loftier mood—his precious metal has some alloy, but little dross. It requires, we are sensible, a much finer analysis than ours to discriminate with perfect accuracy between his poetry and his prose; and, unlike most treasure-seekers, we are in much greater danger of parting with the object of our quest than of retaining what we do not want. It is curious that this enthusiastic singer of domestic life should himself be one of the last writers with whom we can feel thoroughly at home; but assuredly the most sensi-

[1] *Faithful for Ever.* By Coventry Patmore. J. W. Parker and Son.

ble impression we have derived from every reperusal of the "Angel in the House" has been one of astonishment at the amount of beauty which the last reading had left for us to discover. We may say of Mr. Patmore's book, as he says of his heroine, that we have found it "more to us"

> "Yesterday than the day before,
> And more to-day than yesterday."

Any opinion, therefore, that we may express respecting the poem under consideration must be taken as subject to revision; yet there are principles of criticism which we may venture to apply boldly. If we find, for example, any particular passage to be—leaving its metrical form out of account—exactly such as we should have expected to meet with in a novel, we can hardly consider it to be in its place where we find it; often, on the other hand, when the theme is apparently little calculated to arouse our sympathies, the poet's lyrical fervour indicates that its significance has been more truly revealed to him than to us. In the first book, more especially, the fountains of the great deep of feeling are broken up with tempest; the subsequent calm is indeed a falling-off, but we are in more danger of tedium than of shipwreck.

"Faithful for Ever" is not, as we have seen it described, an episode in "The Angel in the House;" it is rather a supplement, representing some of the aspects of the philosophy of love and marriage, excluded by the plan of the former work. In "The Angel in the House," the course of true love runs exceedingly smooth. Intended as introductory to a comprehensive treatment of the whole theory of married life, it necessarily excluded the idea of any but a fortunate catastrophe. To have conducted Vaughan's suit to an unprosperous termination would have been to have shut the door in the poet's own face; the "betrothal" was the necessary condition of the "espousals." It would, of course, have been possible to have subjected the hero to violent alternations of hope and fear, joy and bitterness, as painters of the final triumph of the righteous make over half their canvas to the demons. But Mr. Patmore appears to have felt, with the delicate tact we so often admire in him, that pathos misses its effect when joy is a foregone conclusion, and that it would be better to reserve it as the leading motive of a new work. In the present poem, accordingly, we are presented with a new protagonist in the person of Frederick Graham, Vaughan's moral and spiritual fac-simile, and whose preferences and antipathies necessarily correspond to those of his counterpart. It follows that both are attracted by Honoria Churchill, and it falls to the rejected Graham to teach what the fortunate Vaughan could not know. The task which Mr. Patmore has thus prescribed to himself, of representing the demeanour of a mind of unusual nobility under a trial of which even his eloquence cannot exaggerate the bitterness, is one already attempted by Mr. Tennyson in *Love and Duty*. The laureate, however, only gives us the result; Mr. Patmore, a master of analysis rather than of generalisation, is more particularly occupied with the process. Every phase of feeling through which the lover has to struggle is seized at the culminating point, and reproduced with a pathos which nothing can exceed, because nothing can surpass its fidelity. It would be great injustice to Mr. Patmore not to allow him to speak here for himself. Laying a good foundation, Frederick thus describes the lady of his heart in the first canto:—

> "The noble girl! With whom she talks
> She knights first with her smile; she walks,
> Stands, dances, to such sweet effect
> Alone she seems to go erect.
> The brightest and the chastest brow
> Rules o'er a cheek which seems to show
> That love, as a mere vague suspense
> Of apprehensive innocence,
> Perturbs her heart; love without aim
> Or object, like the holy flame
> That in the Vestals' temple glowed
> Without the image of a god."

The gradual ascent of admiration into passion is portrayed with the most delicate accuracy. The transient and contradictory emotions of the lover's

mood are arrested and recorded in the very act of passing into their opposites; the contending billows of his breast are shown by sudden flashes, as he himself picturesquely says of the waves of an actual storm—

"Standing about in stony heaps."

At one moment he exclaims—

"Blest is her place! blissful is she!
And I, departing, seem to be
Like the strange waif that comes to run
A few days flaming near the sun,
And carries back through boundless night
Its lessening memory of light."

But the next—

"What! and, when some short months are o'er,
Be not much other than before?
Decline the high harmonious sphere
In which I'm held but while she's dear?
In unrespective peace forget
Those eyes for which mine own are wet
With that delicious fruitful dew
Which, check'd, will never flow anew?
For daily life's dull senseless mood
Slay the sharp nerves of gratitude
And sweet allegiance, which I owe
Whether she cares for me or no?
Nay, mother, I, forewarned, prefer
To want for all in wanting her.
For all? Love's best is not bereft
Ever from him to whom is left
The trust that God will not deceive
His creature, fashion'd to believe
The prophecies of pure desire.
Not loss, nor death, my love shall tire.
A mystery does my heart foretell;
Nor do I press the oracle
For explanations. Leave me alone,
And let in me love's will be done."

What that will was is known to all readers of the "Angel in the House." The final overthrow of such hope as Graham had ventured to entertain, is expressed in perhaps the finest simile Mr. Patmore has yet made. His rival Vaughan enters while he is sitting with Honoria:—

"And, as the image of the moon
Breaks up within some still lagoon
That feels the soft wind suddenly,
Or tide fresh flowing from the sea,
And turns to giddy flames that go
Over the water to and fro,
Thus, when he took her hand to-night,
Her lovely gravity of light
Was scattered into many smiles
And flattering weakness. Hope beguiles
No more my heart, dear mother; He
By jealous looks, o'erhonoured me!"

We know not whether Mr. Patmore, who has finely said in "The Angel in the House" that

"Love in tears too noble is
For pity, save of Love in smiles,"

has since so far modified his opinions as to intentionally represent an unfortunate as the legitimate object of envy instead of compassion to a successful lover. We remember, indeed, Vaughan in one place expressing himself as if his being less "hapless" necessarily implied that he was less "great" than his rival; and assuredly the enthusiasm of possession falls short of the fervour with which Graham,

"Nursing the image of unfelt caresses
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half-created shadow,"

celebrates the object of his affection and despair. He dreams that—

"Lo!
As moisture sweet my seeing blurs
To hear my name so linked with hers,
A mirror joins, by guilty chance,
Either's averted, watchful glance!
Or with me in the ball-room's blaze
Her brilliant mildness thrids the maze;
Our thoughts are lovely, and each word
Is music in the music heard,
And all things seem but parts to be
In one persistent harmony,
By which I'm made divinely bold;
The secret, which she knows, is told;
And, laughing with a lofty bliss
Of innocent accord, we kiss;
About her neck my pleasure weeps;
Against my lip the silk vein leaps.

* * * * *

Or else some wasteful malady
Devours her shape and dims her eye;
No charms are left, where all were rife,
Except her voice, which is her life,
Wherewith she, in her foolish fear,
Says trembling, 'Do you love me, dear?'
And I reply, 'Ah, sweet, I vow
I never loved but half till now.'
She turns her face to the wall at this,
And says, 'Go, love, 'tis too much bliss.'
And then a sudden pulse is sent
About the sounding firmament
In smitings as of silver bars;
The bright disorder of the stars
Is solved by music, far and near,
Through infinite distinctions clear
Their two-fold voice's deeper tone
Thunders the Name which all things own,
And each ecstatic treble dwells
On that whereof none other tells;

And we, sublimed to song and fire,
Take order in the wheeling quire,
Till from the throbbing sphere I start,
Waked by the beating of my heart."

All his visions, however, are far from resembling this :—

"When I lay me down at even
'Tis Hades lit with neighbouring Heaven.
There comes a smile acutely sweet
Out of the picturing dark; I meet
The ancient frankness of her gaze,
That simple, bold, and living blaze
Of great goodwill and innocence
And perfect joy proceeding thence,
Ah! made for Earth's delight, yet such
The mid-sea air's too gross to touch.
At thought of which, the soul in me
Is as the bird that bites a bee,
And darts abroad on frantic wing
Tasting the honey and the sting;
And, moaning where all round me sleep
Amidst the moaning of the deep,
I start at midnight from my bed,
And have no right to strike him dead."

Nor any wish, before long. Vaughan and his bride visit Graham's ship, and the effect of his observation is to compel the latter to resign "the ultimate hope I rested on :"—

"The hope that in the heavens high
At last it should appear that I
Loved most, and so, by claim divine,
Should have her, in the heavens, for mine,
According to such nuptial sort
As may subsist in the holy court,
Where, if there are all kinds of joys
To exhaust the multitude of choice
In many mansions, then there are
Loves personal and particular,
Conspicuous in the glorious sky
Of universal charity
As Hesper in the sunrise."

Whence,

"Standing beneath the sky's pure cope
Unburdened even by a hope,"

he is able to feel—

"That I have known her, that she moves
Somewhere all-graceful; that she loves,
And is beloved, and that she's so
Most happy; and to heaven will go,
Where I may meet with her (yet this
I count but adventitious bliss),
And that the full, celestial weal
Of all shall sensitively feel
The partnership and work of each,
And thus my love and labour reach
Her region, there the more to bless
Her last, consummate happiness,
Is guerdon up to the degree
Of that alone true loyalty
Which, sacrificing, is not nice
About the terms of sacrifice,
But offers all, with smiles that say,
'Twere nothing if 'twere not for aye!"

O si sic omnia! In that case, indeed, "Faithful for Ever" would be no illustration of our doctrine that poetry parts with its essential characteristics in proportion as it undertakes to teach otherwise than indirectly, or concerns itself with the mutable superficies of contemporary life. So far, however, though Frederick Graham is a very substantial personality —a thoroughly imaginable man—his expressions of feeling have been as purely lyrical and subjective as the lamentations of Clymene or Œnone. He has, as before remarked, had to learn the same lesson of self-renunciation as the anonymous hero of "Love and Duty," with this very important difference, that the latter has but succumbed to external circumstances as independent of the will of his beloved as of his own; he has yielded nothing to any rival; what he has acquired is after all more precious than what he has been compelled to forgo. Mr. Tennyson, therefore, is not asking too much when he would have us contemplate the "streaming eye" as finally dried, the "broken heart" as eventually bound up; we not merely acquiesce in the propriety, but have faith in the permanence, of the conclusion at which his hero arrives. The infinitely greater severity of Graham's trial perhaps justifies Mr. Patmore in considering that, had the mood of our last extract been represented as permanent, had the curtain fallen then and there upon his hero's folded arms of humility and upward gaze of ineffable aspiration, our torpid imaginations would have seen nothing but a stage-effect, and expected, could we pierce behind the scenes, to find Graham rather prostrate beneath, than

"Growing, like Atlas, stronger from his load."

At all events, he has not chosen to task our faith so heavily. In the second section of the next canto we find Honoria's lover—married! Yes, and to a

very unattractive personage. Of course, he has a thousand good reasons for maintaining that he has committed no treason against love; that his bride is at worst but as one of Voltaire's *oignons, qui n'étaient pas des dieux tout-a-fait, mais qui leur ressemblaient beaucoup:—*

"As to the ether is the air
Is her good to Honoria's fair;
One place is full of both, yet each
Lies quite beyond the other's reach
And recognition. Star and star,
Rays crossing, closer rivals are."

Mr. Patmore is now fully in his element, with a triple moral problem before him. He has to make his hero's paradox good, to show the effect on Jane (the unattractive wife) of being thus caught up into a sphere so much above her, and to determine the proper relation of Honoria to her married lover. This involves the necessity of a copious and minute delineation of manners and customs, since (to name but one aspect of the problem) it is impossible to depict Frederick and Jane's mutual relation and interaction without entering fully into the details of their domestic life. Behold us, then, alike from the didactic and the descriptive point of view, fairly committed to a course of what, *we* say, is substantially prose; not that the writing is not, for the most part, very clever, but this is not the question; not that we are not continually encountering passages of the most exquisite poetry, but these are not the rule. We are content to stake the whole theory of this paper on a single issue,—"Is or is not the first book of 'Faithful for Ever' incomparably the best of the three?" It would be a cheap triumph to produce some of the passages (excellent as these are in their way) in which Mr. Patmore furls the poet's wing on the essayist's perch; but these separate bricks could at best bear witness to the material, not to the style of the building.

In conclusion, it will be but just to produce the results at which Mr. Patmore appears to have arrived, embodied in two of the most charming passages of his poem. As regards the relation which Honoria ultimately assumes to Graham, contemplated from *her* point of view, we learn nothing; and, indeed, the problem suggests questions of such infinite delicacy that we cannot wonder at Mr. Patmore's reticence. As we are only concerned with her here in so far as she concerns Frederick, we could well have dispensed with numerous trivial details relative to her husband and children, which vexatiously conflict with the unity of impression already disturbed by the change of *venue* in Book II. In fact, the way in which she is trotted out for the admiration of one personage after another is almost comical. That Frederick himself should never tire of praising her is as natural as that we should never tire of listening to passages like this:—

"I kiss'd the kind, warm neck that slept,
And from her side, this morning, stepp'd
To bathe my brain from drowsy night
In the sharp air and golden light.
The dew, like frost, was on the pane.
The year begins, though fair, to wane.
There is a fragrance in its breath
Which is not of the flowers, but death,
And green above the ground appear
The lilies of another year.
I wandered forth, and took my path
Among the bloomless aftermath;
And heard the steadfast robin sing,
As if his own warm heart were spring,
And watch'd him feed where, on the yew,
Hung sugar'd drops of crimson dew;
And then return'd by walls of peach
And pear-trees bending to my reach,
And rose-beds with the roses gone,
To bright-laid breakfast. Mrs. Vaughan
Was there, none with her. I confess
I love her rather more than less!
But she alone was loved of old;
Now love is twain, nay, manifold;
For, somehow, he whose daily life
Adjusts itself to one true wife
Grows to a nuptial, near degree
With all that's fair and womanly.
Therefore, as more than friends, we meet
Without constraint, without regret;
The wedded yoke that each had donn'd
Seeming a sanction, not a bond."

We have undertaken to question the propriety of Mr. Patmore's attempting the solution of moral problems in verse at all, not the logic of the solution itself. Yet we cannot refrain from remarking, that the conclusion expressed in the above most exquisite passage appears to us an unfair deduction from the pre-

mises. On the other hand, the picture of Jane's development from original immaturity, rather than absolute defect, to perfect sweetness and ripeness of character, is as natural as it is captivating. We are indeed reminded at every stroke how much better it would have become the pages of a work like "The Mill on the Floss," where copiousness and minute precision of detail are rather to be cultivated than avoided. Had the writer attempted to rival Miss Evans's exactness, he might have filled two volumes with this single theme; as it is, he is at once too particular for poetry and too superficial for fiction. Yet, as the stalk is forgotten in the flower, we acknowledge a justification of much prose in the lovely poetry that comes to crown it at last.

"Too soon, too soon, comes death to show
We love more deeply than we know!
The rain, that fell upon the height
Too gently to be called delight,
Within the dark vale reappears
As a wild cataract of tears;
And love in life should strive to see
Sometimes what love in death would be.
She's cold. Put to the coffin-lid.
What distance for another did,
That death has done for her!
* * * * *
How great her smallest virtue seems,
How small her greatest fault! Ill dreams
Were those that foil'd with loftier grace
The homely kindness of her face.
'Twas here she sat and work'd, and there
She comb'd and kiss'd the children's hair;
Or, with one baby at her breast,
Another taught, or hush'd to rest.
Praise does the heart no more refuse
To the divinity of use.
Her humblest good is hence most high
In the heavens of fond memory;
And love says Amen to the word,
A prudent wife is from the Lord.
Her worst gown's kept ('tis now the best,
As that in which she oftenest dress'd),
For memory's sake more precious grown
Than she herself was for her own.
Poor wife! foolish it seemed to fly
To sobs instead of dignity,
When she was hurt. Now, more than all,
Heart-rending and angelical
That ignorance of what to do,
Bewilder'd still by wrong from you.
(For what man ever yet had grace
Not to abuse his power and place?)
No magic of her voice or smile
Rais'd in a trice a fairy isle;
But fondness for her underwent
An unregarded increment,
Like that which lifts through centuries
The coral reef within the seas,
Till lo! the land where was the wave.
Alas! 'tis everywhere her grave."

To deny the character of poetry to tenderness and truth like this, would be to rob the Muses of their fairest province—to treat Parnassus as Catherine and her confederates treated Poland.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

BY SIR F. H. DOYLE.

"Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning, they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *kotou*. The Seiks obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dung-hill."—*See China Correspondent of the "Times."*

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish[1] hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

[1] The Buffs, or West Kent Regiment.

HORSE-BREAKING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Since the day when to man was given dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, there is no record of any new attempts on his part to turn his sovereignty to use. Immemorially our beasts of burden have been of the same races as they are now, and equally unchanged have been our methods of subduing them to our service. In these last days comes to us, from the farthest prairies of the Western world, one who tells us that the error of our methods is the cause of the narrowness of our reign. He shows us that strength must always yield to skill, and that ferocity will always disappear before gentleness. He shows us that violence is but feebleness, and that kindness alone is irresistible. He shows us that intellect can create intelligence; and that animals willingly learn of man whatever man rightly addresses to their understanding. To all this we have listened with no deaf ears. Never has discoverer met with more rapid recognition than this unknown American farmer. His first exhibitions were witnessed and applauded by royalty; the highest in the land eagerly bought, as an expensive secret, the knowledge of his process; when by accident its principles became published, scarce a murmur was heard that more had been given than the exploded secret was worth. Now, amongst all classes, it is expounded with still unabated interest; the competitors whom success called up have dropped out of sight; Government has adopted the system for the Army; and the Humane Society has rewarded its discoverer with a medal. There must be something remarkable in the man that wins such a success; but there must be also something remarkable in the nation that grants it, and perhaps still more in the times that permit it.

In no land but ours, indeed, could such a result have followed. Elsewhere Mr. Rarey has amused, and been rewarded by praises, but here alone has he drawn the popular sympathy. We are, in truth, above all nations, a horse-loving nation. To us, riding seems nature; with us, men, women, and children are alike infected with the passion. Those who cannot ride delight to watch those who do ride; our chief national amusements are connected with the use of horses; and the most dignified of our Houses of Parliament thinks a discussion of the weights that race-horses should carry no waste of its time. Nor let us in our gravity deem this turn of the national taste a thing wholly insignificant and immaterial. In the world's history it has happened too often to be wholly an accidental coincidence,

that national supremacy has fallen to the nation which was distinguished by pre-eminence on horseback. Were those old fables of Centaurs and Amazons not based on a dim perception of this truth, when they taught that the first horsemen were half divine, and the first horsewomen more than a match for men? Shall we recall the first great monarchy of the old world, established and maintained by the innumerable Persian cavalry, till it was broken up by a greater horseman than they, the invincible tamer of Bucephalus? Shall we tell how in the most palmy state of Rome the title "horseman" was one of high honour and esteem, alike in peace and war, and how the uninterrupted spread of Roman power was stemmed at one point only, where it encountered the never-conquered Parthians,—those fatal horsemen, fiery in advance, deadly in flight? Shall we recount the prowess of Arabs and Moors, by whose cavalry alone a new religion was carried to the ends of the earth, till the flower of mounted Christendom at Tours met and broke the overwhelming torrent? Need we speak of the days of chivalry, (the very name expressive of the glories of horsemanship,) when mastery lay ever with him who could bring into the field the greatest number of heavy-armed knights, before whose tremendous onset pikemen and archers went down as grass before the mower? Or passing by all other instances, need we now to be reminded that when, first since the time of Charlemagne, Europe fell under the yoke of a conqueror, it was before a nation of horsemen in the Cossack steppes, and a nation of horsemen in the plains of Spain, that his star first paled? And, when at length Cossack and English themselves met in combat, with whom did the final victory rest but with those whose heavy cavalry at Balaklava rode through the opposing squadrons as if they had been a line of paper, and whose light brigade, on that same day, dashed over the Russian batteries with a sweep as resistless as the surge of the tide-race over an outlying reef?

Shall it be objected that all this is of the past; that now we are a nation of riflemen, not of horsemen; that victory will rest for the future with the surest aim, and that long range and accurate sighting have made cavalry henceforth useless in the field? With all deference to ardent volunteers—with, if possible, even more deference to certain military authorities who have announced that opinion—it may be suggested that, as the introduction of gunpowder did not abolish cavalry, although it converted mailed knights into light armed hussars, it is possible that the improvement of the art of gunnery may only further modify, without destroying, the special use and purposes of mounted troops. That we shall not again have cavalry charging infantry from long distances, that we shall never again see cavalry walking about among the squares, seeking leisurely for an opening, as we saw them at Waterloo, may be very true, for the simple reason that with riflemen before them they would not live to reach the squares. But, on the other hand, neither shall we ever again see squares in such a situation, for the simple reason that, at three miles distance, a rifled and breech-loading thirty-two-pounder would mow lanes in them with its shot, and shatter them with its shell at the rate of half a dozen discharges per minute. For all this, we cannot do away with infantry, and just as little shall we be able to do without cavalry. Only the tactics of both must be altered to meet the new circumstances in which they will have to act. Our infantry must be kept more in shelter, and, when shelter is abandoned, it must advance in looser formation than hitherto. There may be moments when the men must be collected for a final charge, but the charge in line will often be superseded by the rapid dash of swarming skirmishers. So must it be with cavalry too. As of old, the charge will often decide the conflict; but, till the moment comes when cavalry can charge in a body, they must manœuvre more under cover, and in smaller and more open bodies than hitherto. But, if this is the case,

why should we not go further? Why should we not have cavalry acting as skirmishers, in exactly the same way and in exactly the same circumstances as we employ infantry skirmishers?—only with this distinction, that they would trust to the speed of their horses' legs instead of their own.

The distinction is invaluable. The distance to which skirmishers can advance from the main body—that is, the distance at which an army can assume the offensive, or keep its antagonists at bay; the distance, too, at which it can acquire information of an enemy's force and movements—has for its limit the distance from which its skirmishers can safely run in, if attacked by an overwhelming force. Mount your skirmishers, and you at once more than double the precious limit. A position in advance can be felt and secured; a position in retreat can be held, at twice the distance from the main body, if your skirmishers are on horseback. To counterbalance this advantage, there are, however, disadvantages. A horse and man are much easier hit in open ground than a man only; and yet this, perhaps, would not in practice be found material, for the greater speed of a horse over open ground would restore equality in their chances. But then it is said that a horse cannot be concealed by the cover that will shelter a man, and that a mounted rifleman cannot get across an inclosed country as a rifleman on foot can. These are the two grand obstacles that deprive us of the benefit of mounted skirmishers. Now these two obstacles are capable of being removed by a judicious application of the instructions which for two years Mr. Rarey has been giving us.

For Mr. Rarey has not merely shown how vicious horses may be subdued, or unbroken horses made fit for work; he has shown how, very easily, very gently, and very completely, ordinary horses may be taught a great deal more than has commonly been taught them. He has shown how the feats which strike us as wonderful when seen in the circus, the acquisition of which accomplishments is the result of months of labour, and in some cases of a good deal of bad usage, may be taught the horse in a few minutes, hours, or days. In a few minutes Mr. Rarey will teach a horse to follow him, to turn, to stop, to go on with him as closely as if he had been led, although all the time the horse's head is, and he knows it, loose. In an hour or two Mr. Rarey will teach the horse to stand immovably still, although his master leaves him, and to gallop up at his master's call. In a few lessons he will teach the horse to lie down at a given signal, say a tap on his fore-leg, and to remain lying till the signal is given to rise. All these things are no speculations; still less are they vain boastings. Any one who has been at Mr. Rarey's exhibitions has seen them accomplished; and those who have been often there have seen them done, or begun, with evident assurance of the same result, every time they have been present. We shall have occasion afterwards to discuss the nature of the means used; meanwhile, accepting the facts, let us consider their bearing on the subject of which we have been speaking.

And first, as to cover. The difference here between a mounted rifleman and a foot rifleman lies in the greater height and bulk of the horse. But make the horse lie down, and very little difference remains. What will shelter a man will in almost every case equally well shelter a horse lying on the ground. Moreover, if in any particular situation there is not cover for a horse, even when lying down, it is pretty certain that at a very short distance sufficient cover can be had. There will be found a rising ground, a clump of trees, a hedge, a bank, or a dry ditch, any of which will quite serve the purpose. Here let the riflemen dismount, cause their horses to lie down, and leave them, perhaps, in charge of one of their number. While the skirmishers steal on from point to point the horses remain close at hand, yet in safety. Suppose that the skirmishers drive the enemy back, and wish to make a further advance; or, suppose they are themselves threatened, and wish to retire with all

possible speed—in either case a call brings each horse to his rider's side. What immensely rapid advances could thus be made; how closely might the light troops hang on an enemy's flanks; how daringly might they cover a retreat, when every distance of any length could be traversed at a gallop, and the means of rapid flight in case of surprise was thus ever within call! Suppose, now, that the country is enclosed, as this England of ours for the most part is, does that form any reason against its being traversed by light horsemen, or heavy horsemen either, if horse and man are English? Let hunting men answer that. Assuredly an enclosed country, impervious as a fortification to the cavalry of every other nation, would be no defence against the attack of English horse, were it not that the rifle, or the pistol, or the sword, would be rather awkward accoutrements in charging a bull-fence, and might chance to hurt the wearer more than the foe if the horse's knees just touched the top rail of timber. But here also Mr. Rarey can help us. Horses taught, as he shows us how to teach them, will follow their masters over a fence as handily as a dog. Coming up, then, to a rasper, our armed hunting man must for the moment forget that craning is an unknown word in his vocabulary. He must have the goodness to dismount, to push his way through the hedge, or to climb over the gate, (supposing he cannot unlock it, which I trust he would always have the sense first to try,) just as he would have to do were he a skirmisher on foot. When over, he calls his horse to him. Over, lightly as a bird, skims the horse. Up jumps our skirmisher, and in a moment is at the next fence, to pour his fire into the secure camp beyond, or the slow winding column in the hollow road below. Till, surprised and confused, the enemy discover the source of their danger, and throw out skirmishers on their part, in force sufficient to carry the hedges, or till they have time to bring up artillery, the game is in our hands. So soon as the tide seems likely to turn, our light cavalry are off. By the time their protecting hedge is passed by the enemy they are through the next hedge, and half-a-dozen more are placed between them and pursuit ere this one is reached by the pursuers. Will any one say that men and horses trained thus, and used thus, might not half bait their foe to death ere the foe could reach an open battle-field? And when that is reached, would the thundering charge of the cavalry be less resistless because they had already seen the flash and smelt the smoke of distant battle, and man and horse had learned to rely on their individual skill, and to have confidence in their mutual prowess? Whoso says that, must say that the charge of bayonets will not be what it was, since a rifle sighted to 900 yards has been substituted for brown Bess without any sight at all.

I do verily believe that in all this a development of the science of war is opening to us such as the world has never yet seen; and such as will make that nation which first sees it mistress of the world, whether she cares to assert her sovereignty or not. We are getting past the age of men used as machines; we are getting into the age of machines used for men, in everything that senseless wood and iron can do as well as senseful men. So, instead of treating men as implements for discharging a certain number of balls in a given general direction, we now place in each soldier's hand a machine so accurate that one discharge from it is more than equal to a hundred from his old piece. But, in entrusting him with such a weapon, we demand from him a commensurate increase of thought in its use. Forced thus to depend on the intelligence of the men, to us, in good time, comes Mr. Rarey, to show how much we may cultivate the intelligence of the horse. He shows us that the value and use of the horse is not restricted to the purposes to which, in the days when men were machines, we put him; but that he will be of equal service and advantage now to the self-dependent and self-acting soldier. We have but to make this new system part of the regular instruction and daily drill of the troops, to see in

six months our cavalry occupy a position such as no cavalry on earth can vie with. We are not yet the first riflemen in the world; perhaps we never may be; but we are the first horsemen, and the advantage of this superiority Mr. Rarey's system preserves for us.

So much for the warlike uses of the new doctrine. But as, after all, war, much as it now fills our thoughts, is not the normal state of man, and as the horse is of even more service to us in peace than in war, it is a question of interest to what extent this development of his intelligence is likely to increase his utility for our ordinary purposes. Now here, in the matter of mere accomplishments, it may at once be granted that the practical gain will not be very great. But the great glory and pride of Mr. Rarey's system is this, that whatever be the work for which the horse may be intended, it will fit him for that work without cruelty and without the chance of making him vicious. Rightly used, it preserves in every horse the good temper and docility which are inherent in every horse; but which now, in constantly recurring cases, are, by blows and ill-usage of breakers, stablemen, and riders, exchanged for sullen stubbornness or malignant ferocity. Perhaps, indeed, it may hereafter be found to have a yet wider application. What so marvellously operates in the instance of the horse, may be found capable of reducing other animals, as yet counted untameable, to the willing servitude of man. For instance, in his own country, Mr. Rarey has driven a couple of elks in his carriage. What a pretty turn-out for a lady in the park would a four-in-hand of fallow deer make! But take a more important and more hopeful instance. In those prodigiously rich and almost boundless regions, which the travels of Anderson, Livingstone, and Burton have opened up to us in Central Africa, one of the greatest practical difficulties in the way of trade is the difficulty of finding the means of carriage for goods. The fatal fly, the tsetse, will there suffer no horse to exist. But over all these plains roam, untouched and secure from its attacks, herds of zebras—animals in power and activity scarcely inferior to the horse. Could we but tame the zebra! Mr. Rarey resolved to try if it could not be done. He procured one, made specially savage—as you will certainly make any animal of spirit savage—by long and close confinement. So wild was it, that when first approached by Mr. Rarey it sprang at an iron bar overhead, and held on with its teeth, while the whole weight of its body hung suspended in the air. Its strength and agility were immense, and every weapon of offence with which nature had endowed it was turned against its instructor. With mouth, and fore-feet, and heels it fought; and yet in three lessons it was led round the ring with a rider on its back; and there was evident truth in Mr. Rarey's assertion that, if he had time, he could in a month ride or drive it anywhere. Why not? Horses have fought as furiously, yet yielded as completely. And, if Mr. Rarey can subdue a vicious zebra as completely as a vicious horse, may we not hope that ordinary men may yet be able to subdue and render useful ordinary zebras?

Such are some of the practical results which, in a practical age and to a practical race, it is needful to indicate in order to win a respectful consideration for any novel system. Yet perhaps we may find that the indirect and the moral influences of the new system are, after all, the most important. Unquestionably they are suggestive of some new ideas on the subject of the relations between man and animals, and of man's responsibility in the exercise of his dominion over them.

For the essence of Mr. Rarey's system is not merely manipulative dexterity; nor is there in the mere outward acts anything of absolute novelty. To hobble a horse so as to prevent his running away, to cast him on the ground by tying his feet together, so as to secure him while an operation is performed, are familiar processes. Nay, the very method of throwing a horse which Mr. Rarey employs, has been employed by many persons before him. Neither, I

rejoice to think, is there anything new in the theory that gentleness is the best teacher, and kindness the sharpest spur. This part of Mr. Rarey's system is every day practised by thousands of horsemen and horsewomen in our own land. But the novelty in Mr. Rarey's system is the system as a whole. It lies in his application of the theory, announced by himself from the first as truly all that he claimed of "discovery," that the right way to subdue any animal of power greater than man's is to apply man's weaker force in such a way and by such means that the animal shall be compelled to believe it to be the greater, and to accompany that exhibition of superior strength with such gentleness that the animal shall recognise that its new master is a beneficent master, and shall for the future obey him for love as much as of necessity.

Now let me—not that I can say much that is new of the process, already so often described, but because having seen it performed on scores of horses by Mr. Rarey, and in some slight way practised it myself, I can say what its general principles and effect are, without reference to the modifications induced by the individual character of any particular animal—try to explain the method by which all this is brought about. With a wild prairie-bred colt the first point would be, of course, to catch him; and, even in this, Mr. Rarey's knowledge of horse nature finds an instructive theme. But in our country a colt is seldom unused to the approach and touch of man, and therefore we may proceed to the second stage—that in which the object is to teach him to submit to be led. The ordinary breaker does this by putting a halter on and pulling in front, while his helper uses the whip behind. The horse will fly from the unexpected pain; but wild terror slowly instructs. Mr. Rarey uses no whip, and does not commence with a halter. He cannot drag the horse forward, for the horse is stronger than he is; but, standing at the side, he can draw the head and neck gently towards him, for the muscles are weak there, and the horse has no inclination to resist. When he has yielded the head, the horse for his own comfort makes a side step. The victory is gained. The process is repeated, and the side step comes quicker, and gradually less to the side and more to the front. At last the horse understands that when you draw his head you want his body to come with it—and as soon as he understands he acts. In a very little time he will follow you without drawing, merely because he likes your caresses. Now you may halter him when you like, only taking care first that he smells the straps and the rope, so as to assure himself that there is no harm in them, and that they are so put on as not to suggest to his mind the idea that they hurt him. A light bit will in the same way be quietly accepted next lesson.

If the horse is very gentle, he may, in a similar manner, be soon accustomed to feel your hand, your arm, the weight of your body on his back, and so be safely mounted. But there is some risk, if he is not very quiet, that during this process something may cause him to put out his strength against yours, and to make the discovery, almost fatal in a horse of spirit, that his strength is greater than yours. So, once for all, Mr. Rarey will convince him that the reverse is the fact. By gradual advances of the hand down the leg, he comes to the near fore foot, and persuades the horse to oblige him by lifting it. A soft strap forming a noose is placed round the pastern; the other end is buckled round the "arm," *i.e.* the leg above the knee. So the leg is suspended, and the horse finds himself—he does not exactly know how, but fancies it must be through some super-horse power in the creature at his side—obliged to stand on three legs. A step or two under this restraint convinces him that it is very awkward and uncomfortable, and that he would be very much obliged if his friend would break the spell. If in alarm he struggles for a moment, he quickly becomes quiet when he finds he is not hurt, only unaccountably paralyzed. Then a similar noose is placed round the pastern of

the off foreleg, and the strap is passed through a surcingle—previously buckled round the horse's body—merely as an aid to the hand in holding the strap tight in the after operations. A push against the shoulder obliges the horse to move a step. As he lifts his leg the strap is drawn up, the leg doubled under him, and he comes down gently on both knees. A moment is absorbed in astonishment at this extraordinary circumstance, and then an effort is made to remedy the accident. But it can't be remedied; often as the horse may rear up he cannot get his feet loose, and still comes down again on his knees. After five, ten, or fifteen minutes' struggle (it never exceeds, and very rarely reaches, twenty minutes), he resigns himself to circumstances, and gently lies down. Perhaps after a rest he will have one more try; but at last he is fully satisfied that man is the stronger, and that it is useless to resist. Now you may handle him all over, sit upon him, take up all his legs, and make him familiar with the weight and touch of your body. All this time you never once hurt him. His proud spirit is taught that it must humble itself, but there is no physical pain. When he finally yields you caress him. And so when he rises, after his first lesson, a wiser and a better horse, he bears you no grudge. You are a superior being, who may in an instant blast his right leg, and make him powerless as a foal; but you are good as well as powerful. He will follow you now more readily than before; and now that he is standing, he will let you sit upon him as you did when he was on the ground. A few more lessons impress his mind indelibly. Never more will he resist; experience, the only teacher of horse and man, has taught him it is vain, and in his submission he finds his true happiness. That is, if you are good to him; if you are powerful and bad, you are—a devil, and as a devil you will make devils like yourself.

But even if thus made devils, Mr. Rarey's creed is, that no horse ever passes beyond the reach of softening mercy. By exactly the same means which have been explained in their application to young horses, Mr. Rarey has subdued and made gentle and playful the most savage brutes England could furnish. They are brought into his presence as it were handcuffed—led by a couple of grooms, one on each side, armed with bludgeons, and holding stout ropes some ten feet in length attached to the horse's head. In no other way can any ordinary mortal dare to approach these sons of Belial. Held thus captive, a yell, a scream, a lash with the hind-feet, a fierce pawing with the fore-feet at an imaginary enemy show every moment the demoniac spirit within. Mr. Rarey watches a quiet instant—with a light spring he is at the horse's shoulder, the grooms drop the long reins, and with their bludgeons vanish from the arena. Man and horse are alone to fight it out—the horse, in his furious passion, bending all his powers to beat down, trample on, mangle, kill his adversary; the man, resolute to reclaim, humanise, subdue into gentle affection the wild beast by his side. Standing close by the shoulder, he avoids the blows alike of hind and fore-feet. The right arm is over the withers, and the hand holds the off-rein, so as to draw the horse's head to that side, and prevent his reaching his antagonist with his teeth. In this position the horse can but struggle to shake his opponent off. But the hold is too secure. Round the ring goes the life and death waltz. At length the quieter moment arrives, when with his left hand Mr. Rarey slips the leather noose round the leg, drops it to its place, and draws it tight. Another dash, and at the next halt the left leg is caught up and securely buckled. Crippled now, the fury of the animal increases, but the struggles are shorter. Soon the other leg is caught up and all is safe. In ten minutes that horse must be on his side—exhausted, but unhurt—yielding only to the resistless power of the calm, inevitable being at his side. When he is quiet he is caressed. The straps are removed; and, when his powers are restored to him, he rises too awestruck

to attack again his fated subduer. A few more lessons daily, or twice a day, repeated, enforce on his memory what has been taught, and he may then be restored to society.

Such is the process in a public arena. But when he operates in private, Mr. Rarey prefers to approach the horse, or let the horse approach him, alone. Such is his confidence—and no man has a larger experience on which to base his confidence—in the native goodness of the horse, that he believes the most dangerous savage will not attack a man from whom he has received no wrong, who stands unarmed, and shows no fear or hostility. So, when he first saw Cruiser, he opened the door and stood alone before the animal—heavily muzzled, it is true, but loose and free to strike with his feet. With a scream, the horse sprang at his supposed enemy; but, seeing a stranger, motionless and unprepared for combat, he paused midway, and drew near quietly to examine the intruder. Let not Mr. Rarey's disciples, however, till they have had no less than his experience, and can work with his most wonderful nerve, temper, skill, and activity, so presume. An instant's wavering of heart, or the minutest failure in judgment, would fire the train. Yet we may remember, as confirmatory of Mr. Rarey's theory, that it is a known fact that many horses violent with men are tractable in a lady's hands; and that we have well-authenticated stories in which most savage animals have suffered infants to play among their legs, and have been seen carefully lifting each foot to avoid hurting the child.

I am anxious to press a little further the consideration that in all this process, rightly conducted, — and if not rightly conducted it will not succeed,— there is absolutely no pain inflicted. The horse's spirit is forced to yield; and, till he recognises the necessity, he struggles violently. But his struggles are so managed that they produce no physical suffering whatever. The muscles of the legs, which are restrained by the straps—those muscles by which the horse tries to disengage and straighten his legs—are so weak, that the utmost force they can exert against the straps is insufficient to produce pain. Bandage your own ancle tightly to your thigh, and you will find that it does not hurt you, however hard you may try to get loose. So, when the second leg is taken up, and the horse brought on his knees, the position, however awkward and helpless, is not unnatural, painful, nor injurious. It is, in fact, that which the horse naturally takes for a moment every time he lies down, and it is that which the ox (not the horse, however) takes in rising up. I have seen quiet horses commence to graze when brought to this position in a pasture-field. To continue it for any length of time is of course fatiguing, and this is its advantage. A countryman, I believe, of Mr. Rarey, has ingeniously remarked that the leopard *can* change his spots, for when he is tired of one spot he can go to another. So the horse, when he is tired of the first stage towards lying down, and has satisfied his mind that he cannot at present get up, can change his position by advancing to the second stage of lying down. This is exactly what the intelligent animal does, and in so doing he finds not merely physical rest but moral happiness.

How far the conviction of human supremacy thus wrought on the horse's mind is permanent and ineffaceable, is a question which has been debated with an unnecessary degree of warmth. The fact is, that to Mr. Rarey the most vicious horses are ever after gentle; and equally gentle to all who treat them gently. But of course Nature is not changed; and the cruelty or folly that first excited resistance and then drove it to madness, will still produce again the same results. Is Mr. Rarey's system, then, imperfect, because it is not creative, but only educational? Or is the education imperfect, because with some natures its teachings may be overpowered by the sudden recoil of unprovoked suffering? I confess, in such a case, I blame neither the education nor

the nature to which it is applied; I blame only the guilty harshness or indiscretion which tempts a hasty nature to revolt, and forbids all hope of amnesty on submission. I think I have heard too of little boys, whom a sense of unjust treatment has made dogged little rebels or violent little savages, but whose after life has shown that in them from the first had dwelt the spirit which is breathed into heroes only. Who was to blame for these wild childhood days—the child, or the child's ill-judging teachers? Perhaps they were not cruel—perhaps with another child the very same treatment would have been eminently successful. Perhaps they had only little cunning ways which a less honest child would not have noticed—perhaps they were guilty only of petty exasperations, which a duller child would not have felt. Is all this the child's fault? If, taken from such charge, and placed in just and tender hands, the fierce anger and despairing recklessness are softened into submission, is it a defect of that true education that it never can bend the spirit to bear wrong with callousness, and to see fraud with indifference? It certainly seems to me that Mr. Rarey's taming of a violent horse is as little impeachable, from the fact that bad treatment will make the horse again as violent as ever.

But all rebellions have a beginning, and all mental tendencies grow more fixed with indulgence. Mr. Rarey's teaching will have this great practical benefit, that it will cut away the occasion of many a rebellion. Few men could subdue a made savage with Mr. Rarey's dexterity—but nearly all men can, and I do hope will, come to follow his teaching in its application to spirited horses, whom an opposite course might render savage. For this never did anyone better deserve the thanks of the humane—I will add of the philanthropist. This lesson of the infinite power of kindness, taught with such new and striking illustration, will go home to thousands of hearts in which it never could else have gained recognition. As evil tendencies grow so do good. A man who is discriminatingly kind to his horse must have sympathies awakened with every living thing. It is good to be obliged even to simulate goodness. The human mind is fortunately too unelastic to avoid taking permanently something of the form which it externally puts on. Something, too, is gained on the side of goodness by simply making thoughtless men think of it.

Yet with knowledge comes, as ever, responsibility. Hitherto we have looked at the great sad problem of the sufferings of animals as if such liability were to them an inevitable condition of existence. We have laid the flattering unction to our souls that what the horse or dog might suffer at our hands was in great part a necessary concomitant of his education to our service, and certainly was less than he might have had to suffer had he been left wild. The former position is now untenable, and even the second grows uncomfortably doubtful. To animals in a state of nature disease seldom comes; when it comes it is short—often shortened by the instinct which makes the companions of a sick or wounded beast fall upon and kill it. Their main suffering, then, in the wild state, is neither more nor less than simply the final agonies of death. Their death is either placid from exhaustion, or violent, as by drowning, by the attack of carnivorous animals, or by that of their fellow-species. How much suffering is there in these modes of death? We fancy a great deal; but is it not that with ourselves "the sense of death is most in apprehension"? Of drowning we know, by the testimony of those who have recovered, that the sensation after the first momentary shock of immersion is actually one of intense pleasure. Of death by the attack of wild animals, we have a very singular testimony from the experience of Dr. Livingstone. He tells us that he was once seized by a lion, which sprang upon him, threw him down, breaking his arm, and then taking him in his mouth shook him as a terrier does a rat, or a cat a mouse. From this instant he declares that, while

fully conscious of his situation, all sense of either pain or terror left him. May we not believe that this is the effect of the methods by which wild animals extinguish life, whether in one of their own species or in one on which they prey; and that the cries and struggles no more indicate true suffering than the convulsive efforts of a drowning man indicate sensation? Assuredly such a thought is not inconsistent with our ideas of God's mercy; and, if we admit it, we clear away some of the main difficulties which beset the question of animal suffering. But, if we thus can eliminate the suffering which arises from death, how little remains to be accounted for save that which flows, directly or indirectly, from man! And now Mr. Rarey teaches us how much of that residue we have inflicted needlessly, stifling conscience with the false pretext that God's gift to us is unavailing till, by our own cruelty, it has been adapted to our use.

B. K.

TRAVELLING IN VICTORIA.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

I HAVE not had the honour of seeing the State of New York; but I am told by those who have seen both, that its feverish energy is only surpassed in one place—Melbourne. The utter ignorance of home-dwellers about this place is extraordinary; they think it is a howling wilderness. I have seen people landing in 1857 with bowie-knives in their belts, and much astonished, instead of meeting bushrangers, at being put into a comfortably padded railway carriage, and whisked up, if it so pleased them, to a first-rate hotel. I have dined at the Wellington in Piccadilly, and I have dined at the Union in Bourke Street; and I prefer the latter. A man asked me the other day whether there were any theatres in Melbourne. I referred him to Miss Swanborough and Mr. G. V. Brooke. There is no account extant of the Melbourne of to-day; even Mr. Westgarth's admirable book is out of date. Let us have a glance at the every-day life of this *terra incognita*.

Day after day I and a friend of mine stayed in town, comforting one another with false excuses. Our business was well concluded, but still we lingered on, in spite of visions which occasionally arose before us of a face we knew, waiting for us, two hundred and fifty miles away on old Wimmera, and which face would probably exclaim with a look of triumph when it caught sight of us, "I knew you would stop for the race!"

For, the next day, Victoria and New South Wales were to meet in deadly conflict. Veno, the long-legged chestnut from Sydney, was to run the great intercolonial match with Alice Hawthorne, our plucky little grey. Both Houses were adjourned *nem. con.*, so that the collective legislative wisdom of the colony might have an opportunity of drinking its cobblers, and making its bets on the grand stand; and you may depend upon it, that, when your honourables adjourn, there is something worth seeing; and that was why we stayed in town.

And so there was something worth seeing. His Excellency himself was worth all the money, with his blue coat and white waistcoat, and his brown, shrewd, handsome face. It was worth while to see our bishop and the Roman Catholic prelate bowing and kootooing together, and pleasanter yet to hear the Wesleyan's wife tell Father G——, the jolly Irish priest, that she and her husband had come to see the "trial of speed," and "that it was quite like a race, really," and Father G—— offering her absolution. Pleasant to look at were the crowded steamers, and the swarming heights around the course, and pleasantest of all was it to see the scarlet

jacket (New South Wales) and the dark blue jacket (Victoria) lying side by side, all through the deadly three-mile struggle, till the poor little grey was just beat at the finish, and then to see every man who had won five shillings batter a guinea hat to pieces in the exuberance of his joy.

Now the reason I mentioned this was, firstly, to make some sort of excuse to my reader for what may otherwise appear to have been inexcusable dawdling; and, secondly, because in consequence of this delay we were forced to do in two days what we should otherwise have taken four at.

Our horses were at a station not far from the great new digging of Mount Ararat, in the Portland Bay district. Mount Ararat was two hundred miles off; for the last sixty miles there was no road; and yet we coolly said to one another at breakfast-time next morning, "We shall get in to-morrow night."

I lingered over my breakfast as one lingers on the bank of the stream, on a cold day, before plunging in. I knew that in ten minutes more I should be no longer a man with a free will, but a bale of goods ticketed and numbered, temporarily the property of the Telegraph Company, tossed from boat to rail, from rail to coach, like a portmanteau, with this difference, that if a portmanteau is injured, you can make the company pay, but if a man is damaged, they consider themselves utterly irresponsible, and, in fact, the ill-used party.

We can see from our window right down the wharf; and our little steamer is getting up her steam under the tall dark warehouses. We must be off. Good bye! "Good bye," says Jack, who aint going, puffing at his last new Vienna meerschaum; "good bye, boys, and a happy journey."

So we raced along past the Great Princes bridge (copied in dimensions from the middle arch of London bridge), and the Hobson's Bay railway station, along the broad wharfs, with all the Flinder Street warehouses towering on our right, and the clear river on our left. Now we were among the shipping; barques, schooners, and brigs of light draught which work up the river from the bay. Here comes our little steamer, the *Comet*, ready to start, with the captain on the bridge—"Only just in time. Good morning, captain. Portmanteau's aboard. All right, captain. Cut away."

Ha! A little rest after that run is rather pleasant. Let us look about us; plenty to be seen here. The river is about the size of the Thames at Oxford, but deep enough to allow ships of two hundred tons and upwards to lie along the wharfs. So here we see the coasting traders in plenty, regular Australians bred and born, in all their glory. That schooner yonder is unloading cedar from the dark jungles of the Clerance far away there in the north, while her next-door neighbour is busy disgorging nuts and apples from Launston in Van Diemen's Land (I humbly ask pardon—Tasmania); and the clipper barque, whose elegant bows tower over our heads, is a timber ship from New Zealand loaded with Kauri pine, and what not. There goes the seven o'clock train across the wooden viaduct! They say that Hobson's Bay railway is paying its eighteen per cent. Ha, here we are off at last!

Here we are off at last, panting down the river. "Where to?" say you. Well, I'll tell you. We are going down the Yarra to catch the first train from Williamstown to Geelong; from Geelong we go to Ballarat by coach, where we sleep; and to-morrow morning we mean to coach it on to Ararat, and then, picking up our horses, to get to our home on the Wimmera.

If our reader has never been in Australia, he will hardly understand what are the sensations of a man, long banished, when he first realizes to himself the fact, "I am going home." Home! No one ever says, "I am going to Europe, sir," or "I am going to England, sir." Men say, "I am thinking of taking a run home, Jim" (or Tom, as the case may be). Then you know Jim (or Tom) considers you as a sacrosanct person, and tires not in doing errands for you—will wade the mud of little La Trobe

Street for you, and tells you all the time that, when so-and-so happens (when the kye come home, in fact), he means to run home too, and see the old folk.

We are steaming at half speed past the sweet-smelling slaughter-houses, with the captain on the bridge swearing at a lumbering Norwegian bark who has got across the river, and whose skipper replies to our captain's Queen's English in an unknown and barbarous tongue. The custom-house officer on board is known to us; so the captain makes a particular exception of his eyes, beyond that of the Norwegian skipper and his crew, gives them a thump with his larboard paddlebox which cants the bark's head up stream again, and on we go.

Plenty to see here, for those who do not choose to shut their eyes, as we steam down the narrow deep river between walls of tea scrub (a shrub somewhat resembling the tamarisk). Here are some fellows fishing and catching great bream; and now, above the high green wall, we begin to see the inland landscape of broad yellow plains intersected with belts of darksome forest, while beyond, distant but forty miles, is the great dividing range, which here approaches nearer to the sea and gets lower than in any other part of its two-thousand-mile course. Mount Macedon (three thousand feet), Mount Blackwood with its rich gold-mines, and Pretty Sally's Hill (Apollo, what a name!), are the three principal eminences in sight of Melbourne. It is hard to believe that that wooded roll in the land is one hundred and fifty feet higher than majestic Cader Idris, but so it is.

Now the river grows apace into a broad estuary, and now suddenly rounding an angle we see busy Williamstown before us on the right bank—a group of zinc-roofed houses, a battery, two long dark stone jetties, and a tall white lighthouse. Now we open on the bay too; there are the convict hulks under the battery, with the two ships of war lying close beyond, and away to the left the crowded shipping.

There begins a buzz of conversation now; men ask which is the *Swiftsure* (a new clipper of Green's, just arrived in sixty-seven days). That's her next the *Red Jacket*. A black ship with a white beading. The Queen's ship, the *Electra*, is to sail this morning for England; there she goes—that gun is to weigh anchor, and lo! in an instant her yards are blackened by two hundred men, and, rapidly as a trick in a pantomime, her masts become clothed with a cloud of canvas, and, as we touch the railway pier, the good old ship is full sail for England.

As I find that we are only a quarter of an hour behind the time of the train's starting, and as I see a guard violently gesticulating at us to run or we shall be too late, I, who have before travelled by this line, become aware that we have a good half hour to spare; and so we turn into the refreshment room to discuss a bottle of pale ale, and look through the morning's *Argus*. This being leisurely accomplished, we are sulkily taken into custody by the guard and locked up in a comfortable first-class carriage.

There is a gentleman at the farther end with his arm full of papers. This turns out to be his Honour Justice Blank, going on the Dash circuit—a very great person; and, after a few frigid commonplaces, we turn round and look out on to the platform.

There is a group of respectably-dressed men, neat, clean, and shaved, standing together; they are diggers, who have been to town for a day or two, and are now going back to resume work. Near them are two men, who are intending to be diggers, and who have evidently not been many weeks in the country. They are dressed in the traditional old style of the digger in the pictures, the like of which was never seen, and I hope never will be, except among exceeding green new chums. They have got on new red shirts, and new wide-awakes, new moleskins, and new thigh-boots, and huge beards. One of them, too, carries a bowie-knife in a leather belt—a piece of snobbishness he will soon get laughed out of at the mines.

Ah, well, we won't laugh at these two poor bears, with their sorrows before; they will be mightily changed in a year's time, or I am mistaken!

There is a group much more pleasant to contemplate. Two lanky, brown-faced, good-looking youths—the eldest about eighteen, and evidently brothers—are standing side by side, alike in face, figure, and dress; one is an inch longer than the other, but it is impossible to tell them apart. They are not bad specimens of Australian youth before the flood (of gold); and, as being characteristic, I will take notice of them in lieu of giving you statistics about the returns per share of the railway; about which the less that is said the better. They are dressed in breeches and boots, in brilliant-patterned flannel shirts of the same pattern, in white coats of expensive material, with loosely-tied blue handkerchiefs round their necks, and cabbage-tree hats on their heads. Each one has in his hand a stock-whip, some fourteen feet long, and there lies at the feet of each a saddle and bridle. They stand side by side silent. They have that patient, stolid look, which arises from an utter absence of care, and from, let us say, not too much education. Look at the contrast they make to that lawyer, fuming up and down the platform, audibly cross-examining imaginary witnesses as to when the dawdling, jolter-headed idiots, are going to start this lumbering train of theirs. Would all the gold in Ballarat induce him to stand as quiet and unheeding as those two lads have done for half an hour? He could not do it. But our two brothers, *they* are in no hurry, bless you. They ain't hungry or thirsty, or too hot or too cold, or tired with standing; they have plenty of money, and an easy round of duties, easily performed. They would as soon be there as elsewhere. They have never—oh, my pale friends, who are going into the schools next term to try for a first—they have never tasted of the tree of knowledge. Think and say, would you change with them?

These two brown-faced lads are known to us; so we beckon them to come into our carriage. After a quick flash of recognition from the four blue eyes, guard is beckoned up to open the door. The saddles are taken up, and the two brothers prepare to enter. Guard objects that the saddles must go in the luggage-van. Guard's suggestion is received with lofty scorn. Elder brother demands of guard whether he (guard) thinks him such a fool as to shy a thirteen-guinea saddle into the luggage-van, and have everybody else's luggage piled atop of it. Younger brother suggests that they shall go in the luggage-van themselves, and take care of their saddlery. Guard submits that the saddles will annoy the other passengers. His honour, the judge, without raising his eyes from the foolscap sheet he is reading at the other end of the carriage, says, in a throaty voice, as if he was summing up, that if the young gentlemen don't bring their saddles in he shall leave the carriage. So the valuable property is stowed away somehow, and we are once more locked up.

All this waiting about is altered now. Then there was but one line of rails, and an accident every day; now the trains run, I understand, with wonderful punctuality. At this time we waited nearly an hour altogether; but, being men of contented disposition, did not get very much bored. The lawyer aforementioned was enough to amuse one for a time. This leading counsel and M.L.C. grew more impatient as the time went on, and at last, having drawn the station-master out of his private office as a terrier draws a badger, he so bullied and aggravated that peaceable man that he retired into his house in high wrath, sending this Parthian arrow at the lawyer: "If I thought there "were half-a-dozen such aggravating "chaps as you in the train, I'd start "her immediately, and have you all "smashed to punk ashes against the "goods before you'd gone ten miles."

A train comes sliding in alongside of us, and then off we go. Past the battery and the lighthouse, away on to the breezy plains, with the sea on our left.

"The plain is grassy, wild and bare,
Wide and wild, and open to the air."

On every side a wide stretch of grey grass, with here and there a belt of dark timber, seen miles off, making capes and islands in the sea of herbage. A piece of country quite unlike anything one can see in England. Here and there is a lonely station, apparently built for the accommodation of the one public-house which stands about one hundred yards off, the only house in sight. Here two farmers get out (one of whom has lost his luggage), and two get in (one of whom is drunk, through having waited too long at the public-house for the train). Here also the station-master holds a conversation with the guard on the most personal and private matters, every word of which is perfectly audible to the whole train, and highly interesting. And then on we go again.

A pretty blue peaked mountain right before us; the mountain grows bigger and bigger, and at length, racing along under its hanging woods and granite crags, we find that the long-drawn bay on our left is narrowing up, and that the end of our journey is near. Then we see a great town (thirty thousand inhabitants) built of wood, painted white, of red brick and grey stone, with one or two spires, and a great iron clock-tower. Then the train stops; we have come thirty miles, and we are in Geelong.

There was no time then to notice what we had been enabled to notice on former occasions—that the Geelong terminus was a handsome and commodious building, in a suburb of the second city in Victoria, in the port of Great Ballarat; no time for that now. There stands before the gateway of the station a coach like a cricket-drag, with an awning of black leather, and curtains of the same. It holds about ten people, is drawn by four splendid horses, and is driven by a very large, very fresh-coloured, and very handsome Yankee, who is now standing up on his box, and roaring in a voice half sulky, half frantic, "Now then here, now then, all aboard for Ballarat. All aboard for Ballarat." We tumble on board as fast as we can, and find that our driver is inclined to attribute the lateness of the train to a morbid wish on the part of his passengers to make themselves disagreeable to their driver. This very much embittered the relations between the ten passengers on the one hand, and the driver on the other. The latter, indeed, was the most conceited and sulky I ever met among his very sulky and conceited class.

At length all was ready, the horses were standing immoveable, the driver settled himself firmly, and said—"Ho!"

With one mad bound the four horses sprang forward together, one of the leaders fairly standing on his hind legs. Three more fierce plunges, and the coach was fairly under weigh, and the four bays were cantering through the shabby suburbs of the town.

One remarks principally that the houses are of one storey, of wood and iron, and that the population don't comb their hair, and keep many goats, who have no visible means of subsistence. Now the streets get handsomer, and the shops exhibit more plate glass; now passing through a handsome street, with some fine stone houses, and seeing glimpses of the bright blue sea down lanes, we pull up suddenly in a handsome enough market square, with a singularly pretty clock-tower in the centre. There is a pause for a moment at the post-office; and then, before we have time to think of where we are, we are up the street, up the hill, on to the breezy down, with a long black road stretching indefinitely before us.

There is a noble view beneath us now. As we look back, a circular bay, intensely blue, with a shore of white sand; a white town, pretty enough at this distance; two piers with shipping, and a peaked mountain rising from the sea on the left—as like, I suspect, to Naples and Vesuvius as two peas. The myrtle-like shrubs which fringe the shore, and the trim white villas peeping out from among them, carry out the idea amazingly, until the eye catches a tall red chimney-stack or two, and watches a little cloud of steam flying above the

line miles away, and then we know that we are not, indeed, looking at a scene of Italian laziness, but on a good, honest, thriving, busy English town.

Now the whole scene has dipped down below the hill, and we are looking inland over some wooded hills, with a noble, vast stretch of corn-land, dairy-farm, and vineyards on the left. The road goes straight as a line, apparently without a break; and we think it looks level enough until we come to a grand precipitous ravine, about five hundred feet deep, and at the bottom a little river, fringed with green trees, and a pretty village, with a public-house or two, and a blacksmith's shop.

We travelled fast, and were soon up the hill, through the wood, and away over the plains again—long weary yellow stretches of grass, bounded by dull she-oak woods, with one shabby inn by the roadside, visible for miles—the external prospect being so dull that we turned to look at our fellow passengers. There were six in our compartment; let us see what they were like. A tolerably cosmopolitan collection, upon my word. My *vis-à-vis* was a Chinaman, with a round, smooth, beardless face, displaying no trace of human emotion or intelligence—not unlike a cocoa-nut from which the hair has been removed. He was dressed in the height of European dandyism, save that he wore over all a tunic of sky-blue watered silk. He goggled his eyes, and looked at nothing. He did not look out of the window, or at me, or at the bottom of the carriage—he looked nowhere. He had just come back from some villanous expedition in town, and I have no doubt had a cool hundred or two stowed about him for travelling expenses. Next to him sat a big-chested, black-haired, handsome man, whom we knew. He was a French baker on a large scale; and his mission seemed to be to make himself agreeable—which he did, setting us all talking to one another, save the surly driver and the Chinaman. He tried his hand on coachman too; but, only getting an oath for his pains, he desisted, with a shrug; after which, he and his neighbour the Irishman kept us alive for a mile or two by various antics, while a Scotchman looked on approvingly, and took snuff, and a German smoked and dozed.

Such were our companions. As for the scenery we were passing through, or the road we were travelling on, the less that is said of either the better. It is hard for an Englishman to imagine a forest which is in every respect dreary and hideous; yet such is the case with the stunted belt of honeysuckle forest which generally makes its appearance between the sea and the mountains, which must be crossed before one gets into the beautiful glades and valleys among the quartz ranges. Travellers are very apt to condemn Australian woods wholesale, by their first impressions of them from the dreary she-oaks and honeysuckles near the coast—forgetting that afterwards, they saw a little farther in the interior forests more majestic, ay, and more beautiful in their way, though thin in foliage, than it will be easy to find in more than a few places in England. But whoever says that a honeysuckle forest is beautiful deserves to live in one for the rest of his life. It consists of mile beyond mile of miserable clay-land, far too rotten and uneven to walk over with comfort. Its only herbage is sparse worthless tussock-grass; its only timber very like unhappy old apple-trees after a gale of wind.

And the road through this aforesaid honeysuckle forest? Well, it is a remarkable provision of nature that the road (unless macadamised) is so unutterably bad that it quite takes off your attention from the scenery around you—one continual bump, thump, crash; crash, thump, bump. Every instant you are lifted off the seat four inches, and let down again (no cushions, mind you), as if you were playing at see-saw, and the other boy had slid off just when you were at your highest. Your head is shaken till you fear fracture of the base of the skull. The creak, jump, jolt of the vehicle begins to form itself into a tune from its monotony (say the Bay of

Biscay or Old Robin Grey), until some more agonising crash than usual makes you wickedly hope for an upset, that you may get a quiet walk in peace for a mile or two.

No such luck; the driver goes headlong forward, with whip, and voice—a man of one idea—to do it as quickly as possible. "Jerry, Jerry, jo; snap (from the whip). Jerry, hi. Snap, snap. Blank, blank, your blank, blank." This last to his horses. I cannot render it here. Then snap, snap again. A dead fix, and we dream foolishly of getting out and walking. Νηπίοι. He is only gathering his horses together for a rush. Then the original Ho! and we are all right again, going along at full gallop.

The horrible discomfort of our present mode of transit would render it totally impossible for any one who had not been this road before to make any observations, whether general or particular, on the immense amount and variety of traffic which we are meeting and overtaking. We, however, who have in times heretofore, jogged leisurely along the road on horseback—we, I say, can give some sort of idea of what this hideous phantasmagoria of men, horses, drays, women, and children, which, to us, in our headlong course, appear to be tumbling head over heels and making faces at us, would appear to some happier traveller who has not bartered comfort, safety, and money for mere speed.

In one place a string of empty drays passes us going towards the town, each drawn by two horses, very similar in breed and make to inferior English hunters (for your heavy dray-horse, your Barclay and Perkins, would soon bog himself in these heavy roads). Then, again, we overtake a long caravan of loaded horse-drays toiling wearily up country with loads of all conceivable sorts of merchandise; and immediately afterwards, a caravan of bullock-drays, each drawn by eight oxen apiece, going the same way with ourselves, yet empty. How is this? say you, why thus. These bullock-drays belong to the settlers, and have been carrying down wool for shipment, and are returning. As I speak, we meet a wool-dray, piled to a dangerous height with the wool-bales, and threatening each instant to topple over, which threat it religiously fulfils about every fifty miles.

Now we overtake a long file of Chinamen, just landed, all in their native dress, dusky-looking blue smocks, loose drawers of the same, and hats like Indian pagodas. They are carrying their worldly goods over their shoulders, on bamboos, as in the willow-pattern plate; and as they pass, to my astonishment, my goggle-eyed Chinese *vis-à-vis* wakes up, puts his head out of where the window should be, and makes a noise like a door with rusty hinges, but ten times as loud. He is replied to by the head man of the travelling Chinamen in a sound as though one were playing a hurdy-gurdy under the bed-clothes. Our Chinaman draws his head back, and looks round upon his fellow-travellers with the air of one who has said something rather clever, he believes; and before I have time to ask him, angrily, what the deuce he means by making that noise before a gentleman, I see something which puts Chinamen out of my head altogether.

A dray is upset by the roadside, evidently the dray of a newly-arrived emigrant, and all the poor little household gods are scattered about in the dirt. Poor old granny is sitting by the roadside, looking scared and wringing her hands, while the young mother is engaged half in watching her husband among the struggling horses, and half in trying to soothe the baby by her breast. She has had a sad cut, poor soul, I can see by her crumpled bonnet; and she looks pale and wild, but brave withal. A girl about fourteen is nursing and quieting a child of six, while a boy of ten helps his father. There is the bonnet-box, crushed flat by the hair trunk. Alas! for the poor Sunday bonnet inside, brought with such proud care so many miles, the last memento of happy summer church-goings in England. Poor bonnet! becoming poetical only in thy destruction! There, too, the box with the few poor books has burst

open, and "The Iarmer of Englewood Forest" and "Fatherless Fanny" are in the mud with their old friend and companion, the fiddle. God speed you, my poor friends; be brave and careful, and the worst will soon be over. A twelvemonth hence you shall be sitting by the fireside laughing at all these mishaps and annoyances, bitter as they are now.

If this purgatory of jolting continues much longer, a crisis must supervene—death, probably, or insanity. Two or three thousand years ago, as near as I can compute, there was a short cessation of it—a dream, as of being taken into an inn and having a dinner, and seeing the Chinaman eat with his knife and his fingers, dismissing his fork from office without pension; but since then things have been worse than ever; and now a change is coming over me. I must be going mad. That Chinaman's head is no more fixed on his shoulders than King Charles the First's. He has got a joint in his neck like those nodding *papier maché* mandarins we used to have at home. How I should like to knock his head off, only I am so sleepy. Ah! that is it; before I have time to think about it, I am asleep.

I woke whenever we changed horses at a country township, and saw the same sight everywhere,—two or three large wooden hotels, with a few travellers loitering about in the verandahs, unwilling to shoulder their heavy bundles and proceed. A drunken man dragged out and lying prone by the door, with his patient dog waiting till he should arouse himself and come home. The blacksmith's shop, with its lot of gossiping idlers. The store, or village shop, with the proprietor at his door, with his hands in his pockets; half-a-dozen houses around, little wooden farmhouses like toys, standing just inside the three-railed fence, which inclosed the 80, 160, or 640 acre lots belonging to them; and around and beyond all the forest, now composed of Eucalypti (box and stringy bark here), and infinitely more beautiful than the miserable Banksia forest on which we poured the vials of our wrath.

But at a place called Burat-bridge, I woke up for good; for in that place the plank road begins, and from that place the troubles of the traveller into Ballarat end. The road is of wooden planks, laid crosswise, and the coach runs as on a railway. This is an American invention. Let me do the Americans full justice. In spite of the bad and "wooden nutmeg" quality of nine-tenths of their importations, they have taught the Victorians one invaluable lesson—how to travel with speed over rough bush roads. Their double-ended Collins' picks, too, are more useful and handy than any imported from home.

We dash on through the darkening glades of a beautiful forest, the topmost boughs overhead growing more and more golden under the slanting rays of the sinking sun. As the tallest feathery bough begins to lose the light, and the magpie, most glorious of song-birds, croons out his vespers, I lean out of the coach to feast my eyes on a sight which, though so often seen, has never palled upon me—one of the most beautiful mountains in the world, Mount Buninyong. It is the extreme southern lip of a great volcanic crater, which runs up suddenly near a thousand feet above the road, covered from the dark base to where the topmost trees stand, feathering up against the crimson west, with some of the largest timber in the world. Northwards, and towards Ballarat, the lava has burst down the rim of the cup on all sides, pouring in bands from forty to sixty feet thick over the gold-beds, to the everlasting confusion of miners; but at the south end it stands up still as abrupt and lofty as it did when all the fertile country was a fiery desert—when the internal fires were vitrifying every seam in the slate-rock, and sublimating its vapour into gold.

Buninyong. Three large hotels, and a blacksmith's shop. A stoppage. A drunken man, who is anxious to fight any man in the coach for half-a-crown. The return gold escort from Geelong; ten troopers, in scarlet shirts, white breeches, and helmets; two carts, driven tandem, and an officer in a blue cloak,

all of her majesty's 12th regiment; fifty or sixty dogs, who sit perfectly quiet till we start, and then come at us pell-mell, and gnaw our wheels in their wrath; then darkness again, and the forest.

Forest, and a smooth turnpike road. Sleep and dreams. Dreams of the forest getting scanter as we go; of long-drawn gullies running up into the hills, with all the bottom of them turned up in heaps of yellow clay, as though one were laying on the gas in the New forest. Of tents; sometimes one alone, sometimes twenty together, with men and women standing outside, looking at the coach. Of a stoppage at a store, supposed to be the post-office, where was a drunken man who disparaged us, and, like Shimei, went on his way, cursing. Of another bit of forest. Of more tents, and then of waking up and looking over a magnificent amphitheatre among the hills, with ten thousand lights on hill and bottom, and a hundred busy steam-engines fuming and grinding away in the darkness. Of a long street of canvas stores and tents; of a better street of stone and wood; of handsome shops, and then of pulling up opposite a handsome hotel. Ballarat.

We had an excellent supper in a handsome room, and, smoking our pipes after it, were joined by a gentleman in yellow clay-stained moleskin trousers, a blue shirt, and a white cap. This gentleman had not been invited to join our little party, but he did so with the greatest condescension. We soon found that he was a gentleman with a grievance, and that his grievance was Bath's-hole.

I give you my word of honour, that, although he bored us with Bath's hole, and his relations therewith, for an hour and a half, I have not the slightest idea what his grievance was. His strong point was this, that although Bath (the excellent landlord of the hotel in which we were staying) had hit gold, it wasn't the gravel-pits. We, knowing something about the matter, were unfortunately of opinion that it was the gravel-pits, and no other lead; so the discussion was indefinitely prolonged, until we went out to look at the hole itself, just in front of the hotel—an erection like a bankrupt windmill, with a steam-engine inside, standing over a shaft of three hundred feet deep; and then we went to bed.

But not to sleep—oh dear, no! I was in bed at a quarter before eleven. At eleven, two dogs had a difference of opinion under my window; they walked up and down, growling, till, as near as I can guess, a quarter past eleven; when they departed without fighting, at which I was sorry. At half-past eleven (I merely give you approximation as to time; I did not look at my watch), a drunken man fell into the gutter, and, on being helped out by another man, pitched into him savagely. They fought three rounds, and *exeunt*. At twelve, the bar was cleared, and a gentleman, of the name of Bob, was found to be unequal to the occasion, and lay down in the mud, pulling a wheelbarrow over him, under the impression that it was the bed-clothes. Bob's mates fell out as to a score at the blacksmith's for sharpening gads. Fight, and grand *tableau*—*exeunt*. At half-past twelve, a drunken Irishwoman was conducted home by two policemen; on reaching my window, she declined to proceed on any terms whatever, and committed a series of savage assaults on the constabulary. At one, a gentleman from over the way came out of his house, and, without notice or apparent reason, discharged a six-barrelled revolver; which reminded another neighbour that he might as well let off a two-barrelled fowling-piece; which caused a third neighbour to come out and swear at the other two like a trooper.

And so the night wore on. We got to sleep somewhere in the small hours, and then were awakened by the "night-shift" from that abominable "Bath's hole" afore-mentioned, who arrived at the surface of the earth at four A.M. in a preternatural state of liveliness, and murdered sleep. A difference of opinion seemed to exist as to whether a gentleman of the name of Arry was, or was

not, an etcetera fool. It was decided against Arry, by acclamation, and they went to bed.

In the grey light of the morning a vindictive waiter brought me my boots, and announced, in a tone of savage, implacable ferocity, that the coach would be ready in half an hour. So I again found myself opposite my old friend the Chinaman, plunging headlong through one of the worst roads in the world, north-west for Mount Ararat.

Mount Ararat, I must tell you here, at the risk of boring you, was the place at which all men in that year (1857) who cared to win gold were congregated. Eight "leads" of gold were being worked, and the population was close on 60,000.

There was breakfast in an hotel beside a broad desolate-looking lake, with a lofty volcanic down—a "bald hill," as they call them here—rolling up on the right; then "Fiery Creek," an immense deserted diggings among romantic gullies at the foot of a mountain; then we began to pass some very beautiful scenery indeed—flat plains, interspersed with belts of timber, and two fine isolated mountains, four thousand feet or so in height, rising abruptly on the left, the nearest of which rejoiced in the hideous name of "Tuckerimbid" (Mount Cole), and the farthest one in the exceedingly pretty one of Laningeryn. This latter mountain had two sharp peaks like Snowdon; but, like all other high mountains in Australia (except the Alps), was wooded with dense timber from base to summit—a circumstance which considerably mars the beauty of mountain scenery in those parts.

What I am going to tell you now is nothing more than the truth, whatever you may be inclined to think. We were going down a steep hill towards a creek, when the Chinaman, who sat opposite, suddenly, without notice or provocation, levelled his head, and brought it full against what Mr. Sayers would call my bread-basket with such astonishing force that I had no breath left to cry for assistance. I made a wild clutch at his pigtail, with the intention of holding on by that while I punched his head. That intention was never fulfilled; for, ere my hand reached his head, the whole *orbis terrarum*, the entire cosmos, utterly disappeared, and was replaced by a summer sky with floating clouds. The end of all things had come, and I was floating through space alone with a lunatic Chinaman.

But we did not float long. We came back to earth again with a crash enough to break every bone in our bodies, one would think; and I am happy to say that the Chinaman fell under me. Uprising, we saw that the coach had been upset, and rolled completely over. Our friend the French baker was wiping the blood from a terrible cut in the forehead; the Yankee driver lay on his back, as I thought dead; and two of the party were cautiously approaching the four mad struggling horses.

In time the traces were cut; in time the driver came to himself, and swore profane oaths; in time the Frenchman got his head plastered, and was merry over our mishap, and, in time, we got to Ararat.

A great dusty main street of canvas stores, hotels, bagatelle-rooms, and bowling-alleys, outside of which on each side were vast mounds of snow-white pipe-clay, each one of which was surmounted by a windlass attended by two men. Due west, well in sight, rose Mount William, the highest mountain in Portland bay, rising 4,500 feet above the table-land, 6,000 feet above the sea. The main street in which we stop was primeval forest two months ago; and we may remark that the country round lies between the bald volcanic plains and the great ranges, consisting of a poor scrubby heath (more brilliant with flowers in spring than a duke's garden), over which was a sparse forest of stunted gum-trees.

Our coach journey is over, and we are put down at our hotel. Then we wander forth among the "holes" and converse with the miners, while supper is getting ready. A hole is pointed out to us as being remarkable. The men who are working it expect to raise about

sixty load, and are certain of washing out eleven ounces to the load, which will give them somewhere about 600*l.* a man for three weeks' work. We go and look at the hole. It is a pyramid of white pipeclay, about twenty feet high, with a windlass atop, and two handsome young Norfolk men working at it. We hear that their shaft is ninety feet deep, and several other particulars. But what takes our attention more than anything is this. At the foot of the great mound of pipeclay, in the very centre of this roaring mass of advancing civilization, there sit three native black fellows. Naked save for a dirty Government blanket, pinned over their shoulders with a wooden skewer, there they sit, stupid and stunned. On the very place where a short year ago they had been hunting their wallaby and brush kangaroo, the billiard balls are clicking and the fiddles are playing. A rush of sixty thousand Europeans has come into their quiet forest, after that curious yellow metal, of whose existence they had never known; and they sit there stunned and puzzled. The eldest among them can remember the happy old times, when kangaroos were plenty and white men had not been heard of; the youngest can remember the quiet rule of the squatters, when all their work consisted in supplying the settler's table with game. And now! Their time is come, and they know it; there is no place left for them in the land. These white men have brought drink with them, and that will make them forget their troubles for a time. Let them cringe and whine, and prostitute their wives for it, and then die for it; that is all left for them. Alas! poor black fellows, I have left a little bit of my heart among you, and that is the truth.

Five hundred black fellows in full corroborry would have had a sedative tendency compared to what I had to suffer in the way of aggravating noises after I got to bed that night. Our hotel was built of calico; so, as you may suppose, one gathered a tolerable idea of what was going on around one. I got into bed with great confidence at eleven, and then discovered that I was within three statute feet of a bowling-alley. I listened for one hour to the "trundle, trundle, clink, clink," of that exciting game; and then the proprietor of the place put the candle out, and cleared the alley, and I composed myself to sleep.

Then I became painfully conscious that there was a bagatelle-board in my immediate neighbourhood, and that two men were playing on it, and, what was worse, that a dozen or so of other men were looking on, and discussing every stroke. A gentleman of the name of "Nipper," obviously disguised in liquor, was betting on one of the players, called "Sam." I was rather glad when Nipper and Sam fell out, and Sam hit Nipper over the head with the cue; but I was not glad when they came out with the intention of fighting, and wrangled for near upon three-quarters of an hour against my bed.

Then a drunken man came, and fell down on the other side of the calico, within two feet of me, and, being under the impression that he was lost in the bush, began singing out, "Coo'ee," as loud as he could. I suggested to him that he shouldn't make such a noise against a man's tent, whereat he cursed me, demanding what I meant by putting my tent in his way, and, receiving no answer, said that I was always at it.

And on the morrow we were on horseback once more, and, leaving all the dust and turmoil behind, were holding our way across the breezy plains towards the peaceful sunny stations of the west.

MUSING.

Play on, dear love; I do not care
For any music like thine own:
And let it be that simple air
You touch so often when alone:
Not that,—nor that; nor can I tell
Even how its dropping cadence goes;
But last night, when the gloaming fell,
It seemed the voice of its repose.

Just after dinner, you remember,
I went up to my room; and—while
The cold grey twilight of September
Stretched through the limes, like Minster aisle
With lustrous oriel in the west,
And purple clouds in amber laid,
Where sainted spirits seemed to rest
With flaming glories round their head—

Then sat I, well resolved to know,
Caput and locus, every page in't,
One of the fathers, ranked in row,
The grenadiers of my book-regiment.
But, just as if I had uncoiled
His mummy from its rags and rust,
When to his inner heart I toiled,
'Twas but to be choked with saintly dust.

Then, brooding grim, I wondered:—
"How
"Far down among the distant ages,
"Hath this fool's babble floated now
"With the high wisdom of the sages?
"He sat, indeed, at early morn
"Beside the fountains of the light;
"But, blanker than a babe new-born,
"He looked on day, and made it night.

"There's Sappho, little but a name,
"And Pindar, but a fragment hoary;
"And Phidias fills a niche in fame
"With formless shadow of his glory.
"Yet this big dullard, leaden-eyed,
"Hath paper, type, and gilding got;
"And drops, the mud-barge, down the tide
"Where the immortal galleys float.

"Strange doom! high wisdom wrecked and lost,
"Or just a splinter drifts ashore,
"Through dark and stormy ages tossed,
"To make us grieve there is no more.

"And such as this great fellow, he
"Gets handed down safe to this day,—
"The heir-loom of stupidity,
"To make us grieve another way.

"'Tis well, perhaps, for indolence,
"O'ershadowed by the ancient great,
"Had sunk in hopeless reverence,
"To worship, not to emulate—
"But that among their matchless wise
"They had their matchless fools as well,
"And equal immortalities
"To wit and folly both befell.

"And yet the oaf had curious brains
"For cobwebs in the nooks of thought,—
"A spider-gift for subtle trains
"Of useless reason, soon forgot;
"And many a feeble soul, I know,
"All bloodless in his meshes lies;
"So to the spider let him go—
"God made them both for catching flies."

Thus musing, in a stormful mood
I flung him to his dusty nook,
And left the moth her proper food,
And cobwebs to a kindred book.
Just then it was, dear love, I heard,
Slow-swimming through the air, a rhyme
That soothed me, like a pious word,
Remembered at a needful time.

Small skill have I in harmonies,
Recording, with their measured roll,
The master-spirit's mysteries,
The maze and motion of his soul.
But now and then mine ear will catch,
And keep rehearsing dreamily,
A plaintive thought,—a little snatch
From the Eternal melody.

So with the harmonies of truth,
I may not soar with those that hymn,
In beauty of immortal youth,
Among the clear-eyed seraphim;
I can but stand without the doors,
And sometimes catch a passing strain
Like that the mellow blackbird pours
In twilight-woods, fresh after rain—

A passing strain of plaintive thought
In natural music softly stealing,
The pathos of a common lot,
Or homely incident, or feeling;
Nor deep, nor broad, nor soaring high,
Nor surging with the passion-strife;
But rippling clear and quietly
Along the common path of life.

And that is all: there was a time
Of windy vanities, when I
Deemed that among the harps sublime
My psalm might blend its melody.
I'm wiser now—I can but sit
In lowly bower of joy or grief,
With thee, dear love, to share in it,
And pipe to give our hearts relief.

It vexed me when this wisdom came,
At first, and, wrestling with my fate,
I strove awhile to fan the flame,
And, spite of nature, to be great.
Yet, what is better than to know
What God has given thee strength to be?
To live a true life here below
Is more than dreaming gloriously.

Then play that plaintive air to me
You touch so often when alone,
That moves in its simplicity,
With natural grace in every tone.
I'm weary of all mocking birds,
I'm weary, too, of straining throats;
And sweetly dropt its natural words
In natural fall of plaintive notes.

ORWELL.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN AT NAPLES.

THE writer of the letters in the form of a journal, from which the following extracts are, with her permission, made, has been for some years resident with her husband at Naples. She witnessed the entrance of Garibaldi; her graphic description of which has been already before the public. The date of the earliest letter from which the extracts are made is Oct. 16th, the latest, Oct. 27th. The subjects of the extracts are—1 and 2. Scenes in Hospital. 3. Garibaldi: his Character and Influence. 4. A Visit to St. Elmo.

The writer, having found great difficulty in dealing with the peculation, want of cleanliness, lying, and indolence of the hospital officials, has determined, in conjunction with her relatives and other residents, to provide some temporary accommodation for convalescents, who have in many cases left the hospitals as soon as ever their wounds were healed, but long before their strength warranted their joining the camp. Devotion to Garibaldi would inspire them with eagerness to present themselves at Caserta; but their enfeebled frames gave way. Many fainted in the streets, and others languished about at cafés, and in such shelter as they could obtain, unable to procure nourishing food, wine, and other necessary comforts, much less books or amusements suited to their weak health. It is hoped that the means for carrying out this benevolent design will not be wanting. It is believed that the extracts will tell their own story sufficiently, without further preface.

G. B.

EXTRACT 1.—SCENES IN HOSPITAL.

Oct. 8.—MY sister has had a ward given up to her entirely in the Sant' Apostoli Hospital. We spent Sunday in it.

I am much impressed with the courage of the men in bearing pain; I think the courage required in battle is a trifle compared with it. S—— only spoke to some; the others showed their native courtesy in scarcely giving her a sign of recognition as she passed, lest they should seem to put themselves forward, although their faces beamed with pleasure. There is a boy who had had a large ball, which went slantwise through both shoulders and back. He showed me the ball—thimble-shaped, as large as a small wine-glass, but solid. He is obliged to sit curled up forwards night and day. Another whom I was struck with was a young Lombard gentleman, serving in the ranks, very beautiful, like the St. Michael of the Louvre, with reddish hair flowing back in wavy curls from the smooth white forehead. He is mortally wounded, I fear. His fine chestnut eyes are glassy and vacant. There are many who are suffering great agonies, evidenced by the livid lips, the clenched hands, and the drawn features. Those poor faces haunt me in my sleep.

One poor man was having a severe wound in the stomach dressed. It was the first time I had heard the deep hoarse scream of a man in great agony. It went through and through me. It was evident that he tried to repress it, but could not. Yet they are wonderfully cheerful, and are ready for smiles and jokes; and, if they suffer and die, is it not for "la Patria," and for "our general?" Oh! that word "Patria," it is like a trumpet call to new life for each of them! What an elevating influence is the love of country! Even the Neapolitans are stirred by it. Yet there is a great difference between their characters and those of the northerns. In hospital they come around you begging, or claw the air with ten hooked fingers from their distant beds, to hasten your coming to listen to them, so little dignity they have; whereas the others ask you in the most beautiful Italian, which is like a chime of sweet bells, to allow them to pay for the letters you have brought them from the post. Yet I am full of hope for the Neapolitans, seeing that, after years of degrading oppression, one month of liberty has already called out stray and far-apart signs of nobleness.

Money has been given most liberally, but it gets shamefully thrown away, through the incorrigible thieving propensities of the Neapolitan officials. Baskets full of provisions come in at one door and go out at the other, and are re-sold; and the money goes into the pockets of the hospital staff. The same with donations of linen. The meat for their broth is passed through hot water, which is given to the soldiers; the meat itself being taken home by the cooks to feed their families to the fourth and fifth generation. One day we went at an unusual hour, and found their broth just as if you had washed dinner-plates in lukewarm water, and then sprinkled a little grease on the top: the poor men were leaving it. S—— took a basin of it to the kitchen, called the governor, and showed it him before the cook. He just stood in the favourite attitude of Neapolitans, repeating, "Mais que voulez-vous? mais que ferai-je?" "Look after things; scold the cook," she replied. Still he only shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands, made ill-used eyelids, and left *her* to scold the cook. Everybody is afraid of everybody. Oh! for a little uncalculating manliness!

She one day went up to some of the higher floors not under our care, and found a long gallery full of blankets, sheets, shirts and shoes, and a man in it who, with many bows, protested he was there to give out all that was wanted. She then went to a higher sala, and found it in a horrible state. The wall opposite to the long row of beds was lined with thin old mattresses laid on the cold stone floor; and on them were rows of men tossing and wasted with fever, with woollen covers —*not a sheet or a pillow* among them. She gave one of them a glass of lemonade, and observed when he put out his arm that he had no shirt; he told her that, when their own red shirts were taken to be washed they never got them back again, and got no substitute. She went back to the linen-room, and, behold, the door was locked, and the key was said to be in the possession of the princess ——, who had gone to Sorrento! She then told the head Sister of Charity that she would stand by the man until they brought him a shirt; and presently they did so. Another man in that room had only a few days to live, and was trying to pass the time, while his strength lasted, by reading a little dirty novel. S—— gave him a new Testament, and his whole face brightened up. She showed him what parts to read, and told him it was about Jesus Christ, who suffered for us, and that it would comfort him in his sufferings: he said, "Ah, yes; it may help me in dying," and immediately began to devour it. Rejoice with me over this part of our newly-found freedom! If one had done such a thing six months ago, the king, the ministry, the College of Jesuits, and the Council of Cardinals would all have known of it in half an hour, and we should never have seen

the inside of a hospital again, even if we had escaped prison.

EXTRACT 2.—SCENES IN HOSPITAL.

Sunday.—When my sister was distributing her roast-beef to-day in her hospital, there was a cry outside that Garibaldi was coming. People rushed with brooms and swept the floors; and the governor sidled up and hoped she had found the broth better the last few days. Presently Garibaldi entered. A swarm of doctors and attendants immediately surrounded him, praising themselves and craving his notice. She could not hear what he said, but observed that he did not fail to speak to each of the fifty-two men in her sala. She waited at the upper end, beside the handsome likeness of St. Michael, whom I mentioned before. She felt it provoking that, when Garibaldi came up, the governor presented her to him with such a torrent of fulsome flattery that simple dignified Garibaldi could not possibly vie with it, and seemed at a loss what to say, but thanked her most heartily for the care of his men. Then she took the liberty to say that she wished she could do a great deal more—that she would like to see that they had proper food, &c. Then the governor burst out with a declaration that she was the mistress of the whole hospital, and that he lay at her feet, and that everybody, cooks and all, lay at her feet, and that she had only to order to be obeyed, &c., &c. She turned her back on him, and spoke to Garibaldi about the patience and courage of the men; and he went to the St. Michael and bent down and kissed him on both cheeks, and told those around how brave he had been; and the big tears rolled down his face on to that of the dying man. He made him an officer there. All the men, when they heard him coming, began to sit up in their beds and clap their hands, and shout "Papa nostro, papa nostro!" They long to be allowed coffee in the morning instead of their grease and water; so my sister said to one of them, "Now could you not ask the general to order that you have coffee?" The young man answered, "Oh, lady, how could I trouble him with that, when he has so much to see to, and when his very presence gives us new life?" I was glad my sister had this pleasure, for she works with all her heart and soul; and it was a better way of meeting Garibaldi than that of some ladies who sought an interview with him later at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and asked him for a kiss a-piece, and that each might cut off a lock of his hair. General Türr was with him, and looked somewhat out of patience, standing guard over Garibaldi with a comb, and raking down his head after each operation.

On Monday, we went to inquire about the fever cases—about three hundred. They are in the charge of the Princess —— and the "ladies of the commission," who have the spending of the money subscribed. The ladies do not visit every day, and sometimes do odd things. There was a poor man, who had not a day to live, his lungs having been pierced. Some of them came running up, exclaiming, "Oh, how ill he looks! Here, dear man—here are some bonbons!" emptying a lot of almond sugar-plums into his bed, which he regarded with a kind of patient amusement, but, of course, could not touch. The salas up there are not so good. They have a window at each end, and are nearly dark in the midst, and look cheerless; along behind them run rows of small rooms, with windows close up to a dead wall—six men crowded into each of these little holes! This was a barrack turned into a hospital; and the horrid arrangements, which satisfied the dirtiest of all animals (Neapolitan soldiers), still exist. The first of the row of rooms is the public place for the whole floor; but do not imagine that it has any kind of arrangement whatever—any pipes or drains. It has an immense doorway, without any door to shut; at the opposite end of it, a large window, which blows the draught of it all along the rooms, which have their open doorways all in a line with it. Accustomed as I am to the horrors of the streets of Naples, I never imagined

anything like this. It seemed as if it would knock you down when you entered the sala; and it was only with a great effort of self-command that one could remain there. When I awoke in the night, after being there, my throat was sore from the effects of it; what must it be to those poor creatures, wasted with fever, with burning hollow cheeks and glazed eyes, lying without beds—only a thin mattress between them and the stone flags—with their heads up to the very door of this sink of putrefaction, some for thirty days, some for forty? How the human frame can withstand such a thing seems a miracle. We asked a doctor how he had the conscience to undertake to cure people in such a room? He replied, that it was very much against him—"*Mais que voulez-vous?*" with the usual rise of shoulders and eyebrows.

There are some of the worst cases in these rooms. One young man squints till you scarcely see his eyes, and is so deaf, that the old man who attends him is obliged to scream into his ears, and gets a word or two of answer in a hoarse, unnatural voice—all the effect of the fever. He did not squint, nor was he deaf, when brought in. S—— asked him if he should not like his friends to be written to; and, with great difficulty, he recalled and articulated his mother's name and address,—at which the others were astonished, as he had been raving for several days. He opened his mouth greedily to swallow the grapes which we gave him, with an expression like that of a famished beast. It was very sad to see. There was a pretty boy, with a complexion almost blue white, who thought he was better, and had got up in his flannel coat; but he swayed about, and then sank down again. His head was so weak that he could not remember where he lived, except "quattre Piano," neither the street nor the town. At last he remembered it was Turin. Another very pretty blue-eyed, yellow-haired boy of thirteen, from Lucca, wasted with low fever, begged S—— to write to his mother that he was getting better, and hoped to come home soon. His delicate white face was covered over with great cold drops of perspiration. I wiped it with my fine cambric handkerchief, and gave it to him. He tucked it so affectionately into his neck, and added, very anxiously, "Don't ask father or mother to send me money; they are poor, and I would not be an embarrassment to them." One young fellow of eighteen was so completely paralysed with rheumatism as not to be able to put his hand to his mouth. Near him was one with a finely cut face, but, without doubt, the most dreadful thing we had seen; it looked like the face of a corpse many days dead—the blue lip stretched tight over the glittering teeth—the nostrils dilated, but quite stiff—the eyes wide open, but so turned up into the head, that nothing was seen but shining white, contrasting terribly with the dark, deadly clay-colour of the skin—and a deep hollow under each cheekbone, in which a walnut might have lain. I could hardly suppress a moan of horror and pity when his attendant shouted into his ear, and poked and shook him—which he did rather roughly. He turned down his eyes with an effort—great, brilliant, brown eyes they were—but I think they saw nothing; and immediately they turned up again, till the brown disappeared, without winking or closing. He had been taken prisoner by the Royalists on the 1st, and rescued again the same evening. They did not know if he had been beaten on the head with their muskets, or had been shown the fire he was to be roasted at. He had received a shock to his nerves. I asked what he got as nourishment; they said, a few spoonsful of lemonade squeezed between his teeth. A rather stupid young doctor came by, and I asked him if it would not be good to give him something nourishing, and if I might bring him some beef tea? He said, "Yes, certainly; it would be very good for him." Now, I wonder, if the strengthening food was good, why he had got nothing but spoonsful of lemonade for three weeks.

We next went to the Hospital Pelligrino, to ask if a young man was still alive, who was very ill from mortification of the arm up to the shoulder. He

had begged to have his mother sent for from Florence, and S—— had just been able to write to her by the same day's boat; otherwise a week would have been lost. She said it was touching to see him when she had written the letter—how he threw his head from side to side, crying, "Subito, Subito! Madre!" in a kind of despairing, entreating voice. We found him with a nice, gentle-mannered, elderly man by his side, who was his father, just arrived, having set off the same day that he got the letter. In the next bed lay a man with blood flowing from his breast, and face livid, and working in great agony: he was a Neapolitan, just brought in, who had been stabbed in a quarrel over cards and money. The knife had touched his heart, and he had not half an hour to live: two women stood wailing over him. All quarrels and stabbing here are about money; it is the one thing that rouses the Neapolitans to energy and passion. Is it not well that, in fault of a still higher object, they should learn even to worship a character like Garibaldi's? This shocked me more than all else I had seen: the power to look on pain and death seemed suddenly to desert me, when the holy cause was no longer there to sanctify them.

Tuesday.—We went at our usual hour. Madame B—— accompanied me to the fever labyrinth; I went straight to the bed of the poor fellow who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, with strong beef tea for him. Alas! the bed was empty! I could have cried; I had so much longed to cherish him back to consciousness; it seemed hard for the light to go out from a nameless unknown cause, and not even to know who he was. He was not very young; perhaps his wife and children are waiting for him. He died in great agony at seven that morning; he seemed to be struggling hard to utter some word, but could not.

I had brought a quantity of the strongest chloride of lime from the English Pharmacy, and bought some common plates; and I set it all about the worst rooms, and gave a lump of camphor in muslin to each bed. None of them knew what chloride was: I begged them not to eat it, and to ask the doctor to let it remain until I came again.

Thursday.—I went with Dr. and Mrs. Strange to the hospital of San Sebastian, of the Jesuits, to see the English there. It is under the direction of Madame Mario, formerly Miss Jessie White. The English are in four little airy rooms very high up, with cheerful windows, whence they can look over the house-tops to the green hill-side. They are attended by a Scotch doctor named McKenzie, who took his degree in Germany, and by a nice little Irish Sister of Mercy—such a blooming pretty little thing—who was very much delighted to find I had been at the convent of St. Stephen's Green, whence she was sent out to come here. Most of the men are Scotch, and very enthusiastic. Some of the ladies tell them that they were fools to come out. I have it very much at heart that they should be a credit to us; in fighting of course they will—but I wish that they should be well-behaved in every way; and I don't think it will encourage discipline and good behaviour to teach them contempt for the service they had entered. I therefore said all I could, to show them what a noble cause it is, and how proper for the English to help the Italians to secure what God has given them. I wish you could have seen how the faces of those young Scots brightened up at my few words. I think they had become, at the discouragement of some of the English ladies, a little ashamed of what they had done; but now they came out quite eagerly with what they had "thought"—that they *must* come out and lend a helping hand. I was very much pleased with the style of men they are; not at all the "ne'er-do-well" adventurers that some here pretend. Most are of the well-educated Presbyterian middle class, who use grand words when they talk. One was a watchmaker, another a "traveller to a house;" one an Edinburgh man, another a tall fair Cumberland man. There were two well-mannered Londoners—one a clerk in a merchant's office, and a Sunday-school teacher.

Friday.—We had a long day in the hospitals—the first part with our own fifty-two patients. The only one of them who was worse was the nice young fellow who had the great wine glass shaped ball through his shoulders. He had been going on well; but, dear silly fellow, he lost his head with joy on Sunday to see Garibaldi, and jumped out of bed—he who was never allowed to change his position—and the wounds broke out bleeding. He has gone back, and the doctor thought very badly of him. Later we went to the Jesuits to see the English again. I gave to each of the rooms a packet of tea and sugar, and to each a spoon to keep, as they never have any; but the present at which their faces brightened the most was a great lump of brown soap for each little room; they exclaimed, "Now, *won't* we have a wash?" The first since they came to Naples! I gave them plenty of books.

I must not forget to tell you of my triumph over the smells before leaving the *Apostoli*. After finishing with our own sala we went up to the fever wards. I ran along to find out how the smells were, and, behold, the rooms were not worse than ordinary fever rooms. I went to see if the cause was removed; but that was the same. S—— had asked one of the men if anything had been done. He answered, "No; only three days ago a lady came and put white stuff in plates about the floors (where it still was), and since then we have not been tormented." He then broke out into an eloquent description of their former sufferings. I had no idea that chloride was so powerful to counteract an existing evil, and could have danced for joy. There are still two more floors higher up where we have never been. It dawns upon me that my true mission is to hunt up bad smells and try to cure them!

EXTRACT 3.—GARIBALDI: HIS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

The one fault Garibaldi has is in being too guileless and pure-minded for this world. He cannot disbelieve people's good professions until their dishonesty is brought home to him by disastrous proof. There must be a want in his intellect, through which he has not yet learned this lesson; though it only adds to the perfection of his heart, for which all love him so much. A week ago he had a sad disappointment about a wholesale robbery which had been committed by a number of his Calabrian volunteers. He had just been told of it, and had dismissed them from his service, and was breaking his honourable sensitive heart over it in his own little room, where a friend of his who told us the story went to inform him that the ministry here had put aside his measures and were about to substitute others. He told him rather timidly, thinking how it would vex him, to whom they owed everything, to have his authority set at nought: but he was already so cut to the heart about his men having been thieves, that he threw himself into his friend's arms, and said, "Let all be done *for the good of Italy;* do not give a thought to me."

Most certainly he is *not* a diplomatist; if he were he would not be Garibaldi. I daresay there may be five or ten diplomatists in the world, but there is only one Garibaldi. It is just his undiplomatic character which makes him the real hero, but which also unfortunately makes him have no sympathy with, but rather a repulsion against, the secret scheming, and long-laid half-avowed trains of Cavour. It is a pity they are not friends; but the nature of the two men precludes the possibility. Cavour, with his worldly wisdom, regards Garibaldi as a fool, convenient to be used as a tool at fitting times. Garibaldi wants everything to be done openly, from an avowed principle, and for an avowed end; and he believes that the right will be protected by heaven. The one is the ideal of all that worldly wisdom and talent can effect; the other the ideal of all that is morally exalted, all that makes the beauty and soul of chivalry: and they *cannot* walk together, any more than stars and gas-lamps—the latter being much more practically useful for

showing people through the bogs and puddles of man's world; the former more powerful to raise men's hearts and thoughts to a higher tone.

I wish you could hear thoughtful men here speak of what the conception of such a character has even already done for the degraded Neapolitans. They are a people quick of apprehension and appreciation. Try to realise the disadvantages they have had. They were never taught about Christ; and to many of them the idea of right for right's sake, and of all that is true, noble, and devoted, has dawned upon them first through Garibaldi, and already worked a kind of regeneration in their feelings and opinions. Do not think me irreverent—I do not give this more than its true weight; I only mean that such an example and influence as his, acting upon the inner character of the units which make up the vast population of the country, appears to those who are here and observe it, not a substitute for the Christian faith, but a treasure of greater worth than any shining statesman's qualities. We believe that it will make the people more worthy to profit by what statesmanship may secure to them now; so that each will do his work. This part of Garibaldi's work, however, is not so widely understood as his generalship. Even the fighting could not have been successful without him. If Victor Emmanuel had invaded, he would have probably found much more opposition here. It is Garibaldi who represents the moral feeling, and embodies the longings which have stirred all hearts; and this gave him the power to carry all before him.

EXTRACT 4.—VISIT TO ST. ELMO.

Saturday, 27th.—We went to St. Elmo. You know from pictures that the fortress is built on a rock, three sides of which shelve steeply down; the fourth merges into the hill behind, still standing somewhat higher than the hill.

From the ramparts you see the whole of Naples like a map spread out. The huge walls of the fortress, growing straight out of the rock, look imposing enough; but none of us had an idea, till we were there, that they form only the fourth étage as it were of a four-storied building. We were taken about the great square which they enclose, with its barrack buildings, its mounds of shells, its great guns and big mortars. When we had seen the top part, which covers an immense space, they asked us if we would like to see the covered batteries. They opened a large gate in the middle of the enclosed square, and with a lantern we began to descend a wide paved road, almost as steep as a staircase. When we reached the lower level we found ourselves among immense tunnels, very wide and lofty, which follow, at a varying distance of from ten to thirty feet from the outside, the shape of the great rock on which the upper building stands. Wherever the tunnel approached near enough to the outside, the intervening mass was pierced with a great round hole, at which stood a cannon (they *now* have all got their noses turned inwards); and from the heavy mysterious gloom of these huge caverns you caught sight of the most exquisite little vignette views framed in black rock, sometimes fringed with maiden-hair fern—little pictures perfectly painted. The effect was wonderful, from the concentration of light caused by looking through a tube, perhaps fifteen feet long, with black darkness on our side. At one time it was the Red Palace with its arcades; at another a museum or church; then a bright bit of sea with men-of-war riding at anchor. The maiden's-hair was not growing at all; for some had been newly chiselled out, to enable the guns to be better pointed down into the street. There were, perhaps, thirty in all. Then they showed us the big ovens quite at hand to red-heat the balls that they might set fire to any building they struck, and balls standing near, waiting to be heated. Some of the guns swept the drawbridge and causeway by which one ascends from the outer wall; and there are all the necessaries for a body of troops to live down there, even if the outworks were taken—mills for grinding corn, bread-ovens, sleeping huts,

&c. This place is perfectly bomb proof. They talked of destroying St. Elmo; but none of us could understand how they could destroy this place, except by blasting away the entire hill.

Here and there were trap-doors which led down to a lower étage just like the upper one: that makes three floors; and now come the dungeons.

These have no communication with the batteries. To reach them we went a long way down the sloping covered road which leads to the Castle from the drawbridge. I think the door we went in by was on a level with the mouths of those wicked gun-holes. After entering it we went still further down steps and sloping passages cut roughly in the rock, until we came to a large circular dome-shaped cavern, the light of which was very dim. At one side of this cave-hall, there was a funnel-shaped opening, beginning wide and growing narrower, until it reached the face of the rock and open air, where it was heavily barred. I think it looked towards the sea and islands of the west, but we could not see anything distinctly. All around this hall were little huts of mason-work, detached one from the other, that there might be less chance of communication. They had heavy doors faced with iron, if I remember rightly, and in each door a little window with a heavy shutter and bolts; and it was only through this window that the cell could borrow a little light from the large cave which was already so dim, and from which not a speck of green or of sky could be seen. I imagine, from the shape of the bars in the little window, that the door was never opened even to give food. The windows had an opening into which you could have slid a soup plate, which will give you an idea of their size; and the people there confidently assert that the shutters were closed by day. Inside each hut was a bed made of two boards, fixed in the corner, a little sloping, to save a pillow; in one the bed was of stone, with a pillow cut in stone. They have been cleaned out and white-washed, but the stench is still overpowering; imagine what it was when inhabited by people who were never let out, who had no mattresses, and had to wear their clothes night and day! And, if so much cheating goes on about the food in the hospitals, which are open to every visitor, how may we imagine these people were fed!

There was one cell still worse than the others. A little winding staircase led up to it. Even with the door wide open you could not see the person at your elbow. Of course I had heard and read all about the prisons, as you will read this; but, standing there, it came upon me as it had never done before, as a new sense, what it would be to have that door shut upon one. Even when it was open, the darkness seemed to weigh like a year of midnight on my chest, and to crush the breath out. I don't think I should have courage to try to keep alive there; I should lie down on that plank bed and never move any more. A man was kept sixteen years in that hole! In that moment the last spark of pity I had felt for the Bourbons died out of me, and I could have clapped my hands for joy to think that it was over. In other countries a single abuse may arise, like that on which Charles Reade has founded his novel *Never too late to mend;* but this was the *system* upheld by the Government, and known in all its details to Bomba at least, and made use of not against criminals, but against noble-minded men—against many even stupidly innocent, who had not an idea of being patriots, but in whose dusty book-shelves might have been found some book with a forbidden name or word in its pages, which had probably never been opened by its present owner. There is a good reason for never finding a library in the house of a Neapolitan.

But these are not the worst prisons. They are dry: there are others by the sea which drip night and day; and a gentleman who was with us had been informed by one of the released prisoners of a torture invented by his jailor—to dash on him, through an opening at the top, cold water at any time, night or day. He could not avoid it in any part of his cell, and never went to sleep

without expecting it. It became a haunting terror to him, and he had to remain shivering in his wet clothes until they dried upon him. It was a way of extorting money from the friends of a prisoner, to torture him unless bribed not to do so. There were names and dates inscribed on the rock—one of a Spanish nobleman 200 years ago. Some told of very long imprisonments: it seemed as if the very rocks were impregnated with sighs and tears, and groans, and as if they weighed and crushed one's heart with misery.

But there is more to tell, very horrible and mysterious. In the middle of this large cave there was a great round hole, with a low parapet wall enclosing it; and, looking down into it, we saw another hall cut in the rock, like that in which we stood—larger because of not being filled with the cells, and very deep—lighted by a slanting shaft to the opening of the upper one. They told us that this was the place in which they used to put a number of prisoners, whom they wanted to get rid of, together, and shoot them from above. There was an iron gate in the side of the upper hall which led down by a staircase cut in the rock to the under one—a wide staircase, the ends of the steps sharp, but in the middle worn into one continuous slope. Even if the story of the shooting is an exaggeration, it must have taken *thousands* of feet to wear the steps like this; and certainly those feet had not carried people there for their own pleasure. There is *another* gate at the bottom, and more cells opening upon the stairs. It is true that all around the sides of this cave, about the height of a man's head and chest, the walls are marked with round holes, which Captain —— said he could not imagine having been made by anything but a bullet. Supposing that this was used not for political prisoners, but in cases of military revolt, yet what a system to put men into a wild beast's hole and shoot them down, instead of having an open execution after fair trial! The best colour one can put upon it is horrible.

I took the children: it will not be my fault if they do not grow up haters of tyranny and dark dealing. I did not allow them, however, to go into the cells, lest they should be poisoned; but sent them up into the blessed light of day. When we came up again upon the huge ramparts, and saw the celestial looking sunset over the peaks of Ischia, and the rosy clouds mirrored in the bay, it made my heart ache the more for those who had spent years without being able to tell the winter from the summer, scarcely the day from the night. I hope many of them have it made up to them now in glories which the eye of man h not seen, nor his ear heard.

GARIBALDI'S RETIREMENT.

Not that three armies thou didst overthrow,
Not that three cities oped their gates to thee,
I praise thee, Chief; not for this royalty,
Decked with new crowns, that utterly lay low;
For nothing of all thou didst forsake to go
And tend thy vines amid the Etrurian Sea;
Not even that thou didst *this*—though History
Retread two thousand selfish years to show
Another Cincinnatus! Rather for this—
The having lived such life that even this deed
Of stress heroic natural seems as is
Calm night, when glorious day it doth succeed,
And we, forewarned by surest auguries,
The amazing act with no amazement read.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1861.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER I.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF RAVENSHOE.

I HAD intended to have gone into quite a family history of the Ravenshoes, from the time of Canute to that of her present Majesty, whom I here humbly congratulate of having wiser advisers than the monarch last mentioned, as she has never yet been so unfortunate as to wet her Royal feet through the bad advice of either party—I had meant, I say, to have been quite diffuse on the annals of one of our oldest commoner families; but, on going into the subject, I found I must either chronicle little affairs which ought to have been forgotten long ago, or do my work in a very patchy and inefficient way. When I say that the Ravenshoes have been engaged in every plot, rebellion, and civil war, from about a century or so before the Conquest to 1745, and that the history of the house is marked by cruelty and rapacity in old times, and in those more modern by political tergiversation of the blackest dye, the reader will understand why I hesitate to say too much in reference to a name which I especially honour. In order, however, that I may give some idea of what the hereditary character of the familiar is, I must just lead the reader's eye lightly over some of the principal events of their history.

The great Irish families have, as is well known, a banshee, or familiar spirit, who, previous to misfortune or death, flits moaning round the ancestral castle. Now, although the Ravenshoes, like all respectable houses, have an hereditary lawsuit (a feud with the Humbys, of Hele), a ghost (which the present Ravenshoe claims to have repeatedly seen in early youth), and a buried treasure, yet I have never heard that they had a banshee. Had such been the case, that unfortunate spirit would have had no sinecure of it, but rather must have kept howling night and day for nine hundred years or so, in order to have got through her work at all. For the Ravenshoes were almost always in trouble, and yet had a facility of getting out again, which, to one not aware of the cause, was sufficiently inexplicable. Like the Stuarts, they have always taken the losing side, and yet, unlike the Stuarts, have always kept their heads on their shoulders, and their house over their heads. Lady Ascot says that, if Ambrose Ravenshoe had been attainted in 1745, he'd have been hung as sure as fate: there was evidence enough against him to hang a dozen men. I myself, too, have heard Squire Densil declare, with great pride, that the Ravenshoe of King John's time was the only Baron who did not sign Magna Charta; and, if there were a Ravenshoe at Runnymede, I have not the slightest doubt that such was the case. Through the Rose wars, again, they were always on the wrong side, whichever that might have been, because your Ravenshoe, mind you, was not bound to either side in those times, but changed as he fancied fortune was going. As your Ravenshoe was the sort of man who generally joined

a party just when their success was indubitable—that is to say, just when the reaction against them was about to set in—he generally found himself among the party which was going down hill, who despised him for not joining them before, and opposed to the rising party, who hated him because he had declared against them. Which little game is common enough in this present century among deep dogs, and men of the world, who seem, as a general rule, to make as little by it as ever did the Ravenshoes.

Well, whatever your trimmers make by their motion now-a-days, the Ravenshoes were not successful either at liberal conservatism, or conservative liberalism. At the end of the reign of Henry VII. they were as poor as Job, or poorer. But, before you have time to think of it, behold, in 1530, there comes you to court a Sir Alured Ravenshoe, who incontinently begins cutting in at the top of the tune, swaggering, swearing, dressing, fighting, dicing, and all that sort of thing, and, what is more, paying his way in a manner which suggests successful burglary as the only solution. Sir Alured, however, as I find, had done no worse than marry an old maid (Miss Hincksey, one of the Staffordshire Hincksseys) with a splendid fortune; which fortune set the family on its legs again for some generations. This Sir Alured seems to have been an audacious rogue. He made great interest with the King, who was so far pleased with his activity in athletic sports that he gave him a post in Ireland. There our Ravenshoe was so fascinated by the charming manners of the Earl of Kildare that he even accompanied that nobleman on a visit to Desmond; and, after a twelvemonth's unauthorized residence in the interior of Ireland, on his return to England, he was put into the Tower for six months to "consider himself."

This Alured seems to have been a deuce of a fellow, a very good type of the family. When British Harry had that difference we wot of with the Bishop of Rome, I find Alured to have been engaged in some five or six Romish plots, such as, had the King been in possession of facts, would have consigned him to a rather speedy execution. However, the King seems to have looked on this gentleman with a suspicious eye, and to have been pretty well aware what sort of man he was, for I find him writing to his wife, on the occasion of his going to Court—"The King's Grace looked but "sourly upon me, and said it should go "hard, but that the pitcher which went so "oft to the well should be broke at last. "Thereto I making answer, 'that that "should depend on the pitcher, whether "it were iron or clomb,' he turned on his "heel, and presently departed from me."

He must have been possessed of his full share of family audacity to sharpen his wits on the terrible Harry, with such an unpardonable amount of treason hanging over him. I have dwelt thus long on him, as he seems to have possessed a fair share of the virtues and vices of his family—a family always generous and brave, yet always led astray by bad advisers. This Alured built Ravenshoe house, as it stands to this day, and in which much of the scene of this story is laid.

They seem to have got through the Gunpowder Plot pretty well, though I can show you the closet where one of the minor conspirators, one Watson, lay *perdu* for a week or more after that gallant attempt, more I suspect from the effect of a guilty conscience than any thing else, for I never heard of any distinct charge being brought against him. The Forty-five, however, did not pass quite so easily, and Ambrose Ravenshoe went as near to lose his head as any one of the family since the Conquest. When the news came from the north about the alarming advance of the Highlanders, it immediately struck Ambrose that this was the best opportunity for making a fool of himself that could possibly occur. He accordingly, without hesitation or consultation with any mortal soul, rang the bell for his butler, sent for his stud-groom, mounted every man about the place (twenty or so), armed them, grooms, gardeners, and all, with crossbows and partizans from the armoury, and rode

into the cross, at Stonington, on a market day, and boldly proclaimed the Pretender King. It soon got about that "the Squire" was making a fool of himself, and that there was some fun going; so he shortly found himself surrounded by a large and somewhat dirty rabble, who, with cries of "well done, old rebel!" and "hurrah for the Pope!" escorted him, his terror-stricken butler and his shame-stricken grooms, to the Crown and Sceptre. As good luck would have it, there happened to be in the town that day no less a person than Lord Segur, the leading Roman Catholic nobleman of the county. He, accompanied by several of the leading gentlemen of the same persuasion, burst into the room where the Squire sat, overpowered him, and, putting him bound into a coach, carried him off to Segur castle, and locked him up. It took all the strength of the Popish party to save him from attainder. The Church rallied right bravely round the old house, which had always assisted her with sword and purse, and never once had wavered in its allegiance. So, while nobler heads went down, Ambrose Ravenshoe's remained on his shoulders.

Ambrose died in 1759.

John (Monseigneur) in 1771.

Howard in 1800. He first took the Claycomb hounds.

Petre in 1820. He married Alicia, only daughter of Charles, third Earl of Ascot, and was succeeded by Densil, the first of our dramatis personæ—the first of all this shadowy line that we shall see in the flesh. He was born in the year 1783, and married, first in 1812, at his father's desire, a Miss Winkleigh, of whom I know nothing; and second, at his own desire, in 1823, Susan, fourth daughter of Lawrence Petersham, Esq., of Fairford Grange, county Worcester, by whom he had issue—

Cuthbert, born 1826.

Charles, born 1831.

Densil was an only son. His father, a handsome, careless, good-humoured, but weak and superstitious man, was entirely in the hands of the priests, who during his life were undisputed masters of Ravenshoe. Lady Alicia was, as I have said, a daughter of Lord Ascot, a Staunton, as staunchly Protestant a house as any in England. She, however, managed to fall in love with the handsome young Popish Squire, and to elope with him, changing not only her name, but, to the dismay of her family, her faith also, and becoming, pervert-like, more actively bigoted than her easy-going husband. She brought little or no money into the family; and, from her portrait, appears to have been exceedingly pretty, and monstrously silly.

To this strong-minded couple was born, two years after their marriage, a son, who was called Densil.

This young gentleman seems to have got on much like other young gentlemen till the age of twenty-one, when it was determined by the higher powers in conclave assembled that he should go to London and see the world; and so, having been cautioned duly how to avoid the flesh and the devil, to see the world he went. In a short time intelligence came to the confessor of the family, and through him to the father and mother, that Densil was seeing the world with a vengeance; that he was the constant companion of the right honourable Viscount Saltire, the great dandy of the Radical Atheist set, with whom no man might play picquet and live; that he had been upset in a tilbury with Mademoiselle Vaurien of Drury-lane at Kensington turnpike; that he had fought the French *emigré*, a Comte De Hautenbas, apropos of the Vaurien aforementioned,—in short, that he was going on at a deuce of a rate: and so a hurried council was called to deliberate what was to be done.

"He will lose his immortal soul," said the Priest.

"He will dissipate his property," said his mother.

"He will go to the devil," said his father.

So Father Clifford, good man, was despatched to London, with post horses, and ordered to bring back the lost sheep *vi et armis*. Accordingly, at ten o'clock one night, Densil's lad was astounded by having to admit Father Clifford, who

demanded immediately to be led to his master.

Now this was awkward, for James well knew what was going on upstairs; but he knew also what would happen sooner or later to a Ravenshoe servant who trifled with the priest, and so he led the way.

The lost sheep which the good father had come to find was not exactly sober this evening, and certainly not in a very good temper. He was playing *écarté* with a singularly handsome though supercilious-looking man, dressed in the height of fashion, who, judging from the heap of gold beside him, had been winning heavily. The priest trembled and crossed himself—this man was the terrible, handsome, wicked, witty, Atheistical, radical Lord Saltire, whose tongue no woman could withstand, and whose pistol no man dared face; who was currently believed to have sold himself to the deuce, or indeed, as some said, to be the deuce himself.

A more cunning man than poor simple Father Clifford would have made some common-place remark and withdrawn, after a short greeting, taking warning by the impatient scowl that settled on Densil's handsome face. Not so he. To be defied by the boy whose law had been his word for ten years past never entered into his head, and he sternly advanced towards the pair.

Densil inquired if anything were the matter at home. And Lord Saltire, anticipating a scene, threw himself back in his chair, stretched out his elegant legs, and looked on with the air of a man who knows he is going to be amused, and composes himself thoroughly to appreciate the entertainment.

"Thus much, my son," said the priest; "your mother is wearing out the stones of the oratory with her knees, praying for her first-born, while he is wasting his substance, and perilling his soul, with debauched Atheistic companions, the enemies of God and man."

Lord Saltire smiled sweetly, bowed elegantly, and took snuff.

"Why do you intrude into my room and insult my guests?" said Densil, casting an angry glance at the priest, who stood calmly like a black pillar, with his hands folded before him. "It is unendurable."

"*Quem Deus vult*," &c. Father Clifford had seen that scowl once or twice before, but he would not take warning. He said,—

"I am ordered not to go westward without you. I command you to come."

"Command me! command a Ravenshoe!" said Densil furiously.

Father Clifford, by way of mending matters, now began to lose *his* temper.

"You would not be the first Ravenshoe who has been commanded by a priest; ay, and has had to obey too," said he.

"And you will not be the first jack priest who has felt the weight of a Ravenshoe's wrath," replied Densil brutally.

Lord Saltire leant back, and said to the ambient air, "I'll back the priest, five twenty's to one."

This was too much. Densil would have liked to quarrel with Saltire, but that was death—he was the deadest shot in Europe. He grew furious, and beyond all control. He told the priest to go to (further than purgatory); grew blasphemous; emphatically renouncing the creed of his forefathers, and, in fact, all other creeds. The priest grew hot and furious too, retaliated in no measured terms, and finally left the room with his ears stopped, shaking the dust off his feet as he went. Then Lord Saltire drew up to the table again laughing.

"Your estates are entailed, Ravenshoe, I suppose," said he.

"No."

"Oh! It's your deal, my dear fellow."

Densil got an angry letter from his father in a few days, demanding full apologies and recantations, and an immediate return home. Densil had no apologies to make, and did not intend to return till the end of the season. His father wrote declining the honour of his further acquaintance, and sending him a draft for fifty pounds to pay his outstanding bills, which he very well knew amounted to several thousand pounds.

In a short time the great Catholic tradesmen, with whom he had been dealing, began to press for money in a somewhat insolent way; and now Densil began to see that, by defying and insulting the faith and the party to which he belonged, he had merely cut himself off from rank, wealth, and position. He had defied the *partie prêtre*, and had yet to feel their power. In two months he was in the Fleet prison.

His servant (the title "tiger" came in long after this), a half groom, half valet, such as men kept in those days—a simple lad from Ravenshoe, James Horton by name—for the first time in his life disobeyed orders; for, on being told to return home by Densil, he firmly declined doing so, and carried his top boots and white neckcloth triumphantly into the Fleet, there pursuing his usual avocations with the utmost nonchalance.

"A very distinguished fellow that of yours, Curly," (they all had nicknames for one another in those days,) said Lord Saltire. "If I were not Saltire, I think I would be Jim. To own the only clean face among six hundred fellow creatures is a pre-eminence, a decided pre-eminence. I'll buy him of you."

For Lord Saltire came to see him, snuff-box and all. That morning Densil was sitting brooding in the dirty room with the barred windows, and thinking what a wild free wind would be sweeping across the Downs this fine November day, when the door was opened, and in walks me my lord, with a sweet smile on his face.

He was dressed in the extreme of fashion—a long tailed blue coat with gold buttons, a frill to his shirt, a white cravat, a marvellous short waistcoat, loose short nankeen trousers, low shoes, no gaiters, and a low-crowned hat. I am pretty correct, for I have seen his picture, dated 1804. But you must please to remember that his lordship was in the very van of the fashion, and that probably such a dress was not universal for two or three years afterwards. I wonder if his well-known audacity would be sufficient to make him walk along one of the public thoroughfares in such a dress, to-morrow, for a heavy bet—I fancy not.

He smiled sardonically—"My dear fellow," he said, "when a man comes on a visit of condolence, I know it is the most wretched taste to say, 'I told you so;' but do me the justice to allow that I offered to back the priest five to one. I have been coming to you all the week, but Tuesday and Wednesday I was at Newmarket; Thursday I was shooting at your Cousin Ascot's; yesterday I did not care about boring myself with you; so I have come to-day because I was at leisure and had nothing better to do."

Densil looked up savagely, thinking he had come to insult him; but the kindly, compassionate look in the piercing grey eye belied the cynical curl of the mouth, and disarmed him. He leant his head upon the table, and sobbed.

Lord Saltire laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said—

"You have been a fool, Ravenshoe; you have denied the faith of your forefathers. Pardieu, if I had such an article, I would not have thrown it so lightly away."

"*You* talk like this? Who next? It was your conversation led me to it. Am I worse than you? What faith have you, in God's name?"

"The faith of a French Lycée, my friend; the only one I ever had. I have been sufficiently consistent to that, I think."

"Consistent, indeed," groaned poor Densil.

"Now, look here," said Saltire; "I may have been to blame in this. But I give you my honour, I had no more idea that you would be obstinate enough to bring matters to this pass, than I had that you would burn down Ravenshoe house because I laughed at it for being old-fashioned. Go home, my poor little Catholic pipkin, and don't try to swim with iron pots like Wrekin and me. Make submission to that singularly *distingué*-looking old turkey-cock of a priest, kiss your mother, and get your usual autumn's hunting and shooting."

"Too late! too late, now!" sobbed Densil.

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said Saltire, taking a pinch of snuff; "the partridges will be a little wild, of course —that you must expect; but you ought to get some very pretty pheasant and cock-shooting. Come, say yes. Have your debts paid, and get out of this infernal hole. A week of this would tame the devil, I should think."

"If you think you could do anything for me, Saltire."

Saltire immediately retired, and reappeared leading in a lady by her hand. She raised the veil from her head, and he saw his mother. In a moment she was crying on his neck; and, as he looked over her shoulder, he saw a blue coat passing out of the door, and that was the last of Lord Saltire for the present.

It was no part of the game of the priests to give Densil a cold welcome home. Twenty smiling faces were grouped in the porch to welcome him back; and among them all none smiled more brightly than the old priest and his father. The dogs went wild with joy, and his favourite peregrine scolded on the falconer's wrist, and struggled with her jesses, shrilly reminding him of the merry old days by the dreary salt marsh, or the lonely lake.

The past was never once alluded to in any way by any one in the house. Only Squire Petre shook hands with faithful James, and gave him a watch, ordering him to ride a certain colt next day, and see how well forward he could get him. So next day they drew the home covers, and the fox, brave fellow, ran out to Parkside, making for the granite walls of Hessitor. And, when Densil felt his nostrils filled once more by the free rushing mountain air, he shouted aloud for joy, and James's voice alongside of him said—

"This is better than the Fleet, sir."

And so Densil played a single wicket-match with the Holy Church, and, like a great many other people, got bowled out in the first innings. He returned to his allegiance in the most exemplary manner, and settled down into the most humdrum of young country gentlemen. He did exactly what every one else about him did. He was not naturally a profligate or vicious man; but there was a wild devil of animal passion in him, which had broken out in London, and which was now quieted by dread of consequences, but which he felt and knew was there, and might break out again. He was a changed man. There was a gulf between him and the life he had led before he went to London. He had tasted of liberty (or rather, not to profane that Divine word, of licentiousness), and yet not drunk long enough to make him weary of the draught. He had heard the dogmas he was brought up to believe infallible turned to unutterable ridicule by men like Saltire and Wrekin; men who, as he had the wit to see, were a thousand times cleverer and better informed than Father Clifford or Father Dennis. In short, he had found out, as a great many others have, that Popery won't hold water, and so, as a *pis aller*, he adopted Saltire's creed,—that religion was necessary for the government of States, that one religion was as good as another, and that, *cæteris paribus*, the best religion was the one which secured the possessor 10,000*l.* a year; and therefore Densil was a devout Catholic.

It was thought by the allied powers that he ought to marry. He had no objection, and so he married a young lady, a Miss Winkleigh—Catholic, of course—about whom I can get no information whatever. Lady Ascot says that she was a pale girl, with about as much air as a milkmaid; on which two facts I can build no theory as to her personal character. She died in 1816, childless; and in 1820 Densil lost both his father and mother, and found himself, at the age of thirty-seven, master of Ravenshoe, and master of himself.

He felt the loss of the old folks most keenly, more keenly than that of his wife. He seemed without a stay or holdfast in the world, for he was a poorly-educated man, without resources; and so he went on moping and brooding until good old Father Clifford, who loved him dearly, got alarmed, and recommended

travels. He recommended Rome, the cradle of the faith, and to Rome he went.

He stayed in Rome a year; at the end of which time he appeared suddenly at home with a beautiful young wife on his arm. As Father Clifford, trembling and astonished, advanced to lay his hand upon her head, she drew up, laughed, and said, "Spare yourself the trouble, my dear sir; I am a Protestant."

I have had to tell you all this, in order to show you how it came about that Densil, though a Papist, bethought of marrying a Protestant wife to keep up a balance of power in his house. For, if he had not married this lady, the hero of this book would never have been born; and this greater proposition contains the less, "that, if he "had never been born, his history would "never have been written, and so this "book would have had no existence."

CHAPTER II.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE FOREGOING.

The second Mrs. Ravenshoe was the handsome dowerless daughter of a Worcester squire of good standing, who, being blessed with an extravagant son, and six handsome daughters, had lived for several years abroad, finding society more accessible, and consequently the matrimonial chances of the "Petersham girls" proportionately greater than in England. She was a handsome, proud woman, not particularly clever, or particularly agreeable, or particularly anything, except particularly self-possessed. She had been long enough looking after an establishment to know thoroughly the value of one, and had seen quite enough of good houses to know that a house without a mistress was no house at all. Accordingly, in a very few days the house felt her presence, submitted with the best grace to her not unkindly rule, and in a week they all felt as if she had been there for years.

Father Clifford, who longed only for peace, and was getting very old, got very fond of her, heretic as she was. She, too, liked the handsome, gentlemanly old man, and made herself agreeable to him, as a woman of the world knows so well how to do. Father Mackworth, on the other hand, his young coadjutor since Father Dennis's death, an importation of Lady Alicia's from Rome, very soon fell under her displeasure. The first Sunday after her arrival she drove to Church, and occupied the great old family pew, to the immense astonishment of the rustics, and, after afternoon service, caught up the old vicar in her imperious off-hand way, and, will he nill he, carried him off to dinner—at which meal he was horrified to find himself sitting with two shaven priests, who talked Latin and crossed themselves. His embarrassment was greatly increased by the behaviour of Mrs. Ravenshoe, who admired his sermon, and spoke on doctrinal points with him as though there were not a priest within a mile. Father Mackworth was imprudent enough to begin talking at him, and at last said something unmistakeably impertinent; upon which Mrs. Ravenshoe put her glass in her eye, and favoured him with such a glance of haughty astonishment as silenced him at once.

This was the beginning of hostilities between them, if one can give the name of hostilities to a series of infinitesimal annoyances on the one side, and to unmeasurable and barely concealed contempt on the other. Mackworth, on the one hand, knew that she understood and despised him, and he hated her. She, on the other hand, knew that he knew it, but thought him too much below her to notice, save now and then that she might put down with a high hand any, even the most distant, approach to a tangible impertinence. But she was no match for him in the arts of petty, delicate, galling annoyances. There he was her master; he had been brought up in a good school for that, and had learnt his lesson kindly. He found out that she disliked his presence, and shrunk from his smooth, lean face with unutterable dislike. From that moment he was always in her way, overwhelming

her with oily politeness, rushing across the room to pick up anything she had dropped, or to open the door, till it required the greatest restraint to avoid breaking through all forms of politeness and bidding him begone. But why should we go on detailing trifles like these, which in themselves are nothing, but accumulated are unbearable?

So it went on till, one morning, about two years after the marriage, Mackworth appeared in Clifford's room, and, yawning, threw himself into a chair.

"Benedicite," said Father Clifford, who never neglected religious etiquette on any occasion.

Mackworth stretched out his legs and yawned, rather rudely, and then relapsed into silence. Father Clifford went on reading. At last Mackworth spoke.

"I'll tell you what, my good friend, I am getting sick of this; I shall go back to Rome."

"To Rome?"

"Yes, back to Rome," repeated the other impertinently, for he always treated the good old priest with contemptuous insolence when they were alone. "What is the use of staying here, fighting that woman? There is no more chance of turning her than a rock, and there is going to be no family."

"You think so?" said Clifford.

"Good heaven, does it look like it. Two years, and not a sign; besides, should I talk of going, if I thought so? *Then* there would be a career worthy of me; then I should have a chance of deserving well of the Church, by keeping a wavering family in her bosom. And I could do it too: every child would be a fresh weapon in my hands against that woman. Clifford, do you think that Ravenshoe is safe?"

He said this so abruptly that Clifford coloured and started. Mackworth at the same time turned suddenly upon him, and scrutinized his face keenly.

"Safe!" said the old man, "What makes you fear otherwise?"

"Nothing special," said Mackworth; "only I have never been easy since you told me of that London escapade years ago."

"He has been very devout ever since," said Clifford. "I fear nothing."

"Humph! Well, I am glad to hear it," said Mackworth. "I shall go to Rome. I'd sooner be gossiping with Alphonse and Pierre in the cloisters than vegetating here. My talents are thrown away."

He departed down the winding steps of the priests' turret, which led to the flower garden. The day was fine, and a pleasant seat a short distance off invited him to sit. He could get a book he knew from the drawing-room and sit there. So, with habitually noiseless tread, he passed along the dark corridor, and opened the drawing-room door.

Nobody was there. The book he wanted was in the little drawing-room beyond, separated from the room he was in by a partly-drawn curtain. The priest advanced silently over the deep piled carpet and looked in.

The summer sunlight, struggling through a waving bower of climbing plants and the small panes of a deeply mullioned window, fell upon two persons, at the sight of whom he paused, and, holding his breath, stood, like a black statue in the gloomy room, wrapped in astonishment.

He had never in his life heard these twain use any words beyond those of common courtesy towards one another; he had thought them the most indifferent, the coldest pair, he had ever seen. But now! now, the haughty beauty was bending from her chair over her husband, who sat on a stool at her feet; her arm was round his neck, and her hand was in his, and; as he looked, she parted the clustering black curls from his forehead and kissed him.

He bent forward and listened more eagerly. He could hear the surf on the shore, the sea-birds on the cliffs, the nightingale in the wood; they fell upon his ear, but he could not distinguish them; he waited only for one of the two figures before him to speak.

At last Mrs. Ravenshoe broke silence, but in so low a voice that even he, whose attention was strained to the uttermost, could barely catch what she said.

"I yield, my love," said she; "I give you this one, but mind the rest are mine. I have your solemn promise for that?"

"My solemn promise," said Densil, and kissed her again.

"My dear," she resumed, "I wish you could get rid of that priest, that Mackworth. He is irksome to me."

"He was recommended to my especial care by my mother," was Densil's reply. "If you could let him stay I should much rather."

"Oh, let him stay!" said she, "he is too contemptible for me to annoy myself about. But I distrust him, Densil. He has a lowering look sometimes."

"He is talented and agreeable," said Densil; "but I never liked him."

The listener turned to go, having heard enough, but was arrested by her continuing,—

"By the bye, my love, do you know that that impudent girl Norah has been secretly married this three months."

The priest listened more intently than ever.

"Who to?" asked Densil.

"To James, your keeper."

"I am glad of that. That lad James stuck to me in prison, Susan, when they all left me. She is a fine faithful creature, too. Mind you give her a good scolding."

Mackworth had heard enough apparently, for he stole gently away through the gloomy room, and walked musingly up stairs to Father Clifford.

That excellent old man took up the conversation just where it had left off.

"And when," said he, "my brother, do you propose returning to Rome?"

"I shall not go to Rome at all," was the satisfactory reply, followed by a deep silence.

In a few months, much to Father Clifford's joy and surprise, Mrs. Ravenshoe bore a noble boy, which was named Cuthbert. Cuthbert was brought up in the Romish faith, and at five years old had just begun to learn his prayers of Father Clifford, when an event occurred equally unexpected by all parties. Mrs. Ravenshoe was again found to be in a condition to make an addition to her family.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH OUR HERO'S TROUBLES BEGIN.

If you were a lazy yachtsman, sliding on a summer's day, before a gentle easterly breeze, over the long swell from the Atlantic, past the south-westerly shores of the British channel, you would find, after sailing all day beneath shoreless headlands of black slate, that the land suddenly fell away and sunk down, leaving, instead of beetling cliffs, a lovely amphitheatre of hanging wood and lawn, fronted by a beach of yellow sand—a pleasing contrast to the white surf and dark crag to which your eye had got accustomed.

This beautiful semicircular basin is about two miles in diameter, surrounded by hills on all sides, save that which is open to the sea. East and west the headlands stretch out a mile or more, forming a fine bay open to the north; while behind, landward, the downs roll up above the woodlands, a bare expanse of grass and grey stone. Half way along the sandy beach, a trout-stream comes foaming out of a dark wood, and finds its way across the shore in fifty sparkling channels; and the eye, caught by the silver thread of water, is snatched away above and beyond it, along a wooded glen, the cradle of the stream, which pierces the country landward for a mile or two, till the misty vista is abruptly barred by a steep blue hill, which crosses the valley at right angles. A pretty little village stands at the mouth of the stream, and straggles with charming irregularity along the shore for a considerable distance westward; while behind, some little distance up the glen, a handsome church tower rises from among the trees. There are some fishing boats at anchor, there are some small boats on the beach, there is a coasting schooner beached and discharging coal, there are some fishermen lounging, there are some nets drying, there are some boys bathing, there are two grooms exercising four handsome horses; but it is not upon horses, men, boats, ship, village, church, or stream that you will find your eye resting, but upon a noble, turreted, deep-

porched, grey-stone mansion, that stands on the opposite side of the stream, about a hundred feet above the village.

On the east bank of the little river, just where it joins the sea, abrupt lawns of grass and fern, beautifully broken by groups of birch and oak, rise above the dark woodlands, at the culminating point of which, on a buttress which runs down from the higher hills behind, stands the house I speak of, the north front looking on the sea, and the west on the wooded glen before mentioned—the house on a ridge dividing the two. Immediately behind again the dark woodlands begin once more, and above them is the moor.

The house itself is of grey stone, built in the time of Henry VIII. The façade is exceedingly noble, though irregular; the most striking feature in the north or sea front being a large dark porch, open on three sides, forming the basement of a high stone tower, which occupies the centre of the building. At the north-west corner (that towards the village) rises another tower of equal height; and behind, above the irregular groups of chimneys, the more modern cupola of the stables shows itself as the highest point of all, and gives, combined with the other towers, a charming air of irregularity to the whole. The windows are mostly long, low, and heavily mullioned, and the walls are battlemented.

On approaching the house you find that it is built very much after the fashion of a college, with a quadrangle in the centre. Two sides of this, the north and west, are occupied by the house, the south by the stables, and the east by a long and somewhat handsome chapel, of greater antiquity than the rest of the house. The centre of this quad, in place of the trim grass-plat, is occupied by a tan lunging ring, in the centre of which stands a granite basin filled with crystal water from the hills. In front of the west wing a terraced flower-garden goes step by step towards the stream, till the smooth-shaven lawns almost mingle with the wild ferny heather turf of the park, where the dappled deer browse, and the rabbit runs to and fro busily. On the north, towards the sea, there are no gardens; but a noble gravel terrace, divided from the park only by a deep rampart, runs along beneath the windows; and to the east the deer-park stretches away till lawn and glade are swallowed up in the encroaching woodland.

Such is Ravenshoe Hall at the present day, and such it was on the tenth of June, 1831 (I like to be particular), as regards the still life of the place; but, if one had then regarded the living inhabitants, one would have seen signs of an unusual agitation. Round the kitchen door stood a group of female servants talking eagerly together; and, at the other side of the court, some half-dozen grooms and helpers were evidently busy on the same theme, till the appearance of the stud groom entering the yard— suddenly dispersed them right and left to do nothing with superabundant energy.

To them also entered a lean, quiet looking man, about forty. We have seen him before. He was our old friend Jim, who had attended Densil in the Fleet-prison in old times. He had some time before this married a beautiful Irish Catholic waiting-maid of Lady Alicia's, by whom he had a daughter, now five years old, and a son aged one week. He walked across the yard to where the women were talking, and addressed them.

"How is my lady to-night?" said he.

"Holy Mother of God!" said a weeping Irish housemaid, "she's worse."

"How's the young master?"

"Hearty, a darling; crying his little eyes out, he is, a-bless him."

"He'll be bigger than Master Cuthbert, I'll warrant ye," said a portly cook.

"When was he born?" asked James.

"Nigh on two hours," said the other speaker.

At this conjuncture a groom came running through the passage, putting a note in his hat as he went; he came to the stud-groom, and said hurriedly, "A note for Dr. Marcy, at Lanceston, sir. What horse am I to take?"

"Trumpeter. How is my lady?"

"Going, as far as I can gather, sir."

James waited until he heard him dash

full speed out of the yard, and then till he saw him disappear like a speck along the mountain road far aloft; then he went into the house, and, getting as near to the sick room as he dared, waited quietly on the stairs.

It was a house of woe, indeed! Two hours before, one feeble, wailing little creature had taken up his burthen, and begun his weary pilgrimage across the unknown desolate land that lay between him and the grave—for a part of which you and I are to accompany him; while his mother even now was preparing for her rest, yet striving for the child's sake to lengthen the last few weary steps of her journey, that they two might walk, were it never so short a distance, together.

The room was very still. Faintly the pure scents and sounds stole into the chamber of death from the blessed summer air without; gently came the murmur of the surf upon the sands; fainter and still fainter came the breath of the dying mother. The babe lay beside her, and her arm was round its body. The old vicar knelt by the bed, and Densil stood with folded arms and bowed head, watching the face which had grown so dear to him, till the light should die out from it for ever. Only those four in the chamber of death!

The sighing grew louder, and the eye grew once more animated. She reached out her hand, and, taking one of the vicar's, laid it upon the baby's head. Then she looked at Densil, who was now leaning over her, and with a great effort spoke.

"Densil, dear, you will remember your promise?"

"I will swear it, my love."

A few more laboured sighs, and a greater effort: "Swear it to me, love."

He swore that he would respect the promise he had made, so help him God!

The eyes were fixed now, and all was still. Then there was a long sigh; then there was a long silence; then the vicar rose from his knees and looked at Densil. There were but three in the chamber now.

* * * *

Densil passed through the weeping women, and went straight to his own study. There he sat down, tearless, musing much about her who was gone.

How he had grown to love that woman, he thought—her that he had married for her beauty and her pride, and had thought so cold and hard! He remembered how the love of her had grown stronger, year by year, since their first child was born. How he had respected her for her firmness and consistency; and how often, he thought, had he sheltered his weakness behind her strength! His right hand was gone, and he was left alone to do battle by himself!

One thing was certain. Happen what would, his promise should be respected, and this last boy, just born, should be brought up a Protestant as his mother had wished. He knew the opposition he would have from Father Mackworth, and determined to brave it. And, as the name of that man came into his mind, some of his old fierce, savage nature broke out again, and he almost cursed him aloud.

"I hate that fellow! I should like to defy him, and let him do his worst. I'd do it, now she's gone, if it wasn't for the boys. No, hang it, it wouldn't do. If I'd told him under seal of confession, instead of letting him grub it out, he couldn't have hung it over me like this. I wish he was—"

If Father Mackworth had had the slightest inkling of the state of mind of his worthy patron towards him, it is very certain that he would not have chosen that very moment to rap at the door. The most acute of us make a mistake sometimes; and he, haunted with vague suspicions since the conversation he had overheard in the drawing-room before the birth of Cuthbert, grew impatient, and determined to solve his doubts at once, and, as we have seen, selected the singularly happy moment when poor passionate Densil was cursing him to his heart's content.

"Brother, I am come to comfort you," he said, opening the door before Densil

had time, either to finish the sentence written above, or to say 'Come in.' "This is a heavy affliction, and the heavier because—"

"Go away," said Densil, pointing to the door.

"Nay, nay," said the priest, "hear me—"

"Go away!" said Densil, in a louder tone. "Do you hear me? I want to be alone, and I mean to be. Go!"

How recklessly defiant weak men get when they are once fairly in a rage! Densil, who was in general civilly afraid of this man, would have defied fifty such as he now.

"There is one thing, Mr. Ravenshoe," said the priest, in a very different tone, "about which I feel it my duty to speak to you, in spite of the somewhat unreasonable form your grief has assumed. I wish to know what you mean to call your son."

"Why?"

"Because he is ailing" (this was false), "and I wish to baptise him."

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir," said Densil, as red as a turkey-cock. "He will be baptised in proper time in the parish church. He is to be brought up a protestant."

The priest looked steadily at Densil, who, now brought fairly to bay, was bent on behaving like a valiant man, and said slowly,—

"So my suspicions are confirmed then, and you have determined to hand over your son to eternal perdition" (he didn't say perdition, he used a stronger word, which we will dispense with, if you have no objection).

"Perdition, sir!" bawled Densil. "How dare you talk of a son of mine in that free and easy sort of way? Why, what my family has done for the Church ought to keep a dozen generations of Ravenshoes from a possibility of perdition, sir. Don't tell me."

This new and astounding theory of justification by works, which poor Densil had broached in his wrath, was overheard by a round-faced bright-eyed curly-headed man about fifty, who entered the room suddenly, followed by James. For one instant, you might have seen a smile of intense amusement pass over his merry face; but in an instant it was gone again, and he gravely addressed Densil.

"My dear Mr. Ravenshoe, I must use my authority as doctor, to request that your son's spiritual welfare should for the present yield to his temporal necessities. You must have a wet nurse, my good sir."

Densil's brow had grown placid in a moment, beneath the Doctor's kindly glance. "God bless me," he said, "I never thought of it. Poor little lad! poor little lad!"

"I hope, sir," said James, "that you will let Norah have the young master. She has set her heart upon it."

"I have seen Mrs. Horton," said the Doctor, "and I quite approve of the proposal. I think it indeed a most special providence that she should be able to undertake it. Had it been otherwise, we might have been undone."

"Let us go at once," said the impetuous Densil. "Where is the nurse? where is the boy?" And, so saying, he hurried out of the room, followed by the Doctor and James.

Mackworth stood alone, looking out of the window, silent. He stood so long that one who watched him peered from his hiding place more than once to see if he were gone. At length he raised his arm and struck his clenched hand against the rough granite window-sill so hard that he brought blood. Then he moodily left the room.

As soon as the room was quiet, a child about five years old crept stealthily from a dark corner where he had laid hidden, and, with a look of mingled shyness and curiosity on his face, departed quietly by another door.

Meanwhile, Densil, James, and the Doctor, accompanied by the nurse and baby, were holding their way across the court-yard towards a cottage which lay in the wood beyond the stables. James opened the door, and they passed into the inner room.

A beautiful woman was sitting propped up by pillows, nursing a week-old

child. The sunlight, admitted by a half-open shutter, fell upon her, lighting up her delicate features, her pale pure complexion, and bringing a strange sheen on her long loose black hair. Her face was bent down gazing on the child which lay on her breast, and at the entrance of the party she looked up, and displayed a large lustrous dark blue eye, which lighted up with infinite tenderness as Densil, taking the wailing boy from the nurse, placed it on her arm beside the other."

"Take care of that for me, Norah," said Densil. "It has no mother but you, now."

"Acushla ma chree," she answered, "bless my little bird. Come to your nest, Achree; come to your pretty brother, my darlin."

The child's wailing was stilled now, and the Doctor remarked, and remembered long afterwards, that the little waxen fingers, clutching uneasily about, came in contact with the little hand of the other child, and paused there. At this moment, a beautiful little girl, about five years old, got on the bed and nestled her peachy cheek against her mother's. As they went out, he turned and looked at the beautiful group once more, and then he followed Densil back to the house of mourning.

Reader, before we have done with those three innocent little faces, we shall see them distorted and changed by many passions, and shall meet them in many strange places. Come, take my hand, and we will follow them on to the end.

(*To be continued.*)

BOOKS OF GOSSIP: SHERIDAN AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Dear Sir,

It is now upwards of a year since we discussed the plan of a work projected by me—"The Lives of the Sheridans;" a task relinquished (with many others) in the grief caused by the illness and death of my son.

My attention has been recalled to the subject by the appearance of three works of anecdotical biography, severally entitled "The Wits and Beaux of Society," "The Queens of Society," and "Traits of Character;" of which books, I think the most impartial critic could only speak in terms of severity, forming as they do a dangerous epoch in the current literature of our day; for they appear to be a revived embodiment of a race of newspapers fortunately extinct—dug-up skeletons of *The Age*, *The Satirist*, and the like, without the wit of these journals, or one spark of their political vitality.

Of these three productions, one has been published anonymously; the other two profess to be written by "Grace and Philip Wharton;" and whether such titles be merely the assumed *alias* of some person or persons, whose trade is to "filch from others their good names," matters little. The books are essentially the same, and cast in the same mould. They degrade the genial service of biography, which has been prettily termed "the handmaid of history," to the maundering scandal of an old nurse's gossip; and reduce the value of recorded facts to a snip-and-scissor compilation of worthless anecdotes. Affecting an extreme regard for decorum, discretion, and Christian grace, they proceed to narrate stories which no modest woman would desire to believe or to remember, and which no honest man would willingly disseminate. With a canting compliment to the encouragement of morality in "the goodness, affection, purity, and benevolence, which are the household deities of the Court of our beloved, inestimable Queen Victoria," they preface the grossest notices of the chief families of her kingdom; such as may be found in the allusion to "the Mar-

chioness's *three papas*,"—in the raking up of buried vice and forgotten follies,—in the tearing away the decent curtain of silence that hung over sad family secrets; declaring madness to be inherent and hereditary in one race, disease in another, profligacy in a third, and branding a fourth with illegitimacy, till we may fairly dread to leave such volumes on our tables, lest our daughters should look into them, and ask if our fathers really *were* as base and as vicious as they are there represented!

Such works are not "biographies," neither are they "sketches of character:" the confusion of worthless trash with works of authority only increases their mischief; but they will be read, and therefore I notice them. Every man who lives a public life is in the power of other men as to his biography. Obscurity is a thicker shield than virtue; and the man who does his best in a public position is yet less safe from slander than he who does nothing and dies unknown. The biographer, however, who volunteers to condemn or absolve a public man, has undertaken a responsibility, both towards the dead of whom he writes, and the living *for* whom he writes, the solemnity of which never seems to cross the minds of these tattlers and parrots of literature, whose pages are made up of borrowed phrases. "Dead men tell no tales:"—neither can they answer any tales that are told of them. A dead man cannot, as the living might, prosecute for slander—challenge for insult—or justify himself to friends against false accusation. But the ninth commandment is not annulled by the death of our neighbour. "Thou shalt not bear false witness," remains God's law, though his creature depart; and those who use their living hands to engrave yet deeper in a country's annals abuse of that country's noted and remarkable men, should, at least, in their consciences believe that they have so sifted evidence as to be able to deliver a true verdict,—"So help them God!"

Now, in the three publications to which I here refer, there are numberless notices which I personally *know* to be untrue, but which it in no way concerns me to comment on or contradict. One only biography personally interests me,—the biography of Sheridan—of whom certainly those words might long since have been spoken which were applied to another victim; namely, that he has been "the best abused man in England." A book of such sketches as these would be incomplete without a vulgate edition of the received and adopted chapters "on Sheridan." Having, therefore, snipped and scissored from Watkins, Moore, Earle, Leigh Hunt, &c., "Grace and Philip Wharton," in the exercise of their craft as biographers, first pronounce that Sheridan was greatly overrated as to ability—in fact, was a very ordinary man—and then proceed to the amazing assertion that *the fact of Sheridan's being born in a respectable position of life alone prevented his being transported as a felon; which, had he belonged to a poorer class, would assuredly have been his fate!* Having given vent to this extraordinary piece of scurrilous condemnation, the conscientious couple coolly wind up by this printed and published confession,—*that they have not examined into the veracity of any of the anecdotes; it is enough that they were current!* They have not "examined into the veracity" of any of the anecdotes! That is the point from which I start. I nail up that sentence—like a kite, or any other small bird of prey, with wings extended—as a scarecrow to biographers. They have not "examined into the veracity" of the anecdotes. But it is surely the first duty of those who abuse dead men—the first duty of Christian biographers towards their departed "neighbours"—to examine very strictly into the "veracity" of all anecdotes on the strength of which such severe sentence is pronounced. Abuse has seldom been followed by an admission at once so ridiculous and so disgraceful. They "have not examined into the veracity of their anecdotes;" if they had, they would have known they were disseminating falsehoods and vulgar inventions. They have not examined into the veracity of their slander, but, like

the roadside *gamin*, merely stooped to take from the mud the readiest stone that came to hand, to fling it with a whoop and a halloo at the passer-by.

"Accidental" biography would be a better title for such books than "anecdotical" biography.

Soon after Sheridan died, a Dr. Watkins published a memoir of him: wretchedly ill-written, and admitted by all contemporaries to be replete with incorrect statements. The proposal was then made to Tom Moore to write a life that should give a better idea of the man whose memory was so poorly perpetuated. Lord Melbourne had begun a life of Sheridan. When he found that Moore had received these proposals from an eminent publisher, he gave up the task. He did more; he gave to Moore those portions which he had written, to make what use of he pleased; taking it for granted,—with that simplicity and modesty which accompanies high intellect, and which all the brilliant success of his after career left unaltered,—that Moore, the established author, the celebrated poet, was a fitter literary craftsman than himself, and would do better what all desired should be done. Lord Melbourne afterwards said he never regretted anything more than having resolved to give up those papers, and to abandon the idea of writing a memoir, which again, in Moore's hands, turned out to be so utterly unsatisfactory. It is a singular fact that, in all the biographies Moore wrote, he contrived to lower the subject of his biography in public estimation. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Byron, Sheridan, all fared alike in this respect. But it is little to be wondered at, if all were prepared for the press in the same way. Moore himself, in his posthumous journals, let us into the secret of his non-success. He says—"I am quite sick of this life of Sheridan. I can learn nothing about him. I am going to call on Sukey Ogle to ascertain if she can tell me anything." Like others who have followed him, he was not disposed to question too closely the sources of his information: wheat or tares, he must go a-gleaning! But, to those who knew Sheridan and his family relations, this proposed application to an eccentric old maiden lady, a distant connexion of Sheridan's second wife, for the help so sorely needed to wind up a task the author was "sick of,"—reveals much of the cause of Moore's unexpected failure, in spite of his brilliant name.

And now the many memoirs,—prefaces to plays, notices in magazines, and thin pamphlet letters,—budded and sprouted with the proverbial luxuriance of ill-weeds. These, again, were copied from hand to hand: snip, snip, and echo, echo,—the same old stories, and a few new ones,—or a few old stories, and a great many new ones (all made on the same pattern), forming the loose warp and woof of pages "made to sell." Every one who brought out an edition of "Sheridan's plays," or "Sheridan's works," or "Sheridan's speeches," brought out also his own idea of a memoir; and stories were accepted as truths, merely on the excellent old lady's principle—that they had been "*printed in black and white.*" Every foolish anecdote that could be invented by friend or foe—the dullest jokes, the most ungentlemanlike shifts and contrivances—were all set down to Sheridan, and accepted by the million. And every fresh batch of invented trash sank him one degree lower from his true level.

It was reserved for "Grace and Philip Wharton" (or whoever may skulk behind that *alias*,) to write at last the most foolish, false, and abusive of the many inferior memoirs that have been based on those hasty originals.

Following "the lead," in their trashy abridgment of more tedious gossip—(but with more vulgarity,—the great jest of their pages consisting in calling Sheridan and his wife "Sherry and Betsy,"—)great stress is laid on the drunkenness of Sheridan. To read notices of this kind, one would imagine Sheridan was the only drunken man of his day. Was Pitt sober? Was Fox sober? Were they not, on the contrary, models of intemperance? Was not that vice the habitual and constant temptation of the time? Were not doors locked on re-

luctant guests, who desired to keep uninjured what little brains they had? and was not the principal boast of a gentleman how many bottles he could stand? Did not Lord Cockburn's Memoirs open to us a vista of toast-drinking and inebriety perfectly inconceivable to our modernized tastes, but which was the "fashionable life" of that "Tom and Jerry" day? Sheridan was drunk as his companions were drunk, and with his drunken companions—with a drunken prince royal and the drunken ministers of the crown—but there can be little doubt that the more finely organized the brain, the more fatal the consequences of such swinish excitement.

He is accused of more than carelessness in money matters. Moore has admitted that, if those around him had been as true as himself, his debts could have been paid over and over again. No doubt Sheridan was improvident. Artists, writers, all these merchant speculators in brain-produce, are proverbially so. Nothing makes a man so improvident as an uncertain income; rich to-day, and poor to-morrow, is the root of all carelessness: and woe to that man's regularity in affairs who imagines he can gather gold at will, in an "El Dorado" of his own wits!

But there again, taking him with his contemporaries, the harder measure dealt to Sheridan seems inexplicable. Fox's debts were paid three times—who paid Sheridan's? The Prince of Wales had his El Dorado in a submissive nation, and a subservient Parliament. It seems always to be forgotten that, in the burning of the theatre, both the real and speculative portion of Sheridan's means were destroyed. Had that galleon of his wealth not gone down, these Shylock scribblers might never have claimed their right to such cutting censures. The loss of a resource on which his whole fortune was embarked—like the breaking of banks, and the mercantile dishonesty which has suddenly impoverished so many in our own day—makes it impossible to judge what would have been the result, if success, instead of ruin, had been Sheridan's lot.

The accusation of gambling I pass. It is simply the most shallow of falsehoods; for though to Fox and many of his companions cards were an overwhelming temptation, Sheridan was extremely averse to them.

I might also pass the slander which would attack alike his memory as a husband, and the memory of the beautiful St. Cecilia as a wife. A more affectionate husband than Sheridan never lived. All the flatteries of society failed to wean him from the early love he won with his blood, and at the death of his wife his grief was such as to alarm his nearest friends. At no time of her harmless and innocent career would that lovely wife have been able to find in his neglect what Grace and Philip Wharton seem to consider a sufficient and natural excuse for conjugal infidelity. While Fox lived with a mistress—whilst the Prince of Wales declared upon his "honour" to the Senate of England that the woman was a mere paramour with whom he had gone through the sacred ceremony of marriage—while many round him were very masters in the art of debauchery—Sheridan's dream of happiness was still "domestic life!" If, as is sneeringly stated, he did not sufficiently agree with Lockhart's lovely lines—

> "When youthful faith hath fled,
> Of loving take thy leave;
> Be faithful to the Dead,
> The Dead can not deceive,"—

if he sought later in life to renew the vanished dream, and bring "a glory out of gloom," it is at least a proof that his notions of the glory or the gloom of love lay in the bounded circle of Home; and perhaps no more touching praise can be bestowed on his first wife than this, that while *she* lived his faults were not known as they were afterwards.

In politics, his worst foes cannot say he was not consistent—to his hurt, to the loss of personal advantage—anxious, not to advance private rivalries but public reforms; eager, chiefly in all questions that affected the oppressed, the struggling, and the helpless.

His friendship for a bad and ungrateful prince was, at least, a real enthusiasm; and if Moore's scornful lines—

"The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it,"—

apply to him, he shared the common martyrdom of those who pin their faith on that tempted and selfish class whom we have Scriptural warranty for distrusting, and who, in all ages and all countries, have rewarded fawning better than fair service.

The account of Sheridan's death-bed is as nearly fabulous as any narration can be; but it is the current "copied" account, and passes muster with the rest. And now, we may fairly ask, if such "biographies" be true, how came this man, so abused, so run down, whose faults were so prodigious, whose merits were *nil*, to occupy the position he did when living? There is a great deal of sneering at his being the "son of an actor:" one of the favourite fables is, that he would have been blackballed at his club—as the "son of an actor"—but for a stratagem of the Prince of Wales. We will suppose this to be a fact instead of a fiction—we will suppose that a set of frivolous dandies *did* oppose the entrance into their club of that man whose tomb was to be in Westminster Abbey—we will further suppose that acting is the most degrading pursuit any man can follow; that it does not, (as the uninitiated might imagine) require the education of a gentleman, an understanding mind, a passionate heart, the kindling warmth that fires at noble thoughts, grace of gesture, feeling for poetry, and, lastly, the tongue of the orator with the scholar's brain, fitly to succeed in such an art,—but that, on the contrary, any fool may be taught to mimic,—as parrots are brought to copy the coaxing intonation of "Poor Polly," or Grace and Philip Wharton to imitate authors. We will suppose that to be the child of an actor is an ineffaceable stain. We will not open our Peerage to learn whether the actresses and daughters of actors there inscribed, have held their places nobly and purely amongst our variously allied aristocracy; or whether *their* children are the recreant, the defaulting, the vicious, and the fugitive, of the races who boast proud names. We will take it for granted that Burns's great line—"a man's a man for a' that,"—stops short of the *tabooed* profession, and that actors are the Pariahs of civilized life. How did it happen, then, that a man labouring under such a disadvantage of birth, and also described as a common-place swindler, drunkard, and driveller, excelled in everything he attempted, and, from the obscure son of the Bath actor and schoolmaster, became minister of state and companion of princes? What dazzled fools does it make all his contemporaries, that *they* admitted him unquestioned to a superiority which is now denied to have existed! What an extraordinary anomaly does that famous funeral in Westminster Abbey present, amid a crowd of on-lookers so dense that they seemed "like a wall of human faces," if it was merely the carrying of a poor old tipsy gentleman to his grave by a group of foolish lords!

The God-given power is not so disposed of. Nor will even the dark thunder-clouds of faulty imprudence blot out the light which shines so clearly above and beyond. Unless Richard Brinsley Sheridan had been immeasurably superior to the majority of the men amongst whom he lived, he *could* not have so overleapt the barriers of poverty, want of connexion, and class jealousies, as to attain the celebrity and position he did attain. He *was* immeasurably superior. And, while nominally acquiescing in the sneers levelled at his origin, I beg to say that those sneers merely prove the ignorance of the writers who so assail him. If he was the son of an actor, he was the grandson of a bishop; and a bishop so conscientiously rigid in his religious opinions that all the worldly prospects of his family were blighted by the self-sacrificing fidelity with which those opinions were maintained. To the older biographic dictionaries of England I can refer these gossips

of light literature to learn that, with the exception of the Napiers, scarcely any family has produced so continuous a series of remarkable men as that to which Richard Brinsley Sheridan owed his descent. For five generations—each succeeding each in the inalienable heritage of intelligence—the Sheridans are noted in the biography of their country; Richard Brinsley only becoming more known than others because his career was more in the eye of the world. Did these five generations of men—poor, uninfluential, and, till lately, only remotely connected with titled races—owe to their own natural superiority, or not, the public mention thus accorded them?

It will, perhaps, seem trivial to mix with remarks on these greater lives any deprecation of attacks on myself; but, in one of the three abusive works which called forth this letter, the author has not even had patience to wait for the death of those she would assail, but presents us with scenes and interviews with the living; which, if all resemble the one she professes to have shared with *me*, might take their place among the "imaginary conversations of Walter Savage Landor." I have no recollection whatever of the author, or of hearing the stories she professes to have told me.

I could of my own knowledge contradict and disprove many of the assertions she makes respecting other persons, and many of the cruel anecdotes told of them. And I know not whether to smile or sigh when, after mentioning sundry reports to my prejudice, and then describing how she found me different from those reports, and how I received her "with frank and simple courtesy" (a painful lesson not to receive such persons at all), she nevertheless persists in believing the account she had heard to be correct, and my dissimilarity from that account to be a mere temporary suspension of evil!

This is the secret of all such biographies. "I MISJUDGED" is not the language possible to these greedy censors of their fellow-creatures. Rather, their language would be,—"Give us back our 'gross-painted wooden images; this "marble sculpture is too pale for us; "we know not what it means; it does "not embody life to *our* eyes. Give us "back our gilt, grinning, waggle-headed "Joss, with flags and beating of drums; "we know not him you would present "to us,—the ideal god of the hushed "and shadowy temple of genius. Give "us back (among the rest) our drunken, "swindling, drivelling SHERIDAN; we "will not consent to be contradicted, re-"buked, and informed that the man we "have libelled as mean and monstrous in "all his actions, had common faults, like "common men,—but, shooting beyond "them in many great and noble qualities, "and in a surpassing ability of brain, "left a name to be remembered, and a "history which, if fairly written, would, "in spite of his misfortunes, be as just a "source of pride to his descendants, as the "memory was to him of the usefully-"occupied, intelligent, active-minded ge-"nerations of men whom he happily "claimed as forefathers. We will not be "told this, even by those who belong "to him, and to whom both his faults "and his merits must be better known "than to strangers."

Such a history, nevertheless, I—Sheridan's grand-daughter—hope to supply. Not taken, like these poorly-concocted sketches, from sources whose "veracity" the authors have "never examined," but from sifted evidence and real matter. Not from repeated extracts copied out of one bookseller's preface into another; nor including such foolish forgeries as the "epistle from Miss Linley to a female friend," which is quoted by "Grace and Philip Wharton;" but from family papers and royal and other letters in the actual possession of the living representative of the Sheridans,—the present member for Dorchester,—a portion of which papers were in the hands of Tom Moore, for extract and guidance, while working (so unwillingly as it now appears) at the Life he undertook to execute.

I will conclude this protest in better words than my own; in words quoted from the remarks of that very old-fashioned biographer, Sir Robert Naunton, at the

close of his "Fragmenta Regalia," or "Notices of the Lives and Characters of Queen Elizabeth's Courtiers." And I quote him for the benefit of those authors who impudently affirm of a dead servant of the State, that he merited a felon's destiny, and of the Publisher who has thought fit to give so discreditable a memoir to the world.

Sir Robert Naunton speaks thus: "I have delivered up my poor essay. "I cannot say I have finished it, "for I know how defective and im- "perfect it is. I took it in con- "sideration how easily I might have "dashed into it much of the staine of "pollution, and thereby have defaced "that little which is done; I professe I "have taken care to master my pen, "that I might not erre *animo;* or of set "purpose discolour each or any of the "parts thereof . . . that modesty in me "forbids the defacements in men de- "parted; their posterity yet remaining; ". . and I had rather incur the cen- "sure of abruption, than to be conscious "and taken in the manner, sinning by "eruption, *or trampling on the graves of* "*persons at rest, which, living, we durst* "*not looke in their face, nor make our* "*addresses unto them, otherwise than* "*with due regard to their honour, and* "*with reverence to their vertues.*"

So spake Sir Robert Naunton; writing of the reign of Queen Elizabeth: and I copy his true sentences as a rebuking lesson in this reign of Queen Victoria. The good old man has found his place among "the graves of persons at rest;" but his noble rules survive: warning those who attempt the biographies of their superiors in intellect and fame, not to dash into such histories the easy "stain of pollution;" to master their pen, "so as not to err *animo*, or of set purpose,"—to avoid the "defacement of men departed, their posterity yet remaining,"—and to beware how they trample on the graves of those whom living they never would have dared to address, save with courtesy and due obeisance. Wishing his words what weight they may obtain among minds so inferior to his own,—

I am, dear Sir,

Yours obliged,

CAROLINE NORTON.

DIAMONDS.

BY WILLIAM POLE, F.G.S.

WHO does not love diamonds? Where is there a mind in which the bare mention of them does not excite a pleasant emotion? Is there any one of rank too exalted to care for such baubles? The highest potentates of the earth esteem them as their choicest treasures, and kingdoms have been at war for their possession; while there is none so low or so poor as to be unable to find pleasure in the admiration of their splendour. Shall we turn to the domain of intellect, where surely the gewgaws of ornament should be lightly esteemed? The diamond offers to the philosopher one of the most recondite and subtle problems that have ever engaged the human mind; while the merest tyro in science may find in it the most instructive topics of study. Shall we look at it in an artistic point of view? The diamond is one of the most beautiful things in nature. No painter, were he ten times a Turner, could do justice to its effulgence; no poet, were he ten times a Shakspeare, could put its lustre into words. *Light* was the first and fairest gift of heaven to man; the diamond is fairer than light itself; it *is* light, only seven times beautified and refined. For one half the human race diamonds are delirium—the true eyes of the basilisk: their power over the sex we dare not do more than hint at, and the

woman who would profess herself indifferent to their fascination simply belies her feminine nature. One of the most extraordinary romances in the history of the world was all about a diamond necklace; and who would venture to number the true romances occurring every year of our lives in which diamonds take part? As regards the less decorative sex, the diamond forms altogether an exception to the usual idea of the propriety of ornament. A man who bedizens himself with gold or jewels in general is rightly pronounced an empty fop; but the wearing of a fine diamond will only mark its possessor as having a superior taste for what is most admirable and beautiful among the productions of nature. The minerals we call gems, jewels, "precious" stones, *par excellence*, are the most noble objects of inorganic creation; and the diamond is the queen of them all.

Let us then have a chat about Diamonds, which will interest everybody.

The localities where diamonds have hitherto been found, are Central India, Sumatra, Borneo, the Ural mountains, Australia, some parts of North America, and the Brazils; but the first and last sources only have been of any great extent. Down to a comparatively late period the continent of India was the only district of any importance, whence diamonds were obtained. The principal regions producing them were the high valleys of the Pennar near Cuddapah, and of the Kistna near Ellora (and not far from the hill fort of Golconda, the name usually associated with these ancient and rich mines), as also a rude, little known, mountainous district, containing the sources of Nerbudda and Sone; and a range of hills in Bundelkund, between the latter river and the Sonar. The produce of these mines was enormous, both in regard to number and size. One of the Mohammedan Emperors, who died at the end of the twelfth century, after a long reign of plunder, is stated to have amassed in his treasury 400lbs. weight of diamonds alone. In later times, however, the produce from this part of the world has gradually fallen off, and is now entirely superseded by the more recently discovered mines of the Brazils.

The existence of these was revealed to the eastern world by an accident in the year 1727. A Portuguese of the name of Bernardino Fonseca Lobo, when at the gold mines of Minas Geraes, saw the miners using, as card counters, small stones which they said were found in the gold washings, and which he, having seen similar ones in the East Indies, conjectured to be rough diamonds. He brought a quantity to Lisbon, where his suspicion was confirmed, and public attention was at once drawn to the rich discovery. The European dealers, who had hitherto obtained their stones from India, fearing that they would be depreciated in value, spread the report that the pretended Brazilian diamonds had been surreptitiously sent from Goa to South America; but the Portuguese soon demonstrated their authenticity, and turned the tables upon the merchants, by actually sending them to Goa, and selling them in India as native produce. The discovery once made, the sources of supply were soon found, and worked extensively, and proved very productive. The stones abound more or less on the great north and south ranges of the country between 13 and 21º south latitude; but the principal working, so long known as the diamond district, and in which the town of *Diamantina* lies, is a high, mountainous, and sterile tract of country, situated between the heads of the rivers Doce, Arassuahy, Jequetinhonha, and the great river of San Francisco. The ancient province of Bahia has also more lately become one of the principal sources. In 1843 a mulatto miner, who had gone alone into the interior to search for new washings, was working up to his ankles in water, in the bed of a stream at Sincora, in this province, when, dropping the end of his crowbar, to rest himself, on the ground below, he was somewhat surprised at hearing it sound hollow. He repeated the blow a second and a third time,

when the bar fell through. He put his hand into the hole, and pulled out a handful of diamonds. Elated with his discovery he returned home, and offered the stones for sale to some of the parties with whom he had been formerly engaged. As the diamonds were of a different quality and shape from any they had seen before, they taxed him with having discovered a new mine, which for some time he strongly denied; but, on being thrown into prison on the charge of stealing the diamonds, he confessed his discovery, and, on promise of making it known, was released. The hole he had broken into produced alone ten pounds of superior stones, worth probably more than 100,000*l.* in their rough state; and, on the neighbourhood being searched, the produce was so abundant, that six or eight months afterwards, from 10,000 to 15,000 people had collected on the spot, and in the first two years it is supposed nearly 600,000 carats were extracted, to the value of above half a million of money: an influx into the market, which for a time very seriously depreciated the value. This circumstance, however, combined with the increased difficulty of extraction, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the high prices of provisions, soon checked the production, and brought matters again to a more normal state. Since this time another new mine has been discovered, producing good stones, and the diamond-bearing district is so extensive as to remove any fear of speedy exhaustion.

The total production of diamonds from the Brazilian mines has been estimated up to the year 1850 at upwards of 10,000,000 carats, or above two tons; and valued at 16,000,000*l.* sterling. At some seasons the general richness of the ground has been marvellous; after a rain the children would seek gold in the gutters, and often find large quantities; diamonds have been found in the vegetable roots in the gardens, and in stones carelessly thrown about the road; even the fowls would pick up diamonds.

The prevailing rocks in the diamond districts are the same as the usual auriferous strata, *i.e.*, chiefly varieties of metamorphic mica schist, occasionally intersected with irregular quartz veins. The matrix in which the stones actually lie is a mineral called *Itacolumite*, from the mountain Itacolumi, in Brazil, where it was first discovered. It is a silicious conglomerate, cemented together with ferruginous matter, and appears to have undergone plutonic action. The diamonds lie often imbedded in flaky portions of this material, like the well-known specimens of garnets in mica schist. In some parts of the Brazils the stones have been sought to some small extent by working the original vein in the rocks; but this has been troublesome and expensive, and recourse is had in preference to the alluvial beds of streams and rivers, where the diamonds are brought down with the detritus from the hills above. These water-courses have been always considered the most productive in fine stones, as well as the most profitable in working. Gold dust, and some few other stones, are found along with the diamonds, but the latter always form the principal object. The colour, crystallization, and quality of the stones, are generally much alike in the same district, but the size varies considerably, large and small being found all together. The great majority of stones found are of small size; it is said that only about one in ten thousand will exceed, when cut, ten carats in weight, and hence the disproportionate increase in value of large sized stones.

The Brazilian mines were formerly worked by government; but bad management and the extensive system of robberies practised by all classes concerned, caused this plan to fail, and they are now farmed out to private individuals, who carry on the workings at their own risk and profit. Slave labour is still employed, but all possible precautions are taken to prevent dishonesty. Thefts are severely punished, and rewards are offered for integrity and success in working. The slave who finds a diamond of $17\frac{1}{2}$ carats, is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and led in procession to the overseer, who gives him his freedom

accompanied with a new suit of clothes, and permission to work for his own profit; minor rewards are given for smaller stones.

The method of working for the stones is very simple. The streams are diverted, and the water exhausted as much as possible from the beds by pumping; the gravel and alluvial soil are then excavated and washed in troughs by means of currents of water; the earthy particles being first carried away, the remaining gravel is carefully searched for diamonds, which are easily recognised by those acquainted with them. The process of working is carried on as long as the dry weather lasts, namely, from April to the middle of October, all vestiges of the diggings being soon destroyed by the succeeding heavy rains. All the work is done by hand, no machinery having been hitherto found to answer.

Diamonds are usually found in crystalline forms—principally six, eight, and twelve sided, called by mineralogists the cube, the octohedron, and the rhombic dodecahedron; the two latter forms being the most common. In the rough state the stones are semi-transparent, but quite devoid of brilliancy; much resembling small pieces of gum-arabic. Experienced persons can, however, in this stage, easily judge of what their future quality and value will be.

The rough diamonds are transmitted by the owner to the coast, and shipped, generally, at Rio Janeiro, to merchants in Europe; by far the greater part coming to London. These merchants again sell them to other houses, whose business it is to get them cut, and so to give them the precious brilliancy which is their principal characteristic.

The art of cutting diamonds into a regular shape is of comparatively modern invention; they were long worn in their natural state, or only cleaned and polished. It appears, during the fourteenth century, some attempts were made to cut them into regular forms, but without any view to the improvement of their brilliancy; and it was only in the year 1456, that a certain Louis van Berquen, of Bruges, discovered the principle of cutting *facets* upon them, on which their lustre, as now known, so much depends. Cardinal Mazarin, about 1650, invented the perfect form of the brilliant, and had twelve large diamonds of the French crown cut into this shape, which has ever since been acknowledged the best possible for exhibiting the beautiful optical properties of the stone.

Diamond cutting, in the present day, is almost exclusively done by Jews at Amsterdam, where large diamond mills have been established; and it is calculated that 10,000 out of the 28,000 persons of the Jewish persuasion living in that city are dependent directly or indirectly on this branch of industry.* One of the largest establishments is that of Messrs. Coster, in the Zwanenburg Straat, who use steam-power to drive their machines, and employ from 200 to 300 hands.

The process of cutting the diamonds is as follows:—The rough stone is first given into the hands of an experienced workman, who examines its natural form, and determines what general shape and size it can most advantageously be made to assume. Having settled this in regard to *two* diamonds, he beds each of them in a mass of cement placed at the end of a piece of wood of a convenient size for handling, and then proceeds to rub the two stones one against the other, on the principle of "diamond cut diamond," changing from time to time the parts acted on, and so bringing both stones gradually into the form he desires. The mutual abrasion of the two stones produces diamond powder, which is carefully preserved for the subsequent operations. When the diamond has received its general shape, it is sent into the mill to be finished, by cutting upon it the numerous small angular "facets," as they are termed, which make up the surface. This is done by exposing the stone to the action of diamond powder

* The writer had lately the advantage of visiting the Amsterdam diamond works, along with Professor Tennant, one of our best English connoisseurs in precious stones, and to whose kindness he is indebted for much of the information in the present paper. See also Kluge's "Handbuch der Edelsteinkunde."

on a steel plate revolving with great velocity—an operation perfectly analogous to that of glass cutting, or the ordinary well-known lapidary's wheel. The cutting plates are usually about ten or twelve inches in diameter; they are placed horizontally with their spindles vertical, and are made to revolve about thirty or forty times in a second; the part acting on the diamond travelling over the facet at the rate of about a mile in a minute. Diamond powder, of extreme fineness, mixed with the best olive oil, is placed with a feather upon the upper table of the wheel, and the apparatus is then ready for action on the diamond. The stone is embedded in a mass of soft metal, an amalgam of lead and tin, easily fusible, and yet hard enough to retain the stone firmly in its position; this is fixed in a moveable handle, which is again attached to a small frame. The workman, having first heated the metal to a soft state, beds the diamond in it in the required position, and fixes it there by plunging into water; the frame is then placed to project over the wheel, and the diamond, being downwards, comes in contact with its upper surface, on which the diamond powder is placed; weights are then applied, and the result of the friction, at the immense velocity, is to cut a facet upon the stone in a very short space of time. When one of these is finished, the workman softens the metal, extracts the stone, and replaces it in the proper position for making another facet; and here comes into play a very remarkable feature of the operation, namely, the accuracy of judgment which skill and experience give in arranging the faces of the stone. It is obvious that, in any many-sided solid body whose shape is to have any pretensions to regularity or symmetry, the different faces must not only all stand in certain definite angular positions in regard to each other, but must all bear a certain size in relation to the magnitude and form of the whole. Further, any one acquainted with geometry will know, that for a solid figure of fifty or sixty sides, the determination of these angles and surfaces, by any theoretical rule, would be a matter of great difficulty; while the attempt to make such a figure practically, by any one unskilled in the operation, would only lead to continual trial—and error—attempts, which, even if the thing were ever properly done at all, would waste a large portion in the operation, and consequently much diminish the ultimate available size. Any one who will try, for example, to cut a turnip or a potato, by his eye and hand only, into a regular octohedron, or solid figure of eight equal and similar sides, will at once appreciate the difficulty. Yet the diamond-cutter has to do a much more difficult problem, namely, to give about sixty symmetrical and regular faces to stones sometimes only about an eighth of an inch diameter; without any mechanical aids whatever to his judgment; and yet producing, without a particle of unnecessary waste, the very largest stone geometrically possible out of the rough body. This of course can only be the result of great skill and long experience. Having made one facet, he judges by his eye the exact angle at which the stone must be placed to cut the new one, and the exact depth to which the grinding for the latter must be carried; and so accurately is this done, that it is very seldom a good workman ever has to revert to a facet for correction, after he has once passed it over. The stone is so fixed in the metal as to leave other facets visible for constant comparison with the one under progress; and the handle is capable, by a sort of universal joint, of adjustment to any nicety for the position of the stone in touching the wheel. There is no further division of labour than between the rough cutter and the finisher—the latter taking the stone from the former in its roughed-out state, and returning it to the proprietor in the shape of the perfect finished brilliant ready for sale. The last touches to the facets consist of polishing, or giving to them the peculiar diamond lustre; but this is in no wise different from the grinding, except in being done with more care. The man can at any time adjust the weight or force with which the stone is pressed upon the wheel, or

he can remove it entirely, and substitute the gentle pressure of his hand; and he can also modify the velocity of the grinding action; for, although the wheel itself is kept at a constant number of revolutions per minute, he can place the stone nearer to, or further from the axis, as he likes, which will of course give a less or greater effective velocity, according to the radius of the acting circle.

The diamond powder, of which a large quantity is used, is obtained partly from the first process, of rough-cutting the stones; partly from diamonds of a quality not good enough to cut for sale, which are broken up for the purpose; and partly from the newly discovered substance, "carbonado," which is hard enough for this use, although of a somewhat coarse quality. The powder is carefully sifted, cleaned from dirt and extraneous matters, and, when about to be used, is mixed with the finest vegetable oil.

The workmen are all Jews, and are regularly educated to the trade. They are paid by piece-work. Formerly, they did their work at their own houses, their wheels being turned by manual power; but it is now found more advantageous for the large proprietors to provide workshops of their own furnished with steam power, for the use of which the men pay out of their earnings. Some of the more skilful and industrious men realise considerable incomes. There is, of course, always temptation to dishonesty, from the great value which is compressed into so small a space; but all possible precautions are taken, and the character of the men is made of so high weight in all the transactions with them, that losses very seldom occur.

The form into which a diamond is cut has great influence on its beauty and fire. The two most common are what are called the "brilliant," and the "rose" or "rosette." The latter, so named from its similarity to an unopened rosebud, was one of the earliest forms in use, and is applied generally to the cheaper kinds of stones. It is a sort of pyramid, with a flat base, and inclined facets, terminating upwards in a pointed apex. The flat base is imbedded in the setting; and, therefore, in the rose diamond, the whole of the stone appears projecting above.

The brilliant is the more valuable form; it may be considered as formed of two pyramids, connected together at their bases, with the apex of each truncated or cut off, and the sides worked into facets, as in the case of the rose. The stone is held in the setting at the broadest part, or junction of the pyramids; one pyramid projects upwards in sight, the other is hidden below, so that only half the stone, or somewhat less, appears; but the hidden part is most powerfully effective in adding to the brilliancy. The apex of the upper pyramid is cut off to a considerable extent, and the large facet thus formed is called the *table:* the corresponding facet below, formed by the truncation of the lower or hidden pyramid, is much smaller, and is called the *collet.* The rim where the setting takes hold, or, as we have described it, the junction of the bases of the pyramids, is called the *girdle.* There are thirty-two facets cut round the upper slanting surface of the stone, *i.e.*, between the girdle and the table, and twenty-four on the lower part, between the girdle and the collet. All these facets have names by which they are known to the cutters; and all the dimensions of the stone should, in order to produce the best effect, bear certain definite proportions to each other. The most favourable form of brilliant for exhibiting the lustre of the stone is considered to be a square, having the corners slightly rounded off; but, of course, many stones will not admit of being cut to this form without loss, and, therefore round, oval, pear shapes, &c., are perhaps more common. The stones lose about fifty per cent. in cutting, more or less, so that, to make a brilliant of one carat, a rough stone of two carats is required.

The *chemical nature* of the diamond is well known. It consists of pure carbon; identically the same thing as the soot from a kitchen chimney, but in different form. Sir Isaac Newton sus-

pected, by its optical properties, that it was a combustible body; and its character has been subsequently proved beyond a doubt. If sufficient heat be applied, diamonds will completely consume, combining with oxygen to form carbonic acid, precisely like charcoal or coke in an ordinary furnace.

There have been many speculations as to the mode by which nature has effected this wonderful metamorphosis, and many have been the attempts made to imitate her; but hitherto she has kept her secret well, and baffled all her admiring followers. Sir David Brewster has suspected, by optical peculiarities exhibited in some examples, that diamonds may not be of mineral origin, but may have resulted from the hardening of a kind of gum, something like amber.

A curious substance has lately been found in the Brazilian mines, called "Carbonado," or amorphous diamond—a kind of intermediate grade between diamond and charcoal, combining the hardness of the former with the black unformed character of the latter. Close inspection shows curious traces of a passage between the two states; and it is thought further examination of this substance may lead to some better insight than we at present possess, as to the chemical nature of the change.

The diamond is totally insensible to the action of any chemical reagents. Its specific gravity is about 3·5.

The most characteristic quality of the diamond is its extreme *hardness;* it is the hardest substance known. This quality was the earliest that attracted attention, the name being derived from the Greek Ἀδάμας, *i.e.* incapable of being crushed or subdued For the comparison of hardness in different degrees, mineralogists have adopted a scale represented by the following substances. 1, talc; 2, gypsum; 3, calcareous spar; 4, fluor spar; 5, phosphate of lime; 6, felspar; 7, quartz; 8, topaz; 9, sapphire and ruby; 10, diamond. Any one of these substances will scratch all below it in the scale, and may be scratched by all above it. The diamond, therefore, as far as destructibility by abrasion is concerned, defies all nature. This quality renders it of considerable value for other purposes than ornament—as for cutting glass, and for working other stones, for the pivots of watch-work, &c.

But, although the diamond is so hard, it is very easily broken, and, indeed, by a particular knack, it may even be cut with a common pen-knife. This apparent anomaly is due to what is called its *cleavage*, a result of the crystalline structure. Many well-known substances, as slate for example, split or cleave with peculiar facility in certain definite directions, while they offer considerable resistance to fracture in all others. The diamond has this property, cleaving easily in no less than four directions, parallel to the surfaces of the original octohedric crystal; and, therefore, when moderate force is applied in either of these ways, the stone splits into pieces. Pliny, mentioning the great hardness of the diamond, states that if laid upon an anvil, and struck with a hammer, the steel would sooner give way than the stone. This assertion is a matter of popular belief in the present day, but we would not recommend any possessor of a good diamond to try the experiment. The chances of some of the forces acting in the cleavage directions are so great, that the stone would in all probability fly to pieces under the first blow. The truth is, that Pliny referred not to the diamond, but to the *sapphire*, which, though less hard than the diamond, cleaves only in *one* direction, and might, therefore, withstand the test named.

The cleaving property of the diamond is made useful in two ways in the manufacture: first, by splitting the stones when they contain flaws, and secondly, in the preparation of diamond powder. When a rough diamond is seen to contain a defect of sufficient extent to depreciate its value as a single gem, it is split in two, precisely at the flaw, so as to make two sound stones. This is a very simple operation in appearance, done in a few seconds; but it requires an amazing

amount of skill to do it properly. The workman, by a sort of intuitive knowledge, gained by long experience, knows, on a careful inspection of the stone, the exact direction which a cleavage plane passing through the flaw will take. Tracing this plane therefore to the exterior, he makes on the edge of the stone, precisely in that spot, a slight nick with another diamond. He then places a small knife in that nick, gives it a light tap with a hammer, and the stone at once cleaves in two, directly through the flaw. This operation, in daily practice in the Amsterdam works, is one of the most elegant and instructive processes in the whole range of mineralogy. It is reported that Dr. Wollaston, celebrated as almost the originator of the science of crystallography, once made a handsome sum by purchasing a large flawed diamond from Rundall and Bridge at a low price, and subsequently splitting it into smaller sound and valuable stones; the principle of the operation not being then generally known.

Another use of the cleavage principle is in the preparation of diamond powder. Small diamonds of inferior quality, are put into a steel mortar, and pounded and rubbed with a steel pestle, when they break up through their various cleavage planes into still smaller pieces, and at last rub themselves into the finest dust, fit for use on the wheel.

The cause of the wonderful *brilliancy* of the diamond is not popularly known. It has no inherent luminous power; it is simply transparent, like common glass, and yet, if the latter were cut into the form of a brilliant, it could no more be mistaken for a real one than for a sapphire or an emerald. The secret, therefore, of the brilliancy of the diamond must lie in something other than its clearness or its transparency. It is owing to its great *refractive* power. When rays of white light pass through transparent substances they are refracted, or bent out of their former course, and under certain circumstances are separated into their constituent elements, and dispersed in the form of the well-known prismatic colours. The cut drops of glass chandeliers show a familiar example of these properties. Now, the degree in which this effect is produced by any substance depends on the refractive power it possesses, and it so happens that the diamond has this power in an extraordinarily high degree, its index of refraction being 2·47, while that of glass, or rock crystal, is only about 1·6, and of water 1·3. The effect of this great refractive capability, particularly when aided by judicious cutting, is, instead of allowing the light to pass *through*, to throw it about, backwards and forwards in the body of the stone, and ultimately to dart it out again in all sorts of directions, and in the most brilliant array of mingled colours; and this is this marvellous effect that meets the eye. Sir David Brewster has shown[1] that the play of colours is enhanced by the small *dispersive* power of the diamond, in comparison with its refractive properties.

It is often supposed that diamonds are essentially colourless, but this is a mistake; they exist of many colours, yellow, orange, pink, blue, green, brown, and black. Three-fourths of the stones found are tinged with some colour or other, mostly pale yellow, or yellow brown. The perfectly pure and colourless ones are selected as the most valuable for the general market; but it sometimes happens that fine stones of a decided colour are more prized than white, from their peculiar rarity and beauty.[2] A blue diamond of about fifty-six carats, belonging to Mr. Hope, is a celebrated stone, combining the beautiful colour of the sapphire with the fire and brilliancy of the diamond.

The quality of diamonds depends upon their colour, purity, transparency, and freedom from flaws. Stones perfectly colourless, pure, clear, and free from all defects, are said to be of "the first water;" if they have slight imperfections, they are "of the second water;"

[1] *North British Review*, Nov. 1852.

[2] A fine collection of coloured diamonds, belonging to Mr. Tennant, are now exhibiting at the Kensington Museum.

and, if tinged with colour, or otherwise very defective, of "the third water."

The value is estimated according to the weight, which is expressed in *carats;* one carat being about 205 French milligrammes, or $3\frac{1}{6}$ grains troy.

For small stones, not exceeding one carat in weight, the value may be assumed approximately to be *proportional* to the weight; but, as the stones increase in size, this rule does not apply—the larger ones being more rare, and therefore having a value greater than is due to their mere size. To provide for this, it is generally assumed that, above one carat, the value shall increase as the *square* of the weight—*i.e.*, that a stone double the weight of another shall have *four* times the value; treble the weight, *nine* times the value; ten times the weight, one hundred times the value, and so on.

The money value of diamonds is a difficult subject to touch upon, as a distinction must always be drawn between the retail price asked by jewellers from the public, and the real market price of the diamonds as sold by the dealers. Moreover, the value will always vary according to the state of the market, as well as according to the quality and cut of the stones. As a rough approximation, brilliants of first-rate quality, and perfect in every respect, may be estimated at about 12*l.* per carat; reducible to half this, or even less, for stones of inferior water. According, therefore, to the rule of the weight above laid down, a diamond of half a carat might be estimated as worth 6*l.*; but one of two carats would be worth $2 \times 2 \times 12 = 48l$; one of five carats $5 \times 5 \times 12 = 300l$; and so on.[1]

[1] Referring to the square or best form of brilliants, the solid content of a cut stone, of proper proportions, is about $\frac{2}{3}$ of that of the circumscribing parallelopipedon; and, taking the Sp. gr. at 3·5, we shall obtain the following rule. Let d = side of the square, or breadth across the girdle, and t. = the thickness of the stone, from table to collet; both in tenths of an inch;—then

$$\text{Weight in carats} = \frac{d^2\, t}{8{\cdot}3}.$$

In a well proportioned stone t should be $= \frac{2}{5}\, d$, and the rule thus becomes

$$\text{Weight} = \frac{d^3}{12{\cdot}5},$$

or the value in £ $= \frac{d^6}{13 \text{ to } 30}$, so that the worth of stones varies, *cæteris paribus*, as the *sixth power* of their lineal dimensions. The height of the table above the girdle should be $= \frac{1}{3}\, t$;—the depth of the collet below $= \frac{2}{3}\, t$. The breadth across the table should be $= \frac{5}{6}\, d$.

This rule will, however, hold only up to the limit of stones in ordinary sale. Such as are very large and of exceptional production cannot be valued by any rule; they are worth just what the state of the demand among crowned heads and millionaires will enable their holders to get for them.

The general value of diamonds has been rising of late years; for, though the production is not scanty, the demand, owing to general prosperity, and the extension of ornament to wider classes in society, is largely on the increase.

Imitations of diamonds are generally of one of the following three kinds:

1. *White Topaz.*—This is nearly as hard as diamond, and about the same specific gravity, and may therefore be mistaken for it when tried by these tests. A London jeweller died lately in the belief that a fine stone he had come into the possession of was a valuable diamond, and left large legacies to be paid out of the proceeds of its sale; but it proved, on examination, to be only a white topaz, and of very little value. The difference may be recognised by the optical qualities, which differ much in the two stones.

2. *Rock Crystal* (Brighton diamonds, Irish diamonds, &c.).—This substance, though hard enough to scratch glass, is much softer than diamond, and is easily scratched by it. It is also much inferior in brilliancy and in specific gravity.

3. *Paste.*—This, which is a glass prepared with metallic oxides, can be made equal to diamond in refractive power, and therefore can be given a great brilliancy; but it is very soft, softer even than common glass, and it does not retain its lustre.

There is also a method of deception sometimes practised by what is called half-brilliants; *i. e.* stones in the form

of brilliants, in which the upper pyramid is a real diamond, and the lower a piece of some inferior stone, cemented to it; the whole being set so as to hide the junction. When this deception is suspected, the stone should be taken out of its setting for examination.

A very remarkable discovery has lately been made, that the chemical element *boron*, the base of the common substance borax, may, by a peculiar process, be obtained in transparent crystals which possess the high refractive power of the diamond, and a hardness as great, if not greater. At present, the crystals produced have been too small to be of commercial value; but it is quite possible that, hereafter, the discovery may prove to be of great importance.

It only remains to mention a few particular stones celebrated for their size, and which have had, on account of their great value, a history of their own.

The largest stone professing to be a diamond is the "Braganza" found in Brazil in 1741, and preserved, in its rough state, in the Royal Treasury at Lisbon. It is as large as a hen's egg, and weighs 1680 carats; but doubts are entertained whether it may not be in reality only a white topaz and no diamond at all; a supposition which, as the Portuguese Government decline to allow it to be cut or sufficiently examined, would appear quite possible.

The largest authenticated diamond known is that of the Rajah of Mattan in Borneo. It is of the purest water, of a pear shape, and weighs 367 carats. It was found a century ago at Landack, and has been the object of many wars for its possession.

The celebrated "Pitt" or "Regent" diamond was found in 1702, in the mines of Parteal, twenty miles from Masulipatam, by a slave, who having concealed its discovery from his employers, offered it to a sailor on condition that he would give him his freedom. The sailor lured him on board his ship, threw him overboard, and sold the stone to the then Governor of Fort St. George, whose name was Pitt, for 1000*l.*; he quickly ran through the money and then hanged himself for remorse. The diamond was purchased from Pitt by the Regent of France, for 135,000*l.* It weighed 410 carats in its rough state, but was cut into a fine brilliant of 137 carats, thus losing two-thirds of its weight in the operation. It is said to be the finest diamond (though not the largest) in the world, in beauty of form, and purity of water. During the reign of terror, when the Tuileries were plundered, the diamond disappeared, along with all the other crown jewels; but it turned up again, and was pledged by the Republic to a merchant in Berlin. Redeemed at a later period, it embellished the sword of Napoleon I., and was taken by the Prussians after the battle of Waterloo. It is now in the French crown, and was exhibited in the French Exhibition of 1855.

The "Star of the South," another large brilliant, was also exhibited there: it was found lately in the Brazilian mines, and weighs 125 carats; it is of an oval shape; 35 millimetres long, 29 wide, and 19 thick. It is very pure, but its colour is slightly inclining to pink. It is in private hands, and for sale.

The "Sancy" diamond, of 53½ carats, has a singular history. It came originally from India, and, about the fifteenth century, was in the possession of the luxurious Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who wore it, probably as a talisman, in the unfortunate battle of Nancy, in Switzerland, where he was killed. A common Swiss soldier, who discovered the body in a ditch, found the jewel in the clothes, and, not knowing its value, sold it for a florin to a Swiss priest, who transferred it to the hands of the Confederacy. It subsequently came into the possession of the King of Portugal, who, in 1489, being in want of money, parted with it to a French trader. In the sixteenth century it found its way into the hands of a Huguenot nobleman, the Baron of Sancy, who happened to be in Soleure when King Henry III. was trying to negotiate a loan. Sancy offered him, as a true subject, the diamond, and his offer was

accepted; but the messenger who was entrusted to convey it to the king (some accounts say Sancy himself) was waylaid and murdered, but had time before his death to swallow the stone, which subsequently was found in the stomach of the corpse. The stone was next traced into the possession of James II. of England, who took it with him when he fled to France in 1688, and afterwards, when he was in distress for money, parted with it to Louis XIV. for 25,000*l.*—and Louis XV. is said to have worn it in the clasp of his hat at his coronation. It vanished in 1792, but reappeared in the Napoleon era, and was sold for 500,000 silver rubles to the Emperor of Russia, in whose possession it still remains.

The "Nassack" diamond was captured during the Mahratta war in India, in the Peishwa's baggage, by the combined armies under the Marquis of Hastings; and, after changing hands several times, was purchased, about twenty years ago, by the Marquis of Westminster. It was afterwards partly re-cut by Hunt and Roskell, and is now a beautiful colourless stone, weighing 78$\frac{5}{8}$ carats. It is of a triangular or pear shape.

Many other large diamonds might be mentioned, each of which has a history, but perhaps the most interesting of all, is our own great diamond, the celebrated Koh-i-noor; the story of which would make a very fair true romance of three goodly volumes.

Its origin is older than any historical records reveal, but it can be traced as far back as the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it came into the treasury of Delhi; and from this time it became intimately associated with the entire history of the Indian wars and dynasties, until, on the late annexation of the Punjab, it was taken possession of by our government, brought to England in 1850, and presented to the Queen. It was shown at the international exhibition of 1851, in the state it was received, weighing 186 carats; but it was so badly cut that its brilliancy scarcely exceeded that of a piece of crystal, and it had several flaws and defects in its structure. The Queen, after taking advice from competent judges, decided to have it recut; which was done in London (by workmen expressly brought over from Amsterdam for the purpose) in 1852. It has now the form of a regular brilliant; and, though its weight has been reduced to 102 carats, it has become, what it never was before, a most splendid jewel, worthy of its royal mistress, whose unsullied diadem may it long adorn!

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Of which it is rather venturesome to say anything in this Democritan age, that boasts such a surplus of laughing philosophers. Our forefathers sentimentalised over their feelings — we are somewhat ashamed of having any; they made the most of afflictions, real and imaginary—we are often disposed to turn grief itself into an excellent joke. A "broken heart" is a stock subject for humour; yet some have known it; and few even of the worthiest of us have not at one time or other caught ourselves making a jest about funerals, just as if there were no such thing as dying. It is good to laugh, it is good to be merry; no human being is the better for always contemplating "the miseries of human life," and talking of "graves and worms and epitaphs." Yet since sorrow, in its infinitely varied forms and solemn inward unity, is common to all, should we not sometimes pause to look at it, seriously, calmly, nor be afraid to speak of it, as a great fact—the only fact of life, except death, that we are quite sure

of? And since we are so sure of it, will a few words more or less, suggesting how to deal with it in others, and how to bear it for ourselves, do us any harm? I trow not.

For, laugh as we may, there is such a thing as sorrow; most people at some portion of their lives have experienced it—no imaginary misery—no carefully petted-up wrong; no accidental anxiety, or state of nervous irritable discontent, but a deep, abiding, inevitable *sorrow*. It may have come slowly or suddenly; may weigh heavier or lighter at different times, or according to our differing moods and temperaments; but it is there—a settled reality not to be escaped from. At bed and board, in work or play, alone and in company, it keeps to us, as close as our shadow, and as certainly following. And so we know it will remain with us; for months, for years—perhaps even to the other world.

Therefore what can we preach to ourselves, or to our fellows, concerning it? Perhaps the wisest lesson of all is that of the ancient Hebrew, who laid his hand upon his mouth, "because THOU didst it." For sorrow is a holy thing. The meanest mortal who can say truly,

"Here I and sorrow sit,"

feels also somewhat of the silent consecration of that awful companionship, which may well—

"Bid kings come bow to it,"

yet elevates the sufferer himself to a higher condition of humanity, and brings him nearer to the presence of the King of kings.

Grief is a softening thing, from its very universality. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Your child, my neighbour, may be dying, or giving you anguish sharp as death; my own familiar friend may have lifted up his heel against me, causing me now, and perhaps for ever, to doubt if there be such a thing as fidelity, or honour, or honesty in the world; a third, whom we all know and meet daily, may have received yesterday, or last week, or last month, some small accidental stab, altogether inward, and bleeding inwardly, yet which may prove a death wound; a fourth has sustained some heavy visible blow or loss, which we all talk of, compassionate, would fain comfort if we could, but we cannot. These various shapes which sorrow takes compose a common unity; and every heart which has once known its own bitterness, learns from thence to understand, in a measure, the bitterness of every other human heart. The words, "He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows,"—"in all our afflictions he was afflicted," have a secondary and earthly as well as a Divine significance; and to be "acquainted with grief," gives to any man a power of consolation, which seems to come direct through him from the great Comforter of all. The "Christus Consolator" which Scheffer painted,—the Man Divine, surrounded by, and relieving every form of human anguish, is a noble type of this power, to attain which all must feel that their own anguish has been cheaply purchased, if by means of it they may have learned to minister unto all these.

This ministry of consolation is not necessarily external, or intentional. We must all have sometimes felt, that the people who do us most good are those who are absolutely unaware of doing it. Even as "baby-fingers, waxen touches," will melt into flesh and blood again a heart that has seemed slowly turning into stone, so the chance influence of something or somebody, intrinsically and unconsciously good, will often soothe us like a waft of sweet scent borne across a dull high-road from over a garden wall. It may be the sight of peaceful, lovely, beloved old age, which says silently and smilingly, "And yet I have suffered too;" or the brightness in some young face, honest and brave, which reminds a man of the days of his own youth, and shames him out of irresolution or cynical unbelief, daring him, as it were, to be such a coward as to let his after life give the lie to the aspirations of his prime. Or the influence, more fugitive still, comes from a word or two in a book, or a look in a stranger's face,

which, however inexplicably, makes us feel at once that this book or this stranger understands us, refreshes and helps us—is to us like a flower in a sick room, or a cup of water in a riverless land.

It would be curious to trace, if any but immortal eyes ever could trace, how strongly many lives have been influenced by these instinctive sympathies; and what a heap of unknown love and benediction may follow until death many a man—or woman—who walks humbly and unconsciously, on, perhaps, a very obscure and difficult way, fulfilling this silent ministry of consolation.

We are speaking of consolation first, and not without purpose; let us now say a little word about sorrow.

It may seem an anomaly, and yet is most true, that the grief which is at once the heaviest and the easiest to bear is a grief of which nobody knows; something, no matter what, which, for whatever reason, must be kept for the depth of the heart, neither asking nor desiring sympathy, counsel, or alleviation. Such things are—oftener perhaps than we know of; and, if the sufferer can bear it at all, it is the best and easiest way of bearing grief, even as the grief itself becomes the highest, we had almost said the divinest form of sorrow upon earth. For it harms no one, it wounds and wrongs no one; it is that solitary agony unto which the angels come and minister—making the night glorious with the shining of their wings.

Likewise, in any blow utterly irremediable, which strikes at the very core of life, we little heed what irks and irritates us much in lesser pain—namely, to see the round of daily existence moving on untroubled. We feel it not; we are rather glad of its monotonous motion. And to be saved from all external demonstrations is a priceless relief; neither to be watched, nor soothed, nor reasoned with, nor pitied: to wrap safely round us the *convenances* of society, or of mechanical household association; and only at times to drop them off and stand, naked and helpless as a new-born child, crying aloud unto Him who alone can understand our total agony of desolation. But this great solitude of suffering is impossible to many; and indeed can only be sustained without injury by those strongly religious natures unto whom the sense of the Divine presence is not merely a tacit belief, or a poetical imagination, but a proved fact—as real as any of the facts of daily life are to other people. With whom it is impossible to argue. Let him that readeth understand, if he can; or if it be given him to understand, these great mysteries.

But one truth concerning sorrow is simple and clear enough for a child's comprehension; and it were well if from childhood we were all taught it; namely, that that grief is the most nobly borne which is allowed to weigh the least heavily on any one else. Not all people, however, are unselfish enough to perceive this. Many feel a certain pride in putting on and long retaining their "sackcloth and ashes," nay, they conceive that when they have sustained a heavy affliction, there is a sort of disgrace in appearing too easily to "get over it." But here they make the frequent error of shallow surface-judging minds. They cannot see that any real wound in a deep, true, and loving heart is *never* "got over." We may bury our dead out of our sight, or out of our neighbour's sight, which is of more importance; we may cease to miss them from the routine of our daily existence, and learn to name people, things, places and times, as calmly as if no pulse had ever throbbed horribly at the merest allusion to them—but they are not forgotten. They have merely passed from the outer to the inner fold of our double life. Which fold lies nearest to us, we know; and which are usually the most precious, the things we have and hold, or the things we have lost—we also know.

It may seem a cruel word to say—but a long-indulged and openly displayed sorrow, of any sort, is often an ignoble, and invariably a selfish feeling; being a sacrifice of the many to the few. If we look round on the circle of our ac-

quaintance, with its percentage, large or small, of those whom we heartily respect, we shall always find that it is the highest and most affectionate natures which conquer sorrow soonest and best; those unselfish ones who can view a misfortune in its result on others as well as on their own precious individuality; and those in which great capacity of loving acts at once as bane and antidote, giving them, with a keen susceptibility to pain, a power of enduring it which to the unloving is not only impossible but incredible. It is the weak, the self-engrossed, and self-important, who chiefly make to themselves public altars of perpetual woe, at which they worship, not the *Dii manes* of departed joys, but the apotheoses of living ill-humours.

An incurable regret is an unwholesome, unnatural thing to the indulger of it; an injury to others, an accusation against Divinity itself. The pastor's reproof to the weeping mother—"What, have you not yet forgiven God Almighty?" contains a truth which it were good all mourners laid to heart. How hard it is to any of us to "forgive God Almighty;" not only for the heavy afflictions which he has sent to us, but for the infinitude of small annoyances, which (common sense would tell us, if we used it) we mostly bring upon ourselves! Yet even when calamity comes—undoubted, inevitable calamity—surely, putting religion altogether aside, the wisest thing you can do with a wound is to heal it, or rather to let it heal; which it will do slowly and naturally, if you do not voluntarily keep it open into a running sore. Some people, with the very best intentions, seem to act upon us like a poultice over gaping flesh; and others again officiate as surgical instruments, laying bare every quivering nerve, and pressing upon every festering spot till we cry out in our agony that we had rather be left to die in peace, unhealed. Very few have the blessed art of letting nature alone to do her benign work, and only aiding her by those simple means which suggest themselves to the instinct of affection,—that is, of affection and wisdom combined; which nothing, but tender instinct united to a certain degree of personal suitability, will ever supply. For, like a poet, a nurse, either of body or mind, *nascitur non fit.* We all must know many excellent and well-meaning people, whom in sickness or misfortune we would as soon admit into our chamber of sorrow as we would a live hippopotamus or a herd of wild buffaloes.

Perhaps (another anomaly) the sharpest affliction that any human being can endure is one which is not a personal grief at all, but the sorrow of somebody else. To see any one dearly beloved writhing under a heavy stroke, or consumed by a daily misery which we are powerless to remove or even to soften, is a trial heavy indeed—heavier in one sense than any affliction of one's own, because of that we know the height and depth, the aggravations and alleviations. But we can never fathom another's sorrow,—not one, even the keenest-eyed and tenderest-hearted among us, can ever be so familiar with the ins and outs of it as to be sure always to minister to its piteous needs at the right time and in the right way. Watch as we may, we are continually more or less in the dark, often irritating where we would soothe, and wounding where we would give our lives to heal.

Also, resignation to what may be termed a vicarious sorrow is cruelly hard to learn. We sometimes are goaded into a state of half-maddened protestation against Providence, feeling as if we—kept bound hand and foot on the shore—were set to watch a fellow-creature drowning. To be able to believe that Infinite Wisdom really knows what is best for that beloved fellow-creature far more than we do, is the highest state to which faith can attain; and the most religious can only catch it in brief glimpses through a darkness of angry doubt that almost rises at times into blasphemous despair. From such agonies no human strength can save; and while they last every human consolation fails. We can only lie humble at the feet of Eternal Wisdom, yielding

into His hands not only ourselves but our all. And surely if there be such a thing as angelic ministry, much of it must needs be spent not only on sufferers, but on those whose lot it is to stand by and see others suffer, generally having all the time to wear a countenance cheerful, hopeful, or calmly indifferent, which in its piteous hypocrisy dare give no sign of the devouring anxiety that preys on the loving heart below.

Mention has been made of those griefs, wholly secret and silent, which are never guessed by even closest friends; the sacred self-control of which makes them easier to bear than many a lesser anguish. In contrast to these may be placed the griefs that everybody knows and nobody speaks of,—such as domestic unhappiness, disappointed love, carking worldly cares, half-guessed unkindnesses, dimly suspected wrongs; miseries which the sufferer refuses to acknowledge, but suffers on in a proud or heroic silence that precludes all others from offering either aid or sympathy, even if either were possible, which frequently it is not. In many of the conjunctures, crises, and involvements of human life, the only safe, or kind, or wise course is this solemn though heart-broken silence, under the shadow of which it nevertheless often happens that wrongs slowly work themselves right; pains lessen, at all events, to the level of quiet endurance; or an unseen hand, by some strange and sudden sweep of destiny, clears the dark and thorny pathway, and makes everything easy and peaceful and plain.

But this does not always happen. There are hundreds of silent martyrs in whom a keen observer can see the shirt of horse-hair or the belt of steel points under the finest and most elegantly-worn clothes; and for whom, to the short-seeing human eye, there appears no possible release but death. The only consolation for such is the lesson,—sublime enough to lighten a little even the worst torment,—taught and learnt by that majestic life-long endurance which has for its sustenance strength celestial that we know not of, and for which in the end await the martyr's bliss and the martyr's crown.

These "few words" are said. They may have been said, and better said, a hundred times before. There is hardly any deep-thinking or deep-feeling human being who has not said them to himself over and over again; yet sometimes a truth strikes truer and clearer when we hear it repeated by another, instead of only listening to its dim echoes in our own often bewildered mind. To all who understand the meaning of the word sorrow, we commend these disjointed thoughts to be thought out by themselves at leisure. And so farewell.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXXV.

SECOND YEAR.

For some days after his return home—in fact, until his friend's arrival, Tom was thoroughly beaten down and wretched, notwithstanding his efforts to look hopefully forward, and keep up his spirits. His usual occupations were utterly distasteful to him; and, instead of occupying himself, he sat brooding over his late misfortune, and hopelessly puzzling his head as to what he could do to set matters right. The conviction in which he always landed was that there was nothing to be done, and that he was a desolate and blighted being, deserted of gods and men. Hardy's presence and company soon shook him out of this maudlin nightmare state, and he began to recover as soon as he had his old sheet-anchor friend to hold on to and consult with. Their consultations were held chiefly in the intervals of wood-

craft, in which they spent most of the hours between breakfast and dinner. Hardy did not take out a certificate, and wouldn't shoot without one; so, as the best autumn exercise, they selected a tough old pollard elm, infinitely ugly, with knotted and twisted roots, curiously difficult to get at and cut through, which had been long marked as a blot by Mr. Brown, and condemned to be felled as soon as there was nothing more pressing for his men to do. But there was always something of more importance; so that the cross-grained old tree might have remained until this day, had not Hardy and Tom pitched on him as a foeman worthy of their axes. They shovelled, and picked, and hewed away with great energy. The woodman who visited them occasionally, and who, on examining their first efforts, had remarked that the severed roots looked a little "as tho' the dogs had been a gnawin' at 'em," began to hold them in respect, and to tender his advice with some deference. By the time the tree was felled and shrouded, Tom was in a convalescent state.

Their occupation had naturally led to discussions on the advantages of emigration, the delights of clearing one's own estate, building one's own house, and getting away from conventional life with a few tried friends. Of course the pictures which were painted included foregrounds with beautiful children playing about the clearing, and graceful women, wives of the happy squatters, flitting in and out of the log-houses and sheds, clothed and occupied after the manner of our ideal grandmothers; with the health and strength of Amazons, the refinement of high-bred ladies, and wondrous skill in all domestic works, confections, and contrivances. The log-houses would also contain fascinating select libraries, continually reinforced from home, sufficient to keep all dwellers in the happy clearing in communion with all the highest minds of their own and former generations. Wondrous games in the neighbouring forest, dear old home customs established and taking root in the wilderness, with ultimate dainty flower gardens, conservatories, and pianofortes—a millennium on a small scale, with universal education, competence, prosperity, and equal rights! Such castle-building, as an accompaniment to the hard exercise of woodcraft, worked wonders for Tom in the next week, and may be safely recommended to parties in like evil case with him.

But more practical discussions were not neglected, and it was agreed that they should make a day at Englebourn together before their return to Oxford, Hardy undertaking to invade the rectory with the view of re-establishing his friend's character there.

Tom wrote a letter to Katie to prepare her for a visit. The day after the ancient elm was fairly disposed of they started early for Englebourn, and separated at the entrance to the village—Hardy proceeding to the rectory to fulfil his mission, which he felt to be rather an embarrassing one, and Tom to look after the constable, or whoever else could give him information about Harry.

He arrived at the Red Lion, their appointed trysting place, before Hardy, and spent a restless half-hour in the porch and bar waiting for his return. At last Hardy came, and Tom hurried him into the inn's best room, where bread and cheese and ale awaited them, and, as soon as the hostess could be got out of the room, began impatiently—

"Well; you have seen her?"

"Yes, I have come straight here from the rectory."

"And is it all right, eh? Had she got my letter?"

"Yes, she had had your letter."

"And you think she is satisfied?"

"Satisfied? No, you can't expect her to be satisfied."

"I mean, is she satisfied that it isn't so bad after all as it looked the other day? What does Katie think of me?"

"I think she is still very fond of you, but that she has been puzzled and outraged by this discovery, and cannot get over it all at once."

"Why didn't you tell her the whole story from beginning to end?"

"I tried to do so as well as I could."

"Oh, but I can see you haven't done it. She doesn't really understand how it is."

"Perhaps not; but you must remember it is an awkward subject to be talking about to a young woman. I would sooner stand another fellowship examination than go through it again."

"Thank you, old fellow," said Tom, laying his hand on Hardy's shoulder; "I feel that I'm unreasonable and impatient; but you can excuse it; you know that I don't mean it."

"Don't say another word; I only wish I could have done more for you."

"But what do you suppose Katie thinks of me?"

"Why, you see, it sums itself up in this: she sees that you have been making serious love to Patty, and have turned the poor girl's head, more or less, and that now you are in love with somebody else. Why, put it how we will, we can't get out of that. There are the facts, pure and simple, and she wouldn't be half a woman if she didn't resent it."

"But it's hard lines, too, isn't it, old fellow? No, I won't say that; I deserve it all, and much worse. But you think I may come round all right?"

"Yes, all in good time. I hope there's no danger in any other quarter?"

"Goodness knows! There's the rub, you see. She will go back to town disgusted with me; I shan't see her again, and she won't hear of me for I don't know how long; and she will be meeting heaps of men. Has Katie been over to Barton?"

"Yes; she was there last week, just before they left."

"Well, what happened?"

"She wouldn't say much; but I gathered that they are very well."

"Oh, yes, bother it, of course, they are very well. But didn't she talk to Katie about what happened last week?"

"Of course she did. What else should they talk about?"

"But you don't know what they said?"

"No; but you may depend on it that Miss Winter will be your friend. My dear fellow, there is nothing for it but time."

"Well, I suppose not," said Tom, with a groan. "Do you think I should call and see Katie?"

"No; I think better not."

"Well, then, we may as well get back," said Tom, who was not sorry for his friend's decision. So they paid their bill and started for home, taking Hawk's Lynch on the way, that Hardy might see the view.

"And what did you find out about young Winburn?" he said, as they passed down the street.

"Oh, no good," said Tom; "he was turned out, as I thought, and has gone to live with an old woman up on the heath here, who is no better than she should be; and none of the farmers will employ him."

"You didn't see him, I suppose?"

"No; he is away with some of the heath people, hawking besoms and chairs about the country. They make them when there is no harvest work, and loaf about into Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and other counties, selling them."

"No good will come of that sort of life, I'm afraid."

"No; but what is he to do?"

"I called at the lodge as I came away, and saw Patty and her mother. It's all right in that quarter. The old woman doesn't seem to think anything of it; and Patty is a good girl, and will make Harry Winburn, or anybody else, a capital wife. Here's your locket and the letters; so now that's all over."

"Did she seem to mind giving them up?"

"Not very much. No, you are lucky there. She will get over it."

"But you told her that I am her friend for life, and that she is to let me know if I can ever do anything for her?"

"Yes; and now I hope this is the last job of the kind I shall ever have to do for you."

"But what bad luck it has been! If I had only seen her before, or known who she was, nothing of all this would have happened."

To which Hardy made no reply; and

the subject was not alluded to again in their walk home.

A day or two afterwards they returned to Oxford—Hardy to begin his work as fellow and assistant-tutor of the College, and Tom to see whether he could not make a better hand of his second year than he had of his first. He began with a much better chance of doing so, for he was thoroughly humbled. The discovery that he was not altogether such a hero as he had fancied himself, had dawned upon him very distinctly by the end of his first year, and the events of the long vacation had confirmed the impression, and pretty well taken all the conceit out of him for the time. The impotency of his own will, even when he was bent on doing the right thing, his want of insight and foresight in whatever matter he took in hand, the unruliness of his tempers and passions just at the moments when it behoved him to have them most thoroughly in hand and under control, were a set of disagreeable facts which had been driven well home to him. The results, being even such as we have seen, he did not much repine at, for he felt he had deserved them; and there was a sort of grim satisfaction, dreary as the prospect was, in facing them, and taking his punishment like a man. This was what he had felt at the first blush on the Hawk's Lynch; and, as he thought over matters again by his fire, with his oak sported, on the first evening of term, he was still in the same mind. This was clearly what he had to do now. How to do it was the only question.

At first he was inclined to try to set himself right with the Porters and the Englebourn circle, by writing further explanations and confessions to Katie. But, on trying his hand at a letter, he found that he could not trust himself. The temptation of putting everything in the best point of view for himself was too great; so he gave up the attempt, and merely wrote a few lines to David, to remind him that he was always ready and anxious to do all he could for his friend, Harry Winburn, and to beg that he might have news of anything which happened to him, and how he was getting on. He did not allude to what had lately happened, for he did not know whether the facts had become known, and was in no hurry to open the subject himself.

Having finished his letter, he turned again to his meditations over the fire, and, considering that he had some little right to reward resolution, took off the safety valve, and allowed the thoughts to bubble up freely which were always underlying all others that passed through his brain, and making constant low, delicious, but just now somewhat melancholy, music in his head and heart. He gave himself up to thinking of Mary, and their walk in the wood, and the sprained ancle, and all the sayings and doings of that eventful autumn day. And then he opened his desk and examined certain treasures therein concealed, including a withered rosebud, a sprig of heather, a cut boot-lace, and a scrap or two of writing. Having gone through some extravagant forms of worship, not necessary to be specified, he put them away. Would it ever all come right?

He made his solitary tea, and sat down again to consider the point. But the point would not be considered alone. He began to feel more strongly what he had had several hints of already, that there was a curiously close connexion between his own love story and that of Harry Winburn and Patty—that he couldn't separate them, even in his thoughts. Old Simon's tumble, which had recalled his daughter from Oxford at so critical a moment for him; Mary's visit to Englebourn at this very time; the curious yet natural series of little accidents which had kept him in ignorance of Patty's identity until the final catastrophe—then again, the way in which Harry Winburn and his mother had come across him on the very day of his leaving Barton; the fellowship of a common mourning which had seemed to bind them together so closely, and this last discovery which he could not help fearing must turn Harry into a bitter enemy, when he heard the truth, as he must,

sooner or later,—as all these things passed before him, he gave in to a sort of superstitious feeling that his own fate hung in some way or another upon that of Harry Winburn. If he helped on his suit, he was helping on his own; but whether he helped on his own or not, was, after all, not that which was uppermost in his thoughts. He was much changed in this respect since he last sat in those rooms, just after his first days with her. Since then an angel had met him, and had "touched the chord of self, which, trembling," was passing "in music out of sight."

The thought of Harry and his trials enabled him to indulge in some good honest indignation, for which there was no room in his own case. That the prospects in life of such a man should be in the power, to a great extent, of such people as Squire Wurley and farmer Tester; that, because he happened to be poor, he should be turned out of the cottage where his family had lived for a hundred years, at a week's notice, through the caprice of a drunken gambler; that, because he had stood up for his rights, and had thereby offended the worst farmer in the parish, he should be a marked man, and unable to get work—these things appeared so monstrous to him, and made him so angry, that he was obliged to get up and stamp about the room. And from the particular case he very soon got to generalizations.

Questions which had before now puzzled him gained a new significance every minute, and became real to him. Why a few men should be rich, and all the rest poor; above all, why he should be one of the few? Why the mere possession of property should give a man power over all his neighbours? Why poor men who were ready and willing to work should only be allowed to work as a sort of favour, and should after all get the merest tithe of what their labour produced, and be tossed aside as soon as their work was done, or no longer required? These, and other such problems, rose up before him, crude and sharp, asking to be solved. Feeling himself quite unable to give any but one answer to them, that he was getting out of his depth, and that the whole business was in a muddle, he had recourse to his old method when in difficulties, and, putting on his cap, started off to Hardy's rooms to talk the matter over, and see whether he could not get some light on it from that quarter.

He returned in an hour or so, somewhat less troubled in his mind, inasmuch as he had found his friend in pretty much the same state as himself. But one step he had gained. Under his arm he carried certain books from Hardy's scanty library, the perusal of which he hoped, at least, might enable him sooner or later to feel that he had got on to some sort of firm ground. At any rate, Hardy had advised him to read them; so, without more ado, he drew his chair to the table and began to look into them.

This glimpse of the manner in which Tom spent the first evening of his second year at Oxford, will enable intelligent readers to understand why, though he took to reading far more kindly and earnestly than he had ever done before, he made no great advance in the proper studies of the place. Not that he wholly neglected these, for Hardy kept him pretty well up to the collar, and he passed his little-go creditably, and was fairly placed at the college examinations. In some of the books which he had to get up for lectures he was really interested. The politics of Athens, the struggle between the Roman plebs and patricians, Mons Sacer and the Agrarian Laws—these began to have a new meaning to him, but chiefly because they bore more or less on the great Harry Winburn problem; which problem, indeed, for him had now fairly swelled into the condition-of-England problem, and was becoming every day more and more urgent and importunate, shaking many old beliefs, and leading him whither he knew not.

This very matter of leading was a sore trial to him. The further he got on his new road the more he felt the want of guidance—the guidance of some man; for that of books he soon found to be bewildering. His college tutor, whom he

consulted, only deprecated the waste of time; but, on finding it impossible to dissuade him, at last recommended the economic works of that day as the proper well-springs of truth on such matters. To them Tom accordingly went, and read with the docility and faith of youth, bent on learning, and feeling itself in the presence of men who had, or assumed, the right of speaking with authority.

And they spoke to him with authority, and he read on, believing much and hoping more; but somehow they did not really satisfy him, though they silenced him for the time. It was not the fault of the books, most of which laid down clearly enough that what they professed to teach was the science of man's material interests, and the laws of the making and employment of capital. But this escaped him in his eagerness, and he wandered up and down their pages in search of quite another science, and of laws with which they did not meddle. Nevertheless, here and there they seemed to touch upon what he was in search of. He was much fascinated, for instance, by the doctrine of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and for its sake swallowed for a time, though not without wry faces, the dogmas, that self-interest is the true pivot of all social action, that population has a perpetual tendency to outstrip the means of living. and that to establish a preventive check on population is the duty of all good citizens. And so he lived on for some time in a dreary uncomfortable state, fearing for the future of his country, and with little hope about his own. But, when he came to take stock of his newly-acquired knowledge, to weigh it and measure it, and found it to consist of a sort of hazy conviction that society would be all right and ready for the millennium, when every man could do what he liked, and nobody could interfere with him, and there should be a law against marriage, the result was more than he could stand. He roused himself, and shook himself, and began to think, "Well, these my present teachers are very clever men, and well-meaning men, too. I see all that; but, if their teaching is only to land me here, why it was scarcely worth while going through so much to get so little."

Casting about still for guidance, Grey occurred to him. Grey was in residence as a bachelor, attending divinity lectures, and preparing for ordination. He was still working hard at the night-school, and Tom had been there once or twice to help him when the curate was away. In short, he was in very good books with Grey, who had got the better of his shyness with him. He saw that Tom was changed and sobered, and in his heart hoped some day to wean him from the pursuits of the body, to which he was still fearfully addicted, and to bring him into the fold. This hope was not altogether unfounded; for, notwithstanding the strong bias against them which Tom had brought with him from school, he was now at times much attracted by many of the high church doctrines, and the men who professed them. Such men as Grey he saw did really believe something, and were in earnest about carrying their beliefs into action. The party might and did comprise many others of the weakest sort, who believed and were in earnest about nothing, but who liked to be peculiar. Nevertheless, while he saw it laying hold of many of the best men of his time, it is not be wondered at that he was drawn towards it Some help might lie in these men if he could only get at it!

So he propounded his doubts and studies, and their results, to Grey. But it was a failure. Grey felt no difficulty, or very little, in the whole matter; but Tom found that it was because he believed the world to belong to the devil. "*Laissez faire*," "buying cheap and selling dear," Grey held might be good enough laws for the world—very probably were. The laws of the Church were "self-sacrifice," and "bearing one another's burthens;" her children should come out from the regions where the other's laws were acknowledged.

Tom listened, was dazzled at first,

and thought he was getting on the right track; but very soon he found that Grey's specific was not of the least use to him! It was no good to tell him of the rules of a society to which he felt that he neither belonged, nor wished to belong, for clearly it could not be the Church of England. He was an outsider! Grey would probably admit it to be so, if he asked him! He had no longing to be anything else, *if* the Church meant an exclusive body, which took no care of any but its own people, and had nothing to say to the great world in which he and most people had to live, and buying and selling, and hiring and working, had to go on. The close corporation might have very good laws, but they were nothing to him. What he wanted to know about was the law which this great world—the devil's world, as Grey called it—was ruled by, or rather ought to be ruled by. Perhaps, after all, Bentham and the others, whose books he had been reading, might be right! At any rate, it was clear that they had in their thoughts the same world that he had—the world which included himself and Harry Winburn, and all labourers, and squires, and farmers. So he turned to them again, not hopefully, but more inclined to listen to them than he had been before he had spoken to Grey.

Hardy was so fully occupied with college lectures and private pupils, that Tom had scruples about taking up much of his spare time in the evenings. Nevertheless, as Grey had broken down, and there was nobody else on whose judgment he could rely who would listen to him, whenever he had a chance he would propound some of his puzzles to his old friend. In some respects he got little help, for Hardy was almost as much at sea as he himself on such subjects as "value," and "wages," and the "laws of supply and demand." But there was an indomitable belief in him that all men's intercourse with one another, and not merely that of Churchmen, must be founded on the principle of "doing as they would be done by," and not on "buying cheap and selling dear," and that these never could or would be reconciled with one another, or mean the same thing, twist them how you would. This faith of his friend's comforted Tom greatly, and he was never tired of bringing it out; but at times he had his doubts whether Grey might not be right—whether, after all, that and the like maxims and principles were meant to be the laws of the kingdoms of this world. He wanted some corroborative evidence on the subject from an impartial and competent witness, and at last hit upon what he wanted. For, one evening, on entering Hardy's rooms, he found him on the last pages of a book, which he shut with an air of triumph on recognising his visitor. Taking it up, he thrust it into Tom's hands, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, "There, my boy, that's what we want, or pretty near it at any rate. Now, don't say a word, but go back to your rooms, and swallow it whole and digest it, and then come back and tell me what you think of it."

"But I want to talk to you."

"I can't talk; I have spent the better part of two days over that book, and have no end of papers to look over. There; get back to your rooms, and do what I tell you, or sit down here and hold your tongue."

So Tom sat down and held his tongue, and was soon deep in Carlyle's Past and Present. How he did revel in it—in the humour, the power, the pathos, but above all in the root and branch denunciations of many of the doctrines in which he had been so lately voluntarily and wearily chaining himself! The chains went snapping off one after another, and in his exultation he kept spouting out passage after passage in a song of triumph, "Enlightened egoism "never so luminous is not the rule by "which man's life can be led—*laissez-* "*faire*, supply and demand, cash pay- "ment for the sole nexus, and so forth, "were not, are not, and never will be, "a practical law of union for a society "of men," &c. &c., until Hardy fairly got up and turned him out, and he retired with his new found treasure to his own rooms.

He had scarcely ever in his life been so moved by a book before. He laughed over it, and cried over it, and began half a dozen letters to the author to thank him, which he fortunately tore up. He almost forgot Mary for several hours during his first enthusiasm. He had no notion how he had been mastered and oppressed before. He felt as the crew of a small fishing-smack, who are being towed away by an enemy's cruiser, might feel on seeing a frigate with the Union Jack flying, bearing down and opening fire on their captor; or as a small boy at school, who is being fagged against rules by the right of the strongest, feels when he sees his big brother coming round the corner. The help which he had found was just what he wanted. There was no narrowing of the ground here, no appeal to men as members of any exclusive body whatever to separate themselves and come out of the devil's world; but to men as men, to every man as a man, to the weakest and meanest as well as to the strongest and most noble, telling them that the world is God's world, that every one of them has a work in it, and bidding them find their work and set about it.

The strong tinge of sadness which ran through the whole book, and its unsparing denunciations of the established order of things, suited his own unsettled and restless frame of mind. So he gave himself up to his new bondage, and rejoiced in it as though he had found at last what he was seeking for; and, by the time that long vacation came round again, to which we are compelled to hurry him, he was filled full of a set of contradictory notions and beliefs which were destined to astonish and perplex the mind of that worthy J. P. for the county of Berks, Brown the elder, whatever other effect they might have on society at large.

Readers must not suppose, however, that our hero had given up his old pursuits; on the contrary, he continued to boat, and cricket, and spar with as much vigour as ever. His perplexities only made him a little more silent at his pastimes than he used to be. But, as we have already seen him thus employed, and know the ways of the animal in such matters, it is needless to repeat. What we want to do is to follow him into new fields of thought and action, and mark, if it may be, how he develops, and gets himself educated in one way and another; and this plunge into the great sea of social, political, and economical questions is the noticeable fact (so far as any is noticeable) of his second year's residence.

During the year he had only very meagre accounts of matters at Englebourn. Katie, indeed, had come round sufficiently to write to him; but she scarcely alluded to her cousin. He only knew that Mary had come out in London, and was much admired, and that the Porters had not taken Barton again, but were going abroad for the autumn and winter. The accounts of Harry were bad; he was still living at Daddy Collins's, nobody knew how, and working gang-work occasionally with the outlaws of the heath.

The only fact of importance in the neighbourhood had been the death of Squire Wurley, which happened suddenly in the spring. A distant cousin had succeeded him, a young man of Tom's own age.

He was also in residence at Oxford, and Tom knew him. They were not very congenial; so he was much astonished when young Wurley, on his return to College after his relative's funeral, rather sought him out, and seemed to wish to know more of him. The end of it was an invitation to Tom to come to the Grange, and spend a week or so at the beginning of the long vacation. There was to be a party of Oxford men, and nobody else there; and they meant to enjoy themselves thoroughly, Wurley said.

Tom felt much embarrassed how to act, and, after some hesitation, told his inviter of his last visit to the mansion in question, thinking that a knowledge of the circumstances might change his mind. But he found that young Wurley knew the facts already; and in fact he couldn't help suspecting that his quarrel with the late owner had some-

thing to say to his present invitation. However, it did not lie in his mouth to be curious on the subject; and so he accepted the invitation gladly, much delighted at the notion of beginning his vacation so near Englebourn, and having the run of the Grange fishing, which was justly celebrated.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE RIVER SIDE.

So, from Henley, Tom went home just to see his father and mother, and pick up his fishing gear, and then started for the Grange. On his road thither, he more than once almost made up his mind to go round by Englebourn, get his first interview with Katie over, and find out how the world was really going with Harry and his sweetheart, of whom he had had such meagre intelligence of late. But, for some reason or another, when it came to taking the turn to Englebourn, he passed it by, and, contenting himself for the time with a distant view of the village and the Hawk's Lynch, drove straight to the Grange.

He had not expected to feel very comfortable at first in the house which he had left the previous autumn in so strange a manner, and he was not disappointed. The rooms reminded him unpleasantly of his passage of arms with the late master, and the grave and portly butler was somewhat embarrassed in his reception of him; while the footman, who carried off his portmanteau, did it with a grin which put him out. The set of men whom he found there were not of his sort. They were young Londoners, and he a thorough countryman. But the sight of the stream, by which he took a hasty stroll before dinner, made up for everything, and filled him with pleasurable anticipations. He thought he had never seen a sweeter bit of water.

The dinner to which the party of young gentlemen sat down was most undeniable. The host talked a little too much, perhaps, under all the circumstances, of *my* wine, *my* plate, *my* mutton, &c. provoking the thought of how long they had been his. But he was bent on hospitality after his fashion, and his guests were not disposed to criticize much.

The old butler did not condescend to wait, but brought in a magnum of claret after dinner, carefully nursing it as if it were a baby, and placing it patronizingly before his young master. Before they adjourned to the billiard-room, which they did direct, they had disposed of several of the same; but the followers were brought in by a footman, the butler being employed in discussing a bottle of an older vintage with the steward in the still room. Then came pool, pool, pool, soda-water and brandy, and cigars, into the short hours; but Tom stole away early, having an eye to his morning's fishing, and not feeling much at home with his companions.

He was out soon after sunrise the next morning. He never wanted to be called when there was a trout-stream within reach; and his fishing instinct told him that, in these sultry dog-days, there would be little chance of sport when the sun was well up. So he let himself gently out of the hall door—paused a moment on the steps to fill his chest with the fresh morning air, as he glanced at the weather-cock over the stables—and then set to work to put his tackle together on the lawn, humming a tune to himself as he selected an insinuating red hackle and alder fly from his well-worn book, and tied them on to his cast. Then he slung his creel over his shoulder, picked up his rod, and started for the water.

As he passed the gates of the stable-yard, the keeper came out—a sturdy bullet-headed fellow, in a velveteen coat, and cord breeches and gaiters—and touched his hat. Tom returned the salute, and wished him good morning.

"Mornin', sir; you be about early."

"Yes; I reckon it's the best time for sport at the end of June."

"'Tis so, sir. Shall I fetch a net and come along?"

"No, thank you, I'll manage the ladle myself. But which do you call the best water?"

"They be both middling good. There

ain't much odds atwixt 'em. But I sees most fish movin' o' mornins in the deep water down below."

"I don't know; the night was too hot," said Tom, who had examined the water the day before, and made up his mind where he was going. "I'm for deep water on cold days; I shall begin with the stickles up above. There's a good head of water on, I suppose?"

"Plenty down this last week, sir."

"Come along, then; we'll walk together, if you're going that way." So Tom stepped off, brushing through the steaming long grass, gemmed with wild flowers, followed by the keeper; and, as the grasshoppers bounded chirruping out of his way, and the insect life hummed and murmured, and the lark rose and sang above his head, he felt happier than he had done for many a long month. So his heart opened towards his companion, who kept a little behind him.

"What size do you take 'em out, keeper?"

"Anything over nine inches, sir. But there's a smartish few fish of three pounds, for them as can catch 'em."

"Well, that's good; but they ain't easy caught, eh?"

"I don't rightly know, sir; but there's gents comes as stands close by the water, and flogs down stream with the sun in their backs, and uses all manner o' vlies, wi' long names; and then thay gwoes away, and says, 'tain't no use flying here, 'cos there's so much cadis bait and that like."

"Ah, very likely," said Tom, with a chuckle.

"The chaps as catches the big fishes, sir," went on the keeper, getting confidential, "is thay cussed night-line poachers. There's one o' thay as has come here this last spring-tide—the artfullest chap as ever I come across, and down to every move on the board. He don't use no shove nets nor such like tackle, not he; I s'pose he don't call that sport. Besides, I got master to stake the whole water, and set old knives and razors about in the holes, so that don't answer; and this joker all'us goes alone—which, in course, he couldn't do with nets. Now, I knows within five or six yards where that chap sets his lines, and I finds 'em, now and again, set the artfullest you ever see. But 'twould take a man's life to look arter him, and I knows he gets maybe a dozen big fish a week, do all as I knows."

"How is it you can't catch him, keeper?" said Tom, much amused.

"Why, you see, sir, he don't come at any hours. Drat un!" said the keeper, getting hot; "blessed if I don't think he sometimes comes down among the haymakers and folk at noon, and up lines and off, while thay chaps does nothing but snigger at un—all I knows is, as I've watched till midnight, and then on again at dawn for'n, and no good come on it but once."

"How was that?"

"Well, one mornin', sir, about last Lady-day, I comes quite quiet up stream about dawn. When I gets to Farmer Giles's piece (that little rough bit, sir, as you sees t'other side the stream, two fields from our outside bounds), I sees un a stooping down and hauling in's line. 'Now's your time, Billy,' says I, and up the hedge I cuts hotfoot, to get betwixt he and our bounds. Wether he seen me or not, I can't mind; least ways, when I up's head t'other side the hedge, vorrights where I seen him last, there was he a-trotting up stream quite-cool, a-pocketing a two-pounder. Then he seen me, and away we goes side by side for the bounds—he this side the hedge and I t'other; he takin' the fences like our old greyhound-bitch, Clara. We takes the last fence on to that fuzzy field as you sees there, sir (parson's glebe, and out of our liberty), neck and neck, and I turns short to the left, 'cos there warn't no fence now betwixt he and I. Well, I thought he'd a dodged on about the fuz. Not he; he slouches his hat over's eyes, and stands quite cool by fust fuz bush—I minded then as we was out o' our beat. Hows'ever, my blood was up; so I at's him then and there, no words lost, and fetches a crack at's head wi' my stick. He fends wi' his'n; and then, as I rushes in to collar'n, dash'd

if 'e didn't meet I full, and catch I by the thigh and collar, and send I slap over 's head into a fuz bush. Then he chuckles fit to bust hisself, and cuts his stick, while I creeps out full o' prickles, and wi' my breeches tore shameful. Dang un!" cried the keeper, while Tom roared, "he's a lissum wosbird, that I 'ool say, but I'll be upsides wi' he next time I sees un. Whorson fool as I was, not to stop and look at 'n and speak to un! Then I should ha' know'd 'n again; and now he med be our parish clerk for all as I knows."

"And you've never met him since?"

"Never sot eye on un, sir, arly or late—wishes I had."

"Well, keeper, here's half-a-crown to go towards mending the hole in your breeches, and better luck at the return match. I shall begin fishing here."

"Thank'ee, sir; you keep your cast pretty nigh that there off bank, and you med have a rare good un ther'. I seen a fish suck there just now as warn't spawned this year nor last nether."

And away went the keeper.

"Stanch fellow, the keeper," said Tom to himself, as he reeled out yard after yard of his tapered line, and with a gentle sweep dropped his collar of flies lightly on the water, each cast covering another five feet of the dimpling surface. "Good fellow, the keeper—don't mind telling a story against himself—can stand being laughed at—more than his master can. Ah, there's the fish he saw sucking, I'll be bound. Now, you beauties, over his nose, and fall light—don't disgrace your bringing up!" and away went the flies quivering through the air and lighting close to the opposite bank, under a bunch of rushes. A slight round eddy followed below the rushes, as the cast came gently back across the current.

"Ah, you see them, do you, old boy?" thought Tom. "Say your prayers, then, and get shrived!" and away went the flies again, this time a little below. No movement. The third throw, a great lunge and splash, and the next moment the lithe rod bent double, and the gut collar spun along, cutting through the water like mad. Up goes the great fish twice into the air, Tom giving him the point, then up stream again, Tom giving him the butt, and beginning to reel up gently. Down goes the great fish into the swaying weeds, working with his tail like a twelve-horse screw. "If I can only get my nose to ground," thinks he. So thinks Tom, and trusts to his tackle, keeping a steady strain on trouty, and creeping gently down stream. "No go," says the fish, as he feels his nose steadily hauled round, and turns with a swirl down stream. Away goes Tom, reeling in, and away goes the fish in hopes of a slack—away, for twenty or thirty yards—the fish coming to the top lazily, now and again, and holding on to get his second wind. Now a cart track crossed the stream, no weeds, and shallow water at the side. "Here we must have it out," thinks Tom, and turns fish's nose up stream again. The big fish gets sulky, twice drifts towards the shallow, and twice plunges away at the sight of his enemy into the deep water. The third time he comes swaying in, his yellow side gleaming and his mouth open; and, the next moment, Tom scoops him out on to the grass, with a "whoop" that might have been heard at the house.

"Two-pounder, if he's an ounce," says Tom, as he gives him the *coup de grace*, and lays him out lovingly on the fresh green sward.

Who amongst you, dear readers, can appreciate the intense delight of grassing your first big fish after a nine months' fast? All first sensations have their special pleasure; but none can be named, in a small way, to beat this of the first fish of the season. The first clean leg-hit for four in your first match at Lords—the grating of the bows of your racing-boat against the stern of the boat ahead in your first race—the first half-mile of a burst from the cover side in November, when the hounds in the field a-head may be covered with a table-cloth, and no one but the huntsman and a top sawyer or two lies between you and them—the first brief after your call to the bar, if it comes within the year—the sensations produced by these are the same in kind;

but cricket, boating, getting briefs, even hunting, lose their edge as time goes on. As to lady readers, it is impossible, probably, to give them an idea of the sensation in question. Perhaps some may have experienced something of the kind at their first balls, when they heard whispers and saw all eyes turning their way, and knew that their dresses and gloves fitted perfectly. But this joy can be felt but once in a life, and the first fish comes back as fresh as ever, or ought to come, if all men had their rights, once in a season. So, good luck to the gentle craft, and its professors, and may the Fates send us much into their company! The trout-fisher, like the landscape-painter, haunts the loveliest places of the earth, and haunts them alone. Solitude, nature, and his own thoughts—he must be on the best terms with all of these; and he who can take kindly the largest allowance of these is likely to be the kindliest and truest with his fellow men.

Tom had splendid sport that summer morning. As the great sun rose higher, the light morning breeze, which had curled the water, died away; the light mist drew up into light cloud, and the light cloud vanished into cloudland, for anything I know; and still the fish rose, strange to say, though Tom felt it was an affair of minutes, and acted accordingly. At eight o'clock, he was about a quarter of a mile from the house, at a point in the stream of rare charms both for the angler and the lover of gentle river beauty. The main stream was crossed by a lock, formed of a solid brick bridge with no parapets, under which the water rushed through four small arches, each of which could be closed in an instant by letting down a heavy wooden lock gate, fitted in grooves on the upper side of the bridge. Such locks are frequent in the west-country streams—even at long distances from mills and millers, for whose behoof they were made in old days, that the supply of water to the mill might be easily regulated. All pious anglers should bless the memories of the old builders of them, for they are the very paradises of the great trout who frequent the old brickwork and timber foundations. The water, in its rush through the arches, had of course worked for itself a deep hole, and then, some twenty yards below, spread itself out in wanton joyous ripples and eddies over a broad surface some fifty yards across, and dashed away towards a little island some two hundred yards below, or rolled itself slowly back towards the bridge again, up the back water by the side of the bank, as if longing for another merry rush through one of those narrow arches. The island below was crowned with splendid alders, willows forty feet high, which wept into the water, and two or three poplars; a rich mile of water meadow, with an occasional willow or alder lay gleaming beyond; and the view was bounded by a glorious wood, which crowned the gentle slope, at the foot of which the river ran. Another considerable body of water, which had been carried off above from the main stream to flush the water meadows, rejoined its parent at this point; it came slowly down a broad artificial ditch running parallel with the main stream; and the narrow strip of land which divided the two streams ended abruptly just below the lock, forming a splendid point for bather or angler. Tom had fixed on this pool as his *bonne bouche*, as a child keeps its plums till the last, and stole over the bridge, stooping low to gain the point above indicated. Having gained it, he glanced round to be aware of the dwarf ash-trees and willows which were scattered along the strip and might catch heedless collars and spoil sport, when, lying lazily almost on the surface where the backwater met the stream from the meadows, he beheld the great grandfather of all trout—a fellow two feet long and a foot in girth at the shoulders, just moving fin enough to keep him from turning over on to his back. He threw himself flat on the ground and crept away to the other side of the strip; the king-fish had not seen him; and the next moment my uncle saw him suck in a bee laden with his morning's load of honey, who touched the water

unwarily close to his nose. With a trembling hand, Tom took off his tail fly, and, on his knees, substituted a governor; then, shortening his line after wetting his mimic bee in the pool behind him, tossed him gently into the monster's very jaws. For a moment the fish seemed scared, but, the next, conscious in his strength, lifted his nose slowly to the surface and sucked in the bait. My uncle struck gently, and then sprang to his feet. But the Heavens had other work for the king-fish, who dived swiftly under the bank; a slight jar followed, and Tom's rod was straight over his head, the line and scarce a yard of his trusty gut collar dangling about his face. He seized this remnant with horror and unsatisfied longing, and examined it with care. Could he have overlooked any fraying which the gut might have got in the morning's work? No; he had gone over every inch of it not five minutes before, as he neared the pool. Besides, it was cut clean through, not a trace of bruise or fray about it. How could it have happened? He went to the spot and looked into the water; it was slightly discoloured, and he could not see the bottom. He threw his fishing coat off, rolled up the sleeve of his flannel shirt, and, lying on his side, felt about the bank and tried to reach the bottom, but couldn't. So, hearing the half-hour bell ring, he deferred further inquiry, and stripped in silent disgust for a plunge in the pool. Three times he hurled himself into the delicious rush of the cold chalk stream, with that utter abandon in which man, whose bones are brittle, can only indulge when there are six or seven feet of water between him and mother earth; and, letting the stream bear him away at its own sweet will to the shallows below, struck up again through the rush and the roar to his plunging place. Then, slowly and luxuriously dressing, he lit his short pipe—companion of meditation—and began to ruminate on the escape of the king-fish. What could have cut his collar? The more he thought the less he could make it out. When suddenly he was aware of the keeper on his way back to the house for orders and breakfast.

"What sport, sir?"

"Pretty fair," said Tom, carelessly, lugging five plump speckled fellows, weighing some seven and a half pounds, out of his creel, and laying them out for the keeper's inspection.

"Well, they be in prime order, sir, surely," says the keeper, handling them; "they allus gets mortal thick across the shoulders while the May fly be on. Lose any, sir?"

"I put in some little ones up above, and lost one screamer just up the back ditch there. He must have been a four-pounder, and went off, and be hanged to him, with two yards of my collar and a couple of first-rate flies. How on earth he got off I can't tell!" and he went on to unfold the particulars of the short struggle.

The keeper could hardly keep down a grin. "Ah, sir," said he, "I thinks I knows what spwiled your sport. You owes it all to that chap as I was a-telling you of, or my name's not Willum Goddard;" and then, fishing the lock-pole with a hook at the end of it out of the rushes, he began groping under the bank, and presently hauled up a sort of infernal machine, consisting of a heavy lump of wood, a yard or so long, in which were carefully inserted the blades of four or five old knives and razors, while a crop of rusty, jagged nails filled up the spare space.

Tom looked at it in wonder. "What devil's work have you got hold of there?" he said at last.

"Bless you, sir," said the keeper, "'tis only our shove-net traps as I wur a-telling you of. I keeps hard upon a dozen on 'em, and shifts 'em about in the likeliest holes; and I takes care to let the men as is about the water meadows see me a-sharpening on 'em up a bit, wi' a file, now and again. And, since master gev me orders to put 'em in, I don't think they tries that game on not once a month.

"Well, but where do you and your master expect to go to if you set such things as those about?" said Tom, looking

serious. "Why, you'll be cutting some fellow's hand or foot half off one of these days. Suppose I'd waded up the bank to see what had become of my cast?"

"Lor, sir, I never thought o' that," said the keeper, looking sheepish, and lifting the back of his short hat off his head to make room for a scratch; "but," added he, turning the subject, "if you wants to keep thay artful wos-birds off the water, you must frighten 'em wi' summat out o' the way. Drattle 'em, I knows they puts me to my wits'-end; but you'd never 'a' had five such fish as them afore breakfast, sir, if we didn't stake the waters unmussiful."

"Well, and I don't want 'em, if I can't get 'em without. I'll tell you what it is, keeper, this razor business is going a bit too far; men ain't to be maimed for liking a bit of sport. You set spring-guns in the woods, and you know what that came to. Why don't you, or one of your watchers, stop out here at night, and catch the fellows, like men?"

"Why, you see, sir, master don't allow me but one watcher, and he's mortal feared o' the water he be, specially o' nights. He'd sooner by half stop up in the woods. Daddy Collins (that's an old woman as lives on the heath, sir, and a bad sort she be, too), well, she told he once, when he wouldn't gee her some bacchy as he'd got, and she'd a mind to, as he'd fall twice into the water for once as he'd get out; and th' poor chap ever since can't think but what he'll be drownded. And there's queer sights and sounds by the river o' nights, too, I ool say, sir, let alone the white mist, as makes everything look unket, and gives a chap the rheumatics."

"Well, but *you* ain't afraid of ghosts and rheumatism?"

"No, I don't know as I be, sir. But then, there's the pheasants a-breedin', and there's four brood of flappers in the withey bed, and a sight o' young hares in the spinneys. I be hard put to to mind it all."

"I daresay you are," said Tom, putting on his coat, and shouldering his rod; "I've a good mind to take a turn at it myself, to help you, if you'll only drop those razors."

"I wishes you would, sir," said the keeper, from behind; "if genl'men 'd sometimes take a watch at nights, they'd find out as keepers hadn't all fair-weather work, I'll warrant, if they're to keep a good head o' game about a place; 'taint all popping off guns, and lunching under hayricks, I can tell 'em—no, nor half on it."

"Where do you think, now, this fellow we were talking of sells his fish?" said Tom, after a minute's thought.

"Mostly at Reading Market, I hears tell, sir. There's the guard of the mail, as goes by the cross-roads three days a week, he wur a rare poaching chap hisself down in the west afore he got his place along of his bugle-playing. They do say as he's open to any game, he is, from a buck to a snipe, and drives a trade all down the road with the country chaps."

"What day is Reading Market?"

"Tuesdays and Saturdays, sir."

"And what time does the mail go by?"

"Six o'clock in the morning, sir, at the cross-roads."

"And they're three miles off, across the fields?"

"Thereabouts, sir; I reckons it about a forty minutes' stretch, and no time lost."

"There'll be no more big fish caught on the fly to-day," said Tom, after a minute's silence, as they neared the house.

The wind had fallen dead, and not a spot of cloud in the sky.

"Not afore nightfall, I think, sir;" and the keeper disappeared towards the offices.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

"You may do as you please, but I'm going to see it out."

"No, but I say, do come along; that's a good fellow."

"Not I; why, we've only just come

out. Didn't you hear? Wurley dared me to do a night's watching, and I said I meant to do it."

"Yes; so did I. But we can change our minds. What's the good of having a mind if you can't change it! αἱ δευτεραι πως φροντιδες σοφωτεραι; isn't that good Greek and good sense?"

"I don't see it. They'll only laugh and sneer if we go back now."

"They'll laugh at us twice as much if we don't. Fancy! they're just beginning pool now on that stunning table. Come along, Brown; don't miss your chance. We shall be sure to divide the pools, as we've missed the claret. Cool hands and cool heads, you know! Green on brown, pink your player in hand! That's a good deal pleasanter than squatting here all night on the damp grass."

"Very likely."

"But you won't? Now, do be reasonable. Will you come if I stop with you another half-hour?"

"No."

"An hour then? Say till ten o'clock?"

"If I went at all, I would go at once."

"Then you won't come?"

"No."

"I'll bet you a sovereign you never see a poacher, and then how sold you will be in the morning! It will be much worse coming in to breakfast with empty hands and a cold in the head, than going in now. They will chaff then, I grant you."

"Well, then, they may chaff and be hanged, for I sha'n't go in now."

Tom's interlocutor put his hands in the pockets of his heather mixture shooting-coat, and took a turn or two of some dozen yards, backwards and forwards above the place where our hero was sitting. He didn't like going in and facing the pod-players by himself; so he stopped once more and re-opened the conversation.

"What do you want to do by watching all night, Brown?"

"To show the keeper and those fellows in doors that I mean what I say. I said I'd do it, and I will."

"You don't want to catch a poacher, then?"

"I don't much care: I'll catch one if he comes in my way—or try it on, at any rate."

"I say, Brown, I like that; as if you don't poach yourself. Why, I remember when the Whiteham keeper spent the best part of a week outside the college gates, on the look-out for you and Drysdale and some other fellows."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, you ought to have more fellow-feeling. I suppose you go on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief."

Tom made no answer, and his companion went on—

"Come along now, like a good fellow. If you'll come in now, we can come out again all fresh, when the rest go to bed."

"Not we. I sha'n't go in. But you can come out again, if you like; you'll find me hereabouts."

The man in the heather mixture had now shot his last bolt, and took himself off to the house, leaving Tom by the river side. How they got there may be told in a few words. After his morning's fishing, and conversation with the keeper, he had gone in full of his subject, and propounded it at the breakfast table. His strictures on the knife and razor business produced a rather warm discussion, which merged in the question whether a keeper's life was a hard one, till something was said implying that Wurley's men were over-worked. The master took this in high dudgeon, and words ran high. In the discussion, Tom remarked (*apropos* of night-work) that he would never ask another man to do what he would not do himself; which sentiment was endorsed by, amongst others, the man in the heather mixture. The host had retorted, that they had better in that case try it themselves; which remark had the effect of making Tom resolve to cut short his visit, and in the meantime had brought him and his ally to the river side on the night in question.

The first hour, as we have seen, had been enough for the ally; and so Tom was left in company with a plaid, a stick, and a pipe, to spend the night by himself.

It was by no means the first night he had spent in the open air, and promised to be a pleasant one for camping out. It was almost the longest day in the year, and the weather was magnificent. There was yet an hour of daylight, and the place he had chosen was just the right one for enjoying the evening.

He was sitting under one of a clump of huge old alders, growing on the thin strip of land already noticed, which divided the main stream from the deep artificial ditch which fed the water-meadows. On his left the emerald-green meadows stretched away till they met the inclosed corn land. On his right ran the main stream, some fifty feet in breadth at this point; on the opposite side of which was a rough piece of ground, half withey bed, half copse, with a rank growth of rushes at the water's edge. These were the chosen haunts of moor-hen and water-rat, whose tracks could be seen by dozens, like small open doorways, looking out on to the river, through which ran mysterious little paths into the rush-wilderness beyond.

The sun was now going down behind the copse, through which his beams came aslant, chequered and mellow. The stream ran dimpling down by him, sleepily swaying the masses of weed, under the surface and on the surface; and the trout rose under the banks, as some moth or gnat or gleaming beetle fell into the stream; here and there one more frolicsome than his brethren would throw himself joyously into the air. The swifts rushed close by him, in companies of five or six, and wheeled, and screamed, and dashed away again, skimming along the water, baffling his eye as he tried to follow their flight. Two kingfishers shot suddenly up on to their supper station, on a stunted willow stump, some twenty yards below him, and sat there in the glory of their blue backs and cloudy red waistcoats, watching with long sagacious beaks pointed to the water beneath, and every now and then dropping like flashes of light into the stream, and rising again with what seemed one motion, to their perches. A heron or two were fishing about the meadows; and he watched them stalking about in their sober quaker coats, or rising on slow heavy wing, and lumbering away home with a weird cry. He heard the strong pinions of the wood pigeon in the air, and then from the trees above his head came the soft call, "Take-two-cow-Taffy, take-two-cow-Taffy," with which that fair and false bird is said to have beguiled the hapless Welchman to the gallows. Presently, as he lay motionless, the timid and graceful little water-hens peered out from their doors in the rushes opposite, and, seeing no cause for fear, stepped daintily into the water, and were suddenly surrounded by little bundles of black soft down, which went paddling about in and out of the weeds, encouraged by the occasional sharp, clear, parental "keck—keck," and merry little dabchicks popped up in mid-stream, and looked round, and nodded at him, pert and voiceless, and dived again; even old cunning water-rats sat up on the bank with round black noses and gleaming eyes, or took solemn swims out, and turned up their tails and disappeared for his amusement. A comfortable low came at intervals from the cattle, revelling in the abundant herbage. All living things seemed to be disporting themselves, and enjoying, after their kind, the last gleams of the sunset, which were making the whole vault of heaven glow and shimmer; and, as he watched them, Tom blessed his stars as he contrasted the river-side with the glare of lamps and the click of balls in the noisy pool-room.

Before it got dark he bethought him of making sure of his position once more; matters might have changed since he chose it before dinner. With all that he could extract from the keeper, and his own experience in such matters, it had taken him several hours hunting up and down the river that afternoon before he had hit on a night-line. But he had persevered, knowing that this was the only safe evidence to start from, and at last had found several, so cunningly set that it was clear that it was a first-rate artist in

the poaching line against whom he had pitted himself. These lines must have been laid almost under his nose on that very day, as the freshness of the baits proved. The one which he had selected to watch by was under the bank, within a few yards of the clump of alders where he was now sitting. There was no satisfactory cover near the others; so he had chosen this one, where he would be perfectly concealed behind the nearest trunk from any person who might come in due time to take up the line. With this view, then, he got up, and, stepping carefully on the thickest grass where his foot would leave no mark, went to the bank, and felt with the hook of his stick after the line. It was all right, and he returned to his old seat.

And then the summer twilight came on, and the birds disappeared, and the hush of night settled down on river, and copse, and meadow—cool and gentle summer twilight after the hot bright day. He welcomed it too, as it folded up the landscape, and the trees lost their outline, and settled into soft black masses rising here and there out of the white mist, which seemed to have crept up to within a few yards all round him unawares. There was no sound now but the gentle murmur of the water, and an occasional rustle of reeds, or of the leaves over his head, as a stray wandering puff of air passed through them on its way home to bed. Nothing to listen to, and nothing to look at; for the moon had not risen, and the light mist hid everything except a star or two right up above him. So, the outside world having left him for the present, he was turned inwards on himself.

This was all very well at first; and he wrapped the plaid round his shoulders and leant against his tree, and indulged in a little self-gratulation. There was something of strangeness and adventure in his solitary night watch, which had its charm for a youngster of twenty-one; and the consciousness of not running from his word, of doing what he had said he would do, while others shirked and broke down, was decidedly pleasant.

But this satisfaction did not last very long, and the night began to get a little wearisome, and too cool to be quite comfortable. By degrees doubts as to the wisdom of his self-imposed task crept into his head. He dismissed them for a time by turning his thoughts to other matters. The neighbourhood of Englebourn, some two miles up above him, reminded him of the previous summer; and he wondered how he should get on with his cousin when they met. He should probably see her the next day, for he would lose no time in calling. Would she receive him well? Would she have much to tell him about Mary?

He had been more hopeful on this subject of late, but the loneliness, the utter solitude and silence of his position, as he sat there in the misty night, away from all human habitations, was not favourable somehow to hopefulness. He found himself getting dreary and sombre in heart—more and more so as the minutes rolled on, and the silence and loneliness pressed on him more and more heavily. He was surprised at his own down-heartedness, and tried to remember how he had spent former nights so pleasantly out of doors. Ah, he had always had a companion within call, and something to do—cray fishing, bat fowling, or something of the kind! Sitting there doing nothing, he fancied, must make it so heavy to-night. By a strong effort of will he shook off the oppression. He moved, and hummed a tune to break the silence; he got up and walked up and down, lest it should again master him. If wind, storm, pouring rain, anything to make sound or movement, would but come!

But neither of them came, and there was little help in sound or movement made by himself. Besides, it occurred to him that much walking up and down might defeat the object of his watch. No one would come near while he was on the move; and he was probably making marks already which might catch the eye of the setter of the night-lines at some distance, if that cunning party waited for the morning light, and might keep him away from the place altogether.

So he sat down again on his old seat, and leant hard against the alder trunk, as though to steady himself, and keep all troublesome thoughts well in front of him. In this attitude of defence, he reasoned with himself on the absurdity of allowing himself to be depressed by the mere accidents of place, and darkness, and silence; but all the reasoning at his command didn't alter the fact. He felt the enemy advancing again, and, casting about for help, fell back on the thought that he was going through a task, holding to his word, doing what he had said he would do; and this brought him some relief for the moment. He fixed his mind steadily on this task of his; but alas, here again, in his very last stronghold the enemy began to turn his flank, and the position every minute became more and more untenable.

He had of late fallen into a pestilent habit of cross-questioning himself on anything which he was about—setting up himself like a cock at Shrove-tide, and pelting himself with inexorable "whys?" and "wherefores?" A pestilent habit truly he had found it, and one which left a man no peace of his life—a relentless, sleepless habit, always ready to take advantage of him, but never so viciously alert, that he remembered, as on this night.

And so this questioning self, which would never be denied for long, began to examine him as to his proposed night's work. This precious task, which he was so proud of going through with, on the score of which he had been in his heart crowing over others, because they had not taken it on them, or had let it drop, what then was the meaning of it?

"What was he out there for? What had he come out to do?" They were awkward questions. He tried several answers, and was driven from one to another till he was bound to admit that he was out there that night, partly out of pique, and partly out of pride: and that his object (next to earning the pleasure of thinking himself a better man than his neighbours) was, if so be, to catch a poacher. "To catch a poacher? What business had he to be catching poachers? If all poachers were to be caught, he would have to be caught himself." He had just had an unpleasant reminder of this fact from him of the heather mixtures—a Parthian remark which he had thrown over his shoulder as he went off, and which had stuck. "But then," Tom argued, "it was a very different thing, his poaching—going out for a day's lark after game, which he didn't care a straw for, but only for the sport—and that of men making a trade of it, like the man the keeper spoke of." "Why? How different? If there were any difference, was it one in his favour?" Avoiding this suggestion, he took up new ground. "Poachers were always the greatest blackguards in their neighbourhoods, pests of society, and ought to be put down." Possibly—at any rate he had been one of the fraternity in his time, and was scarcely the man to be casting stones at them." "But his poaching had always been done thoughtlessly." "How did he know that others had worse motives?"

And so he went on, tossing the matter backwards and forwards in his mind, and getting more and more uncomfortable, and unable to answer to his own satisfaction the simple question, "What right have you to be out here on this errand?"

He got up a second time and walked up and down, but with no better success than before. The change of position, and exercise, did not help him out of his difficulties. And now he got a step further. If he had no right to be there, hadn't he better go up to the house and say so, and go to bed like the rest? No, his pride couldn't stand that. But if he couldn't go in, he might turn into a barn or outhouse; nobody would be any the wiser then, and after all he was not pledged to stop on one spot all night? It was a tempting suggestion, and he was very near yielding to it at once. While he wavered, a new set of thoughts came up to back it. How, if he stayed there, and a gang of night poachers came? He knew that many of them were desperate men. He

had no arms; what could he do against them? Nothing; but he might be maimed for life in a night row which he had no business to be in—murdered, perhaps. He stood still and listened, long and painfully.

Every moment, as he listened, the silence mastered him more and more, and his reason became more and more powerless. It was such a silence—a great, illimitable, vague silence! The silence of a deserted house, where he could at least have felt that he was bounded somewhere, by wall, and floor, and roof—where men must have lived and worked once, though they might be there no longer—would have been nothing; but this silence of the huge, wide out-of-doors world, where there was nothing but air and space around and above him, and the ground beneath, it was getting irksome, intolerable, awful! The great silence seemed to be saying to him, "You are alone, alone, alone!" and he had never known before what horror lurked in that thought.

Every moment that he stood, still the spell grew on him, and yet he dared not move; and a strange, wild feeling of fear—unmistakeable physical fear, which made his heart beat and his limbs tremble—seized on him. He was ready to cry out, to fall down, to run, and yet there he stood listening, still and motionless.

The critical moment in all panics must come at last. A wild and grewsome hissing and snoring, which seemed to come from the air just over his head, made him start and spring forward, and gave him the use of his limbs again at any rate, though they would not have been worth much to him had the ghost or hobgoblin appeared whom he half expected to see the next moment. Then came a screech, which seemed to flit along the rough meadow opposite, and come towards him. He drew a long breath, for he knew that sound well enough; it was nothing after all but the owls.

The mere realized consciousness of the presence of some living creatures, were they only owls, brought him to his senses. And now the moon was well up, and the wayward mist had cleared away, and he could catch glimpses of the solemn birds every now and then, beating over the rough meadow backwards and forwards and over the shallow water, as regularly as trained pointers.

He threw himself down again under his tree, and now bethought himself of his pipe. Here was a companion which, wonderful to say, he had not thought of before since the night set in. He pulled it out, but paused before lighting. Nothing was so likely to betray his whereabouts as tobacco. True, but anything was better than such another fright as he had had, "so here goes," he thought, "if I keep off all the poachers in Berkshire;" and he accordingly lighted up, and, with the help of his pipe, once more debated with himself the question of beating a retreat.

After a sharp inward struggle, he concluded to stay and see it out. He should despise himself, more than he cared to face, if he gave in now. If he left that spot before morning, the motive would be sheer cowardice. There might be fifty other good reasons for going; but, if he went, *his* reason would be fear and nothing else. It might have been wrong and foolish to come out; it must be to go in now. "Fear never made a man do a right action," he summed up to himself; "so here I stop, come what may of it. I think I've seen the worst of it now. I was in a real blue funk, and no mistake. Let's see, wasn't I laughing this morning at the watcher who didn't like passing a night by the river? Well, he has got the laugh of me now, if he only knew it. I've learnt one lesson to-night at any rate; I don't think I shall ever be very hard on cowards again."

By the time he had finished his pipe, he was a man again, and, moreover, notwithstanding the damp, began to feel sleepy, now that his mind was thoroughly made up, and his nerves were quiet. So he made the best of his plaid, and picked a softish place, and went off soon into a sort of dog sleep, which lasted at intervals through the rest of the short summer

night. A poor thin sort of sleep it was, in which he never altogether lost his consciousness, and broken by short intervals of actual wakefulness, but a blessed release from the self-questionings and panics of the early night.

He woke at last with a shiver. It was colder than he had yet felt it, and it seemed lighter. He stretched his half-torpid limbs, and sat up. Yes, it was certainly getting light, for he could just make out the figures on the face of his watch which he pulled out. The dawn was almost upon him, and his night watch was over. Nothing had come of it as yet, except his fright, at which he could now laugh comfortably enough; probably nothing more might come of it after all, but he had done the task he had set himself without flinching, and that was a satisfaction. He wound up his watch, which he had forgotten to do the night before, and then stood up, and threw his damp plaid aside, and swung his arms across his chest to restore circulation. The crescent moon was high up in the sky, faint and white, and he could scarcely now make out the stars, which were fading out as the glow in the north-east got stronger and broader.

Forgetting for a moment the purpose of his vigil, he was thinking of a long morning's fishing, and had turned to pick up his plaid and go off to the house for his fishing-rod, when he thought he heard the sound of dry wood snapping. He listened intently; and the next moment it came again, some way off, but plainly to be heard in the intense stillness of the morning. Some living thing was moving down the stream. Another moment's listening, and he was convinced that the sound came from a hedge some hundred yards below.

He had noticed the hedge before: the keeper had stopped up a gap in it the day before, at the place where it came down to the water, with some old hurdles and dry thorns. He drew himself up behind his alder, looking out from behind it cautiously towards the point from which the sound came. He could just make out the hedge through the mist, but saw nothing.

But now the crackling began again, and he was sure that a man was forcing his way over the keeper's barricade. A moment afterwards he saw a figure drop from the hedge into the slip in which he stood. He drew back his head hastily, and his heart beat like a hammer as he waited the approach of the stranger. In a few seconds the suspense was too much for him, for again there was perfect silence. He peered out a second time cautiously round the tree, and now he could make out the figure of a man stooping by the water-side just above the hedge, and drawing in a line. This was enough, and he drew back again, and made himself small behind the tree; now he was sure that the keeper's enemy, the man he had come out to take, was here. His next halt would be at the line which was set within a few yards of the place where he stood. So the struggle which he had courted was come! All his doubts of the night wrestled in his mind for a minute; but, forcing them down, he strung himself up for the encounter, his whole frame trembling with the excitement, and his blood tingling through his veins as though it would burst them. The next minute was as severe a trial of nerve as he had ever been put to, and the sound of a stealthy tread on the grass just below came to him as a relief. It stopped, and he heard the man stoop, then came a stir in the water, and the flapping as of a fish being landed.

Now was his time! He sprang from behind the tree, and, the next moment, was over the stooping figure of the poacher. Before he could seize him the man sprang up, and grappled with him. They had come to a tight lock at once, for the poacher had risen so close under him that he could not catch his collar and hold him off. Too close to strike, it was a desperate trial of strength and bottom.

Tom knew in a moment that he had his work cut out for him. He felt the nervous power of the frame he had got hold of as he drove his chin into the

poacher's shoulder, and arched his back, and strained every muscle in his body to force him backwards, but in vain. It was all he could do to hold his own; but he felt that he might hold it yet, as they staggered on the brink of the back ditch, stamping the grass and marsh marigolds into the ground, and drawing deep breath through their set teeth. A slip, a false foot-hold, a failing muscle, and it would be over; down they must go—who would be uppermost?

The poacher trod on a soft place and Tom felt it, and, throwing himself forward, was reckoning on victory, but reckoning without his host. For, recovering himself with a twist of the body which brought them still closer together, the poacher locked his leg behind Tom's, in a crook which brought the wrestlings of his boyhood into his head with a flash, as they tottered for another moment, and then losing balance went headlong over with a heavy plunge and splash into the deep back ditch, locked tight in each other's arms.

The cold water closed over them, and for a moment Tom held as tight as ever. Under or above the surface it was all the same, he couldn't give in first. But a gulp of water, and the singing in his ears, and a feeling of choking, brought him to his senses, helped too by the thought of his mother, and Mary, and love of the pleasant world up above. The folly and uselessness of being drowned in a ditch on a point of honour stood out before him as clearly as if he had been thinking of nothing else all his life; and he let go his hold—much relieved to find that his companion of the bath seemed equally willing to be quit of him—and struggled to the surface, and seized the bank, gasping and exhausted.

His first thought was to turn round and look for his adversary. The poacher was by the bank too, a few feet from him. His cap had fallen off in the struggle, and, all chance of concealment being over, he too had turned to face the matter out, and their eyes met.

"Good God! Harry! is it you?"

Harry Winburn answered nothing; and the two dragged their feet out of the soft muddy bottom, and scrambled on to the bank, and then with a sort of common instinct sat down, dripping and foolish, each on the place he had reached, and looked at one another. Probably two more thoroughly bewildered lieges of her Majesty were not at that moment facing one another in any corner of the United Kingdom.

To be continued.

GAELIC AND NORSE POPULAR TALES: AN APOLOGY FOR THE CELT.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are few greater pleasures, in these days, than to get hold of a really good book—a book not only thoroughly and conscientiously well done from beginning to end, but distinguished also by some peculiarity of subject, opening a fresh field of interest, and breaking a door for the reader into a realm of outlying knowledge. Such a pleasure was afforded to English readers some time ago by the publication of Dr. Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse;*[1] in which work one hardly knew whether to admire most the raciness and vigour with which the Tales were translated, or the mingled learning and eloquence of the Introductory Essay on Popular Tales in gen-

[1] Popular Tales from the Norse. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Second Edition, enlarged. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1859.

eral. At this Christmas season persons who are still unacquainted with Dr. Dasent's work cannot do better than procure it. If they should desire a fit companion to it—a book closely similar in its kind of interest, and contributing a rich fund of new materials in the same direction of inquiry—it is at hand in Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, recently published by the same firm.[1]

Whether considered by itself or in relation to Dr. Dasent's, Mr. Campbell's work is one deserving more than ordinary recognition. The manner in which it has been prepared would alone distinguish it from most contemporary books. Reading Dr. Dasent's volume at the time of its first publication, Mr. Campbell, who is a Highland gentleman of the family of the Campbells of Islay, bethought him of old Gaelic tales, not unlike those Norse importations of Dr. Dasent, which he had heard in his boyhood from pipers and others about his father's house; and he resolved, if it were possible, to make a search through the West Highlands to see whether such tales still lingered anywhere in the memory of his Gaelic countrymen and countrywomen so as to be recoverable. To any one else than a Highland gentleman, himself speaking Gaelic, the task would have been fruitless. The Highlanders are unusually shy in their communications on such matters, and evade them with a kind of shame—as if the Druidic reluctance to yield up their mysteries to writing still remained among them, and were all the stronger from an accompanying feeling that such things were now heathen, unedifying, and not approved of by the minister. Before Mr. Campbell's opportunities and perseverance, however, this difficulty vanished. By himself, or by his agents, he was able to discover, chiefly in the remote islands and promontories of the Scottish west, many persons who recollected Gaelic tales, which they had heard in their youth, and were still in the habit of telling—here an old fisherman, there a blind fiddler; here a drover, there a travelling tinker; with occasionally an old woman, who had never left her native spot, or an old female servant in some Highland household. From the lips of such persons, sometimes in rude native huts, sometimes in village inns, sometimes by the wayside, and sometimes in boats on Highland lochs, Mr. Campbell and his fellow-collectors heard the tales they had in store—frequently obtaining different versions of the same tale from narrators far separated from each other. Effective means were taken to secure the repetition of the tales so often, and in such a way, as to permit them to be set down in writing faithfully and exactly in the Gaelic in which they were told. It is of a selection of these tales—all thus orally collected since the beginning of 1859—that the present work consists. There are about sixty tales in all, longer or shorter. Each tale is scrupulously authenticated by the name of the teller, or some corresponding indication, the date when it was told, the name of the place where it was told, and the name of the collector who heard it and wrote it out. Of each tale Mr. Campbell gives us an English translation, which he vouches for as being not one of those abominable things known as "free versions," "versions giving the spirit of the original," &c., but a rendering as close and literal as he was able to make it; and to each he then appends the original Gaelic, together with a few notes explanatory and illustrative. To the whole is prefixed an Introduction of considerable length, in which Dr. Dasent's views and other doctrines of recent ethnology are applied to the Celtic races of these islands and their legends; and in the course of which there are many shrewd and suggestive remarks, and evidences of a rather singular genius and humour—whether of the native Highland chieftain, ill-repressed under his guise as an English author, or only of an educated mind tuned somewhat to strangeness by long dwelling in a strange Gaelic element. Altogether the book

[1] Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected; with a Translation. By J. F. Campbell. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860.

is a genuine and even remarkable one, possessing both a learned and a popular interest. Some consciousness of this breaks through the modest half-apologetic terms in which the author speaks of it.

"Practical men may despise the tales, earnest men condemn them as lies, some even consider them wicked; one refused to write any more for a whole estate; my best friend says they are all 'blethers.' But one man's rubbish may be another's treasure, and what is the standard of value in such a pursuit as this?

"'And what are you going to do with them stories, Mr. Camal?' said a friend of mine, as he stood amongst the brown sea-weed, at the end of a pier, on a fine summer's evening, and watched my departure in a tiny boat. 'Print them, man, to be sure.' My friend is famous for his good stories, though they are of another kind, and he uses tobacco; he eyed me steadily for a moment, and then he disposed of the whole matter monosyllabically, but forcibly, 'Huch!!' It seemed to come from his heart.

"Said a Highland coachman to me one day, 'The luggage is very heavy; I will not believe but there is stones in the portmanteaus! They will be pickin' them off the road and takin' them away with them; I have seen them myself.' And then, having disposed of geology, he took a sapient pinch of snuff. So, a benighted Englishman, years ago in Australia, took up his quarters in a settler's hut, as he told me. Other travellers came in, and one had found a stone in a dry river-course, which he maintained to be partly gold. The rest jeered at him till he threw away his prize in a pet; and then they all devoured mutton chops and damper, and slept like sensible men. So these tales may be gold or dross, according to taste. Many will despise them, but some may take an interest in the pastime of their humble countrymen; some may be amused; those who would learn Gaelic will find the language of the people who told the stories; and those who could compare popular tales of different races may rest assured that I have altered nothing, that these really are what they purport to be—stories orally 'collected in the West Highlands since the beginning of 1859.' I have but carried drift rubbish from the place where I found it to a place where it may be seen and studied by those who care to take the trouble."

Mr. Campbell's work is calculated to give a fillip to scholarly curiosity in this country respecting the Celtic race in general, and the Gaelic branch of it in particular. There can be no doubt that of late the Celt has been at too great a discount in our literature. In virtue of the constant tendency of opinion on any subject to express itself in a few very absolute and emphatic propositions, which become blocks of established belief, the speculations in ethnology which have been going on for so many years have led, in this country at least, to a standing affirmation in certain quarters of the intellectual and historical worthlessness of the Celt. The wild hysterics of the Celt, his restlessness, his want of veracity, his want of the power of solid and persevering labour, his howling enthusiasm about nothings and his neglect of all that is substantial, the perpetual necessity of some stern alien discipline to keep him in order—these are everyday themes in our talk and our literature. On the other hand, the Saxon figures as the tip-top of present creation; and, by a farther generalization so as to include the whole of his kin, all that has been good in the world since the fall of the Roman empire is represented as Gothic. Positively the thing has gone so far that it is not respectable any longer in certain quarters to be a Celt, and any one who is in that unfortunate predicament has to go back in his pedigree for some Teutonic grandmother, or other female progenitor, through whom he may plead his blood as at least decent half-and-half. So, also, when the Scottish Highlanders are talked of, it is the habit to assert that, while the people are Celtic, all the chiefs are of Teutonic or Norman descent. Now the superiority of certain breeds of men to others is a fact which no one who has his eyes about him, or who knows any thing of history, can deny; nor, whether for speculative or for practical purposes, is there a more useful fact to carry about with one. Further, the historical superiority of the Gothic race, on the whole, to the Celtic—its more vast, more original, more profound, and more enduring influence on the history of the world—is a fact which even Celtic patriotism would find it difficult to contest. Further still, many of the current descriptions of the Celtic character and temperament, in contrast with the Saxon, or, more generally, with the Germanic, are sufficiently accurate, and are verified by constant experience. But, with all this the

Celt has a right to complain of the way in which, by too crude an application of certain ethnological views, the claims of his race have been lately dealt with. That doctrine of the intellectual and historical worthlessness of the Celt (for by many it is pushed even to this extreme) which *he* resents with the instinctive anger of his whole insulted being, which writhes his features to their darkest scowl, and to which, mouthed out too rudely in his presence, it might chance that the answer would be his dirk,—this very doctrine the candid Saxon himself ought to declare false, and disprove by his research. Most affirmations of this emphatic kind, after they have served a year or so in literature, lose whatever virtue they had, and require to be re-edited; and, while the doctrine of the worthlessness of the Celt will still be clung to by those who must have something to say and can't change their phrases, it is perhaps time that those who think for themselves should be trying to substitute for it a more exact appreciation of the Celtic influence in history. Materials for such an appreciation are not wanting, and Mr. Campbell's work may help as a stimulus to it.

Passing over the vague traditions of the primeval or very ancient migrations of the Celts, of their dashings hither and thither against the more consolidated populations of Southern Europe, and finally of their descent into Italy in that terrible hour when infant Rome was at their mercy, one may point out, as pertinent to the present inquiry, that the chance of the Celt in history preceded that of the Goth, and fell upon a time when the conditions were different from those which the Goth experienced. It was not the fate of the Celt to enter on the stage of history as a dominant or conquering race, carrying forward its own institutions and its own traditions, intact out of the past. When the Celtic populations and their religion of Druidism first fairly present themselves to the historic student, they are already absorbed, all but a few outlying bits, within the body of the Roman empire, and are struggling, with fainter and fainter efforts, in the meshes of the Roman system. The Latin tongue, the Latin laws, and Latin habits overspread them; and Celtic druidism dies out, leaving no such native record of itself, as has remained of the Scandinavian mythology of the sons of Odin. For three or four centuries, whatever of Celtic activity, whatever manifestation of Celtic genius, was possible, whether in Gaul or in Britain, was necessarily such as might consist with the state of these countries as part and parcel of the Roman empire. In such circumstances how did the Celtic mind acquit itself? By no means ill. Not to speak of those men and women, named and nameless, who died in doing what all account it creditable in a race to have had men and women capable of doing—those Gaulish and British chiefs and chieftainesses who resisted Cæsar and Agricola—is it not a fact, known to scholars, that, when the Gauls were once fairly subjects of Rome, they learnt so fast, and took so cleverly to the new tongue and the new civilization, that many of the eminent soldiers, rhetoricians, actors, and even writers who figure in the lists of the later Empire under the general name of Romans, were in reality Cisalpine or Transalpine Celts? Even from Britain itself was there not some similar small contribution of native talent to the general stock of the Empire of which it was a province? At all events, when Christianity possessed the Empire, and there was added everywhere to the exercises of mind and of heart which had been formerly possible for the provincials, the new exercise afforded by theology and ecclesiastical business, Britain, as well as Gaul, performed a competent part. Names here abound; but pre-eminent among them, as that of at least one British-born Celt whose influence ran round the margin of the Mediterranean and agitated the Roman empire, while as yet the Empire survived, is the name of the heresiarch Pelagius. In that "British heresy," concerning freewill and necessity, which roused in opposition to it even the distant or-

thodoxy of Africa, and the continuation of which may be traced throughout the subsequent theology of Europe, till even in our own day the charges of Pelagianism and semi-Pelagianism are bandied about, the Celtic genius signalled first, as it has exhibited so often since, its capacity for systematic speculation.

But anon the scene changes. The Roman empire is no more. The in-breaking Goth, split into a thousand streams, disintegrates by his advances the fabric of Roman society; and over Western Europe new rudimentary states are rising on its ruins. Is the Celtic influence then extinct? Can no strokes and results of important action then be discerned which are indubitably Celtic? Not so. Allowing to the full for the Frankish and other Teutonic effects on Gaul, do we not discern in modern France, and in all that France has been among the nations, the re-assertion—nay, to some extent, the dominance—of the Latino-Celtic genius? Shall we, when we want to satirize the French—to express our dislike of their restlessness, their mobility, their alternate phrenzies of revolution and subjections to military despotism—account for it all by naming them Celts off-hand; and yet, when we are in another mood with them, and think more of all that France has done that is spirit-stirring and splendid, shall we recant the name, or forget that we used it? It does not seem fair. An analysis backward of French activity into the ingredients severally derived from the races that compose the French population, might indeed be a difficult problem; but, on any analysis, the career of France—and that certainly is no little thing in the history of the world—would have to be admitted as, in great part, a Celtic phenomenon.

But turn we to our own Celts of Britain and Ireland. Let the struggles of the Romanized Britons in the south, of the Picts and Scots in the north, against the invading Angles, Saxons, and Norsemen, pass as things inconsequential in history, mere footing-ground for poetic myths; let the bulk of the island be handed over to these Angles, Saxons, and Norsemen, as by the right of might and fitness its proper lords; let it be to them, and not to the Celts, that we look back with pride as our ancestors, as the founders of our national system—still, all this supposed, is our quest of farther Celtic influence a mere beggarly search of empty boxes, a fool's errand through dirt and turbulence and mist? Unless we shut our eyes, by no means so! What, for example, of the Celtic missionaries from Wales, from Scotland, from Ireland, who co-operated in the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons? What of the struggles of these missionaries to maintain for the whole island a purer faith, and a more free ecclesiastical system, than Augustine and the agents of Rome brought with them across the Channel? There is a period in our national history—that between the withdrawal of the Roman legions and the full establishment of the Anglo-Saxon power—during which the educated Celtic mind, in the persons of Irish and Scoto-Irish saints and ecclesiastics, exerted itself to an extent, and in a manner, not yet sufficiently recognised. Nay, more, when we pass beyond this period, and draw out a list of the more eminent intellectual natives of this land during the Anglo-Saxon period properly so called—those, at all events, who distinguished themselves as writers in the then universal Latin—it will be found that at least as many were, certainly or presumably, of the subject Celtic race as of the dominant Anglo-Saxon. It is worthy of remark, too, that, if these Celtic writers are compared with their Anglo-Saxon contemporaries in respect of the nature of their works, the aptitude for systematic thought, rather than for mere historic compilation or mere ethical and practical discourse, will be found to have been still characteristic of the Celtic intellect. If the Anglo-Saxons can adduce as perhaps all in all their foremost literary name in this period that of the Venerable Bede, and if it is disputed whether Alcuin, the famous intellectual vizier of Charlemagne, was a British Celt or a British Saxon, the Celts can, at all events, claim as their

own the most illustrious European *thinker* of his period, the forerunner and father of the schoolmen—Joannes Scotus Erigena.

We talk fondly of the Anglo-Saxons as the fathers of all that is good and stalwart in us; but it is very questionable whether this country would ever have been one tithe of what it has been in the world, politically or intellectually, but for the Norman Conquest. No one can study English History before and after that event without perceiving the immense change which it wrought, the extraordinary stimulus which it communicated. It is like the infusion of a new supply of the most electric nerve into what had formerly been a somewhat sluggish body of large thew and bone. Now, there is fair room for an investigation whether and to what extent, in that process which transmuted the Scandinavian colony of Norsemen into the French-speaking Normans as they came among us—light and yet strong, flashing and yet persevering—the combination of Celtic blood with Norse may have contributed. But, let the Normans be voted, as is usually done, pure Norsemen who had but changed their language, is the recognisable Celtic element of the mixed population of which they became masters of no farther account in the land during the period of their mastery—the so-called Anglo-Norman period? In answer to this, if the realm of literature is still chiefly attended to, it would be possible not only to pick out, in the list of those writers of the Anglo-Norman period who used the common Latin, Celts intermingled with Normans and Anglo-Saxons, and exhibiting the Celtic tendency to speculation qualifying the mainly ethical tendency of the Saxon mind and the mainly narrative tendency of the Norman, but also, extending our view beyond the common Latin to the three vernacular tongues which then divided with it the total literature of these islands, to produce Celtic authors—Irish annalists, Welsh poets, and the like—not unworthy of note by the side of the Anglo-Norman *trouvères* and the first rude practitioners of English. Above all, one might point to that extraordinary body of Welsh and Armorican legend—embracing in its totality the mythical foreworld of these islands from Brut the Trojan to Arthur and his knights inclusive—which, conveyed into general circulation through Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin, and elaborated and shaped by early Norman and English minstrels, has been a permanent inheritance in our own and in all European Literature, an inspiration and exhaustless magazine of subjects for our Spensers, our Shakespeares, our Miltons, and our Tennysons. Through much of our greatest poetry, when the melody is listened for through the harmony, there is heard the strain of the old British harp.

In pursuing the inquiry down to our own times, it divides itself more obviously into two branches—the investigation of Celtic influence as operating more latently in the mixed populations of these islands, known as English and Scotch; and the investigation of the same influence as exerted in or from the portions of the country where the purest remains of the Celtic race are shut up—Wales, the Scottish Highlands, and Erse-speaking Ireland.

The difficulties of the former investigation are so great that it is never made. As no one can tell who among *us* of the mixed populations is more Celt and who more Saxon—as we meet every day the most sturdy Saxon-looking and Saxon-thinking fellows, who have Celtic names, and, *vice versâ*, dark little Celtic-looking men, who have Norse or Saxon names—so, in the general sea of English and Scottish thought and doings during the last three or four hundred years, it is impossible to discriminate what may have been Celtic. The Celt surely exists among us, though submerged. For the credit of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers it is to be assumed that they did not murder out all the Celts in England and the Scottish Lowlands, when they took possession—at least, not the women, though they may have sent their spouses packing to the hills. Now, is nothing to go to the credit of the submerged Celt? An industrious

partisan of that race might collect hints and reasons to the contrary. A writer with whom I and the readers of this magazine are acquainted has done justice, in a way that the world has recognised, to the virtues and claims of the Saxon family of the Browns. "For "centuries," he says, "in their quiet, "dogged, homespun way, they have "been subduing the earth in most "English counties, and leaving their mark "in American forests and Australian up-"lands. Wherever the fleets and armies "of England have won renown, these "stalwart sons of the Browns have done "yeoman's work. With the yew-bow "and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and "Agincourt—with the brown bill and "pike under the brave Lord Willoughby "—with culverin and demi-culverin "against Spaniards and Dutchmen—with "hand-grenade and sabre, and musket "and bayonet, under Rodney and St. "Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and "Wellington—they have carried their "lives in their hands; getting hard "knocks and hard work in plenty, "which was on the whole what they "looked for, and the best thing for "them; and little praise or pudding, "which indeed they and most of us are "better without. Talbots and Stanleys, "St. Maurs and such like folk, have led "armies and made laws time out of "mind; but these noble families would "be somewhat astonished—if the ac-"counts ever came to be fairly taken—"to find how small their work for "England has been by the side of that "of the Browns." Well said for the Browns! But will nobody take up the cudgels for the Joneses, or the Hugheses, for example? The Joneses outnumber the Browns, and even the Smiths, I believe, in the London Directory; and something might be made out of that. Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson are the four popular types of English wandering and hard English work—one of them a Celt, it will be perceived, but not one of them a Norman. Is the proportion, and is the omission, significant? Who knows? But, if Jones is taken to represent the submerged Celt in our national constitution, though it would be as difficult to calculate the influence of the submerged Celt in the national character and career, as it would be to calculate the activity of the Joneses of the last three centuries in relation to the Smiths, the Browns, and the Robinsons, yet the admission of *some* influence cannot be avoided. Historical generalizations, a little vague and rash perhaps, might even be made, indicating the nature of the influence. What, for example, if something of that difference which has distinguished and still distinguishes the national character of the Scotch from that of the English should depend on the fact that the mixture called Scotch consists more of a union of the Scandinavian or Norse variety of the Gothic with the Gaelic variety of the Celtic; and the mixture called English, more of a union of the Saxon variety of the Gothic with the Cambrian or British variety of the Celtic? Again, it might be averred, with some backing of evidence, that much of the peculiar history of Scotland, especially in relation to England, from the Norman Conquest downwards, might be construed as the activity of Saxons and Normans coming in aid of a Celtic sentiment—a Celtic tradition of nationality—which inhered in the very region they occupied, and making good that sentiment and that tradition against their southern kinsmen. The standard which the Teutonic or Norman Wallace bore against Edward Longshanks, and which the English-born Bruce bore against his successor, might have had a Celtic blazon.

What the Celt has done in and from the portions of these islands in which he has been more peculiarly cooped up, is more appreciable than what he has done in his submerged capacity as Jones of the London Directory.

In respect of what he has done *in* those regions, there is certainly a sad side to the story. Rich green Welsh valleys, with broken wheels, tin pans, bits of crockery, and every slatternly thing tumbled through them, and the most illiterate form of Methodism for the spiritual rule and

exercise of their natives ; large tracts of fertile and picturesque Ireland wretched and restless, a confusion of mud cabins and dilapidated villages, more wildly under the sway of the priests than any other spot of Roman Catholic Europe ; the beautiful Scottish Highlands, save where tracks of comfort have been carved through them for the tourists, still fastnesses of native laziness and squalor, equally under the *régime* of that zealous Ultra-Calvinism which has penetrated into them and possessed them, as in the days when the Presbyterian Lowlands regarded them as Popish and heathen—these are the pictures uniformly given us of the still Celtic portions of our islands. It is, indeed, with reference mainly to such contemporary descriptions of the Celt at home that there has grown up the doctrine of the worthlessness of the Celt ; and the accompanying assertion generally is that, not till the Saxon has taken possession of these regions with his energy and capital, will they be brought up to the mark. There might here, of course, be a discussion, in behalf of the Celt, how much of his backwardness in his native regions may have been owing to insurmountable conditions, geographical and political. Coop up a race apart, it may be said, in a region of hills, and that accumulation of capital which is the necessary agent in all material progress, cannot so easily take place as might be thought—capital must come into it from the flat lands. With the faith which we have, however, that man may almost anywhere be master of his conditions if the proper stuff is in him, this kind of argument, though it may apply in part, will be of less avail on the whole than the testimony borne by those who have known and studied the Celt at home to the many interesting and even noble qualities observable in him, despite circumstances so unpromising to the Saxon. Of Irish wit, brilliant sociability, inquisitiveness, and readiness in all kinds of intellectual acquisition, even the most difficult, we have evidence on every hand. To the good qualities of the Welsh a long line of literary witnesses may be challenged, beginning with Shakspeare—who evidently loved the Welsh while he quizzed them ; for there is no Welshman in his plays but is a right good fellow, with all his pepperiness, and capable of turning the tables against any swaggering Pistol that offends him. And that the virtues with which Scott invested the Scottish Gael in his poems and novels were not the mere strong colours of the artist, studying picturesque effect, but a deliberate rendering of his own intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic character, rests on his own assurance. To Scott's high tribute throughout his works to the character of the Scottish Highlanders, others might be added—such as the testimony of school-inspectors to the aptitude of the Highland children for learning, or Hugh Miller's more emphatic testimony in behalf of those Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire men with whom he had mingled. In relation to the very matter already mentioned of the backwardness of the Highlanders in material respects, their aversion to change, their contentedness with their poor shielings which a Saxon would have scorned, Hugh Miller's testimony was that he had known the inhabitants of these shielings better than most people, and that, with all the poverty of their environment, they were, as strongly as he could phrase it, a race of *men*.

Corresponding with these accounts of the Celt in his native regions is the impression derived from the retrospect of their activity as manifested *from* these regions. True, this activity has consisted, in great part, in fitful bursts athwart and against the general current of British policy, so that again and again the Saxon has had to wrestle to his ends with the Celt clinging round his neck. But is there nothing considerable on the other side in the very desperateness with which the Celt has maintained this chronic, though unavailing, struggle ? Can it be that that is altogether a paltry race, which has dashed across the equable course of British domestic history, during the last hundred and fifty years, almost the only events charged with the elements of collective daring and romance

—those Jacobite Rebellions and the like, which yet fascinate our memory, and to which our novelists and dramatists go back, as by instinct, when they seek for subjects? And then, the splendid, and more satisfactory, story of Celtic activity in co-operation with the Saxon, in the service of that imperial unity which includes them both! Since the day when Chatham, among his other feats of statesmanship, showed how the Celt might be reconciled and utilized, there has not been a single military enterprise of Britain in which Celtic courage has not performed a part, not a single extension of the Empire to which Celtic blood and Celtic talent have not contributed. From the wars of last century down to that of the Crimea and to those eastern wars which now engage us, the deeds of Irish, Welsh, and Highland regiments in the field of battle have been chronicled with generous admiration by their English comrades, till these regiments have become, in a manner, pets with the British public. But, indeed, those who are least partial to the Celtic race have never denied to it the possession, in a signal degree, of the military virtues. Perhaps it is because it has been easier to observe the Celt so acting, side by side with the Saxon, in distinct masses on the battle field, than to trace him individually in his dispersed state through civil society beyond his native precincts, that proportionate justice has not been done to his abilities and success in other walks than the military. In addition, however, to what might be claimed for the Celt in virtue of the influence (scarcely calculable) of what we called the submerged Celtic element in the national constitution—represented in the Joneses and others who have been mixed with us from time immemorial, and whose Celtic descent is concealed and nullified by length of time—something might be claimed (and I hand over the fuller prosecution of the claim to some one who, as a Celt himself, may be more interested in it) in virtue of the numerous instances that could be pointed out of Celts, fresh and unsophisticated from their native regions, or removed from them by so short an interval as still to be traceable as Celtic particles in surrounding society, who have attained eminence in that society, and, in competition with others, emerged well. We would hardly advise a Welshman, at this time of day, to claim Oliver Cromwell as his countryman. Yet he certainly was a kinsman of the Welsh Williamses, to whom Bacon's predecessor on the woolsack, the famous Bishop Williams, belonged; and, in youth, more than once he signed his name "Oliver Williams." But what of the numberless Lloyds, Llewellyns, Prices, &c., whose names diversify the directories of all our towns, and many of whom appear in prominent enough positions? I do not know how it is to be explained, but I have myself observed that an unusual proportion of eminent actuaries and others connected with the businesses of life-insurance and banking in this country, have been Welshmen. So, the Scottish-Highland names at present eminent in the world of British commerce, from Glasgow southwards, would make a pretty long list; to which, pursuing the traces of the Scottish Celt in another and more special direction, one might add some literary names, ending with Mackintosh and Macaulay. If, to some extent, the preference of the Irish Celt for a career of opposition to the Saxon has made his career in co-operative rivalry with him less satisfactory, we can at least point to such facts as the remarkable success of native Irish students in the recent Civil Service competitions, and the large amount of native Irish talent in connexion with the London press and the English bar, as proving the co-operative capacity of the Irish Celt also, when the right way is open to him, and he chooses to take it. Finally, as if to prove that there is some truth in the theory that the British Celt at home has been kept back by the too great stringency of his conditions, there is the phenomenon of Celtic success abroad—of the prosperity of the Celt, and the rapid development of new energies in his character, in those

American and Australian fields over which he has begun to expatiate. That the Irish Celt in the colonies and in the United States should retain so much of the anti-Saxon sentiment is to be accounted for by the circumstances in which he has parted with us here at home; but this, though we may anticipate its reaction upon ourselves, should not prevent us from hearing of his success with sympathy and pleasure.

Although it so chances that, of all the three remaining fragments of the Celtic race in these islands (*four*, if we include the Manx), the Scottish Gael has the lion's share of popular interest, this is owing rather to what has been done for his literary representation and recommendation by the genius of Scott and others than to any recognition of him through the medium of native literary relics. Welsh bards are more than mere shadows to the student of our literary history; Irish annalists have been heard of with respect; but of printed or manuscript remains of the Scottish Gael the rumour has been of the faintest. Since the days of the Ossian controversy, indeed, it has been as much as a man's character for sanity was worth to talk of such things. The rough horse-criticism which trampled out Macpherson's pretensions in respect of the special Ossian poems had trampled out also all belief in the possible existence of any old Gaelic legends or poems whatever. Of late, however, a suspicion has crept in that the horse-critics were too summary in their treatment of the question. Arguing from a kind of *a priori* principle that every race *must* have its poems and legends, people have been disposed to believe in the existence of Gaelic poems and legends, still perhaps recoverable, some of which might throw new light on the Ossian controversy. Actual search, it seems, has confirmed the belief. Mr. Campbell's opinion on this point will be received with attention.

"I believe that there were poems of very old date, of which a few fragments still exist in Scotland as pure traditions. That these related to Celtic worthies who were popular heroes before the Celts came from Ireland, and answer to Arthur and his knights elsewhere. That the same personages have figured in poems composed, or altered, or improved by bards who lived in Scotland, and by Irish bards of all periods; and that these personages have been mythical heroes amongst the Celts from the earliest of times. That 'the poems' were orally collected by Macpherson and by men before him, by Dr. Smith, by the Committee of the Highland Society, and by others; and that the printed Gaelic is old poetry, mended, and patched, and pieced together, but on the whole a genuine work. Manuscript evidence of the antiquity of similar Gaelic poems exists. . . . Macpherson's 'translation' appeared between 1760 and 1762, and the controversy raged from the beginning and is growling still; but the dispute now is whether the poems were originally *Scotch* or *Irish*, and how much Macpherson altered them. It is like the quarrel about the chameleon; for the languages spoken in Islay and Rathlin are identical, and the language of the poems is difficult for me, though I have *spoken* Gaelic from my childhood. There is no doubt at all that Gaelic poems on such subjects existed long before Macpherson was born; and it is equally certain that there is no composition in the Gaelic language which bears the smallest resemblance in style to the peculiar kind of prose in which it pleased Macpherson to translate. . . . The illiterate [Gaels] seem to have no opinion on the subject. So far as I could ascertain, few had heard of the controversy; but they had all heard scraps of stories about the Finne, all their lives; and they are content to believe that 'Ossian, the last of the Finne,' composed the poems, wrote them, and burned his book in a pet, because St. Patrick, or St. Paul, or some other saint would not believe his wonderful stories." [1]

It is not, however, of such Ossianic legends or traditions of the Finne that Mr. Campbell's present collection mainly consists, but of more miscellaneous popular tales, still current in the West Highlands, where, when there is a good teller present, they are listened to by young and old through whole winter nights. Their character is indicated by the titles prefixed to them—"The Young King of Easaidh Ruadh," "The Battle of the Birds," "The Sea-Maiden," "Conal Cra Bhuidhe," "Conal Crovi," "The Brown Bear of the Green

[1] See a Skye version of the legend of Ossian and his poems, as told by Mr. Alexander Smith, in his paper "In a Skye Bothie," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, for December, 1859. It may be compared with a version given in one of the stories in Mr. Campbell's collection.

Glen," "The Daughter of the Skies," "The Girl and the Dead Man," "The King of Lochlann's Three Daughters," "The Slim Swarthy Champion," "The Shifty Lad," "The Smith and the Fairies," "The Queen who sought a drink from a certain Well," "The Origin of Loch Ness," "The Three Widows," "The Sharp Grey Sheep," &c. &c. As these titles will suggest, the tales are, as nearly as possible, the Gaelic counterparts of Dr. Dasent's Norse translations —exactly the same kinds of stories about kings' sons and daughters, younger and elder brothers, giants, fairies, enchantments, magic horses, talking beasts and birds, miraculous swords, golden apples, &c., as compose Dr. Dasent's volume; with this difference, that there the manner of thinking, the tone, the colour, the whole air and scenery, are Norse, whereas here they are Gaelic. On the whole, as tales—whether because here we have what came first to the net in a water not previously fished, whereas in Dr. Dasent's volume we have the picked specimens of the Norse stories —the contents of the book are not equal to those of Dr. Dasent's. The Gaelic tales want the breadth, the hearty humour, the open freshness of their Norse counterparts; in reading which we seem to be among the fair-haired Scandinavians, free and ruddy under their cold blue skies. These are more narrow, concentrated, sly, and sombre, as of a people living in glens, and by the lips of dark deep lochs, though with woods and mountains of heather and fair green spots all round and at hand. For mere pleasure a grown-up reader will go through fewer of Mr. Campbell's than of Dr. Dasent's stories continuously—finding them, after one or two specimens, of a more puerile order of interest, with fewer of those strokes of really new invention, and those gleams of shrewd significance for the intellect, which are necessary to lure most grown-up readers through stories of the kind. But some of the stories are really good as stories; most of them would be favourites with children, if told or read to them well at the fireside; the element in all is poetical; and not unfrequently there are situations and fancies full of suggestion, which the cultured ideality of a poet like Tennyson might effectively appropriate and develope. What Mr. Campbell says of the ethical spirit of the tales is also worthy of notice. "Amidst curious rubbish," he says, in his dedication of the tales to the young Marquis of Lorne, "you will "find sound sense, if you look for it. "You will find the creed of the people, "as shown in their stories, to be, that "wisdom and courage, though weak, "may overcome strength, and ignorance "and pride; that the most despised is "often the most worthy; that small "beginnings lead to great results. You "will find perseverance, frugality and "filial piety rewarded; pride, greed, and "laziness punished. You will find "much that tells of barbarous times; "I hope you will find nothing that can "hurt or should offend." On the whole, the book, as a book of stories, is of a kind to be welcome in all households at this Christmas season; at which season, by immemorial custom, fairies, giants, and all the supernatural beings of the extinct mythologies—whether those that flutter beneficent in the air above us, or that moan imprisoned in the midnight blast, or that haunt our knolls and woodlands, or that dwell hideous in pools and caves, or that tenant the depths of Tartarus and clank, far underground, their white-hot chains—revisit our pitying gaze, and whirl once more through the thoughts of men. For, according to the poet, is not this season the anniversary of their banishment and doom? In that hour of wonder when the star which led the Magi stood still over the Judæan hut, what consternation, he says, among the old mythologies! The oracles were dumb; Apollo fled from his shrine; the nymphs were heard weeping on the mountains; conscious of a greater power near, Peor, Baalim, and all the false gods of the East, forsook their temples.

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the Infernal Jail;
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

The old theological theory, here so poetically expressed, that the supernatural beings of the popular belief still do actually roam the universe as real existences, and are the cashiered and degraded gods of the extinct mythologies, is, as all are aware, no longer in fashion. And here, had we space, we might consider Mr. Campbell's work in a third aspect—not only as an interesting illustration of the Gaelic character and mode of thinking, and a collection of stories readable on their own account; but also as a contribution to the science of Mythology, or to that branch of it which Mr. Campbell — in order, we suppose, to distinguish between tales of the ordinary kind and religious legends —calls, somewhat uncouthly, "the science of Storyology." Referring, however, to Dr. Dasent's essay for a full statement of the doctrine now offered by authorities in this science, we can but indicate its nature.

The fact upon which the inquirers lay stress, and which is the starting point of their inquiries, is the *ubiquity* of certain legends or types of legend. A tale which is found among the Gaels of Scotland is found also among their Celtic kinsmen of Britain or the Continent; and not only amongst them, but amongst the Gothic peoples also; and not only amongst them, but amongst the Slavonians also; and not only amongst them, but also in India and the East generally. Nay, the same tale may be traced back in time, till it is found amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, or the primeval Orientals. Fables which we read in ancient Sanskrit books, in The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, in the Greek Æsop, in Latin authors, in Boccaccio," in the Countess D'Aulnoy's French collection, &c., turn up at the present day, as still current, under various disguises, among the illiterate peasantry in remote European districts. The number of such instances of the ubiquity of legends, of their universality in all times and in all tongues, is so great as to press for some hypothesis to account for it. First there presents itself the obvious hypothesis of intercommunication—the hypothesis that a striking or significant tale, originating in one spot or country, has radiated gradually from that spot or country, taking on changes, till some form of it is found everywhere. This hypothesis, however, the authorities dismiss, as not adequate to the facts which they profess to bring forward. There are cases, they say, where the same fable crops out at points of time and space so far apart as to make intercommunication, direct or circuitous, inconceivable. Equally they set aside the hypothesis of coincident imagination. There remains, therefore, the theory of historical ramification. This is the theory actually adopted. The tales and legends which we find common among the Celtic, the Gothic, the Slavonian, the Latin, and the Greek nations of the present Europe, and which we find also among the Indians, are, as it were, the water-rolled drift which has come down traditionally among these nations, through their several channels, from that primeval and pre-historic time when as yet they had not disengaged themselves from the great Aryan or Indo-European mass to which they are traced back also by the evidence of common vocables in their several languages! Nay, just as a profound philology detects latent identities between the Indo-European family of tongues and the Semitic or the Mongolian, so a profound mythology will not despair of finding traces of legend carrying us back beyond the grand Aryan disentanglement to a still earlier, and more inscrutable, period. For the arguments on behalf of this startling conclusion — to which, we think, there are objections deserving consideration —we must again refer to the works before us.

CATHAIR FHARGUS.

(FERGUS'S SEAT.)

A Mountain in the Island of Arran, the Summit of which resembles a gigantic Human Profile.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With still face upward to the changeful sky,
I, Fergus, lie, supine in frozen rest;
The maiden morning clouds slip rosily
Unclasped, unclasping, down my granite breast;
The levin strikes my brow and passes by.

There's nothing new beneath the sun, I wot:
I, "Fergus" called—the great pre-Adamite,
Who for my mortal body blindly sought
Rash immortality, and, on this height
Stone-bound, for ever am and yet am not—

There's nothing new beneath the sun, I say.
Ye pigmies of a later race, who come
And play out your brief generation's play
Below me, know, I, too, spent my life's sum,
And revelled through my short tumultuous day.

O! what is man that he should mouth so grand
Through his poor thousand as his seventy years?
Whether as king I ruled a trembling land,
Or swayed by tongue or pen my meaner peers,
Or earth's whole learning I did understand,—

What matter? The star-angels know it all.
They who came sweeping through the silent night
And stood before me, yet did not appal:
[1] Till, fighting 'gainst me in their courses bright,
Celestial smote terrestrial.—Hence, my fall.

Hence, Heaven cursed me with a granted prayer;
Made my hill-seat eternal: bade me keep
My pageant of majestic lone despair,
While one by one into the infinite deep
Sank kindred, realm, throne, world: yet I lay there.

And there I lie. Where are my glories fled?
My wisdom that I boasted as divine?
My grand primæval women fair, who shed
Their whole life's joy to crown one hour of mine,
And lived to curse the love they coveted?

[1] "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

Gone—gone. Uncounted æons have rolled by,
And still my ghost sits by its corpse of stone,
And still the blue smile of the new-formed sky
Finds me unchanged. Slow centuries crawling on
Bring myriads happy death :—I cannot die ;

Can only mock the dead man's peaceful face,
And straightened arm that will not labour more;
Yearning for e'en the meanest six-foot space
To moulder in, with daisies growing o'er,
Rather than this unearthly resting-place;—

Where pinnacled, my silent effigy
Against the sunset rising clear and cold,
Startles the musing stranger sailing by,
And calls up thoughts that never can be told,
Of life, and death, and immortality.

While I?—I watch this after world that creeps
Nearer and nearer to the feet of God:
Ay, though it labours, struggles, sins, and weeps,
Yet, love-drawn, follows ever Him who trod
Through dim Gethsemane to Calvary's steeps.

O glorious shame! O royal servitude!
High lowliness, and ignorance all wise!
Pure life with death, and death with life imbued;—
My centuried splendours crumble 'neath Thine eyes,
Thou Holy One who died upon the rood!

Therefore, face upward to the Christian heaven,
I, Fergus, lie: expectant, humble, calm ;
Dumb emblem of the faith to me not given;
The clouds drop chrism, the stars their midnight psalm
Chant over me, who passed away unshriven.

"*I am the Resurrection and the Life.*"
So from yon mountain grave-yard cries the dust
Of child to parent, husband unto wife,
Consoling, and believing in the Just:—
He lives, though all the universe sank in strife.

Therefore my granite lips for ever pray,
"O rains, wash out my sin of self abhorred:
O sun, melt thou my heart of stone away,
Out of thy plenteous mercy save me, Lord."
And so I wait till resurrection day.

A MIDDLE-WATCH CONFESSION.

BY ROBERT PATON.

"EIGHT bells, sir."

"Strike it, quartermaster, and call Mr. Treweeke."

On being struck the bell told that it was midnight, and a lovely night it was; clear, starry sky o'erhead, and calm, grey, sleeping sea around. We were half-way over the Atlantic, and our ship's ponderous engines revolving ceaselessly with a monotonous sound and untiring power, the paddles sending a long line of gleaming water astern, while a streamer of black smoke, unrolling itself from the funnel, broadened gradually, till it formed a thick murky cloud-island on the eastern horizon behind us.

Pacing up and down the white decks, from the helmsman to the look-outs, I mused on a sailor's life, and on the singular chance which had brought my old chum and shipmate, Fred Treweeke, and myself together again, after so many years' knocking about in different directions.

We had parted with no hope or expectation of further companionship in a ship-board life, and yet here we were, relieving each other this night as officers of the same steamer!

Then, what a happy-go-lucky mortal he was, with a wild and unchecked love of pleasure; no relation left in the world to care for, full of fun and practical jokes. *Now*, I had found him in every respect changed. He was thoughtful, hard-working and steady; it seemed as if he had gained some settled convictions that gave him self-reliance and self-respect, and one thing was particularly noticeable in him—a continual discouragement of the silly banter and light talk amongst the rest of our mess. Many new incidents in his career I had already learnt from him, but I felt certain there was something he had not told me of; something which in a peculiar mood of mind he would reveal, as we had always throughout our apprenticeship been great chums: and I had longed for an opportunity to have a quiet chat, and hear what had happened to cause such an alteration and improvement.

Quick reliefs as a rule he always gave, and soon appeared on deck; and, after some talk about the watches, I transferred the night order book to him, remarking that I had taken an observation of "Procyon," and that he would find the latitude on the log slate.

"Indeed!" he muttered, "by Procyon," adding aloud, after a while, "A lovely night! This is a middle-watch for reflection! What quartermaster cons?"

"Danaford," I answered, "a trustworthy old fellow. He's been a long time in the service. I'm afraid, though, some quiet evening, he'll 'spoil the beauty,' as he calls it, of our new tell-tale compass, for he hates it from the bottom of his heart; its machinery is a perfect puzzle to him, and he terms it 'a blessed spy.'"

"Yes," said Fred, "these old fellows like to have full faith reposed on them, or they are apt to become rusty, and creak on their hinges. I don't blame them. I always make a point now of studying each man's character, and trusting him as much as I possibly can. I find it raises them in their own estimation to be thought well of by us, and I am seldom deceived. But what's *our* latest rule now?"

"'The officer of the watch shall keep his watch on the forecastle, going aft occasionally to look at the compass.'" (I quoted this glibly from our regulation book.)

"Ah! so it is," he replied, laughing. "How quickly we are getting hedged in by rules and injunctions! Soon, we shall not require to think at all; but this last is not a bad one, especially now-a-days, when one may have a few

months' meditation rusticating in a jail, or an order from Government to quit the sea, and turn our hand to some other business, should a sleepy ship run into us."

"Why, Fred! you're quite a philosopher," I said. "What has happened since those rollicking days and nights in the old town? You don't like to have them brought up again.'

"You are right; I don't like the memory of our old days brought up, and if you are not longing for your bunk, and will keep me company for a little, I'll let you know why. It won't be a very bad mode to pass a watch, I think, provided we keep our senses alive. It's a fine night, and but little fear of ships hereabouts."

Pleased with his proposal, and at having got him in so chatty a mood, I willingly followed him forward.

"Keep a bright look out there, my lads!" he cried.

"Ay! ay, sir!" the men sent us back, and, taking a good glance round the horizon ourselves, Fred and I settled near the capstan.

"You think I'm altered since the old times?" he began. "I am, thank God! and I'll tell you how. It's a very short and simple yarn. Don't think I have forgotten those days. By no means. I think of them sometimes, but not with pleasure; other lines have crossed my path, which are more grateful sources of reflection.

"You remember when we parted, I went second mate in the old ship, but only for one voyage. On our return I transferred my services to Old Martin, as he was called by every one who knew him at home or abroad, as his mate in the *Buda*. What a good man I found him! Never a better. He had been very unfortunate; the loss of two ships, and with them nearly all his own hard-won savings of a life-time, had changed him greatly, and he was chastened and softened down by his adversities, from the blustering martinet that few could sail two voyages with, into a quiet, kindly old man, carrying far too many years for a sea-life, but with a smile, and even a joke ready, when his former ways and success were mentioned.

"You know what a terrible mess a sailing ship is generally in at leaving dock, and what a time the poor mate has. Why! our life here, in these sailing kettles, is princely compared to it. What with the crimp-enslaved crew coming on board drunken and unfit for work; provisions and scraps of the cargo arriving at the very last moment; the mind filled with fears of gear not having been bent properly, of chains not being rightly shackled; with some things perhaps that are required just starting into one's mind when too late; but little time has a mate to take note of anything save his own duties; and so we were round Holyhead, and fairly standing down Channel, before I had time to look about me.

"To my surprise, I then heard of our having A LADY ON BOARD, and naturally wondered at not having been told by the captain of her coming, nor of my noticing any preparation made for her.

"It turned out to be a young relation of the old man's, and she was accompanied by a nurse. We were some days out before I had an opportunity of seeing her. Our after cabin went right across the stern, and was large, commodious, and nicely fitted up, and entering it immediately on coming on board, she had not yet quitted it, but I learnt from the nurse—"Ursy," as the tars soon got into the way of calling her, from her name of Ursula—that Miss Hay was a niece of Captain Martin, that she had been long in delicate health, and that only a day or two before sailing he had consented to take her with him, although she had been for some time looking forward to, and prepared for a voyage.

"We were getting the ship into nice order, and settling down into the daily routine of a sea-life, and I was rather proud of the whiteness and tidiness of our poop-deck, (flattering myself she would admire it, as, somehow or other I began to find her in most of my thoughts, having, as you know, had rather a leaning towards the fair sex,) when one beautiful, warm-breezy day in

the trades, and while busy setting up the jib guys forward, one of the tars said, 'The young lady's up, sir!'

"I looked aft, and at the break of the poop—let me picture her with my mind's eye as then I saw her, in a common black merino gown, simple and free of all outward ornament, high up on her throat, small enough I thought for my big hand to clasp round, which a little slip of white wound in the shape of a collar, with a black snake-brooch coiled in the centre—stood a young girl, of what age I could scarcely guess, her figure, in spite of the black by which it was clothed, was so light and graceful, so youthful and airy-like, and yet her pale delicate face so full of thought and expression. From wide, drooping sleeves, fastened at the wrist by a bracelet as 't were of pure white coral, two small hands, not less white than the wristbands, came shyly out, and held back bunches of dark hair, while with large, lustrous, speaking-like eyes she looked wonderingly out over the blue dancing sea, its bubbles of foam as they leapt to the sky, and sparkled and vanished, seeming to be reflected in them. Such eyes!—I fancy now that I can reach beyond their outer porch, and see the heaven that lay deep-hidden in them.

"I find I can hardly describe her properly to you; I am a bad hand at tallying women's gear, but, thank heaven! it is not her outward form and semblance I love to recall, but the few words of truth and beauty I heard from her lips, that have been to me, throughout my life since, an unceasing, ay, and ever increasing source of pleasure.

"Of course I went aft immediately, when she smiled, and spoke my name, but what came over me I do not know. Stammering, blushing, and awkward in every limb, I could not find a word to utter, could not even muster courage, although I wished to ask her if I could lead her to a seat. You smile! Well, I myself hardly thought then that I could be so taken a-back. I went away forward to my work again, with a strange feeling of shame and defeat. 'Tut!' I said, 'what's wrong with me, that a pretty girl should unnerve me so and cause me to suffer this uneasiness? They're all alike, these women, all alike. I must conquer this, and have a chat with her.' But no! I could not rid myself of her image; her eyes haunted me. There was something about her which I could not understand, and yet I felt certain that with one glance she had read me through, and knew me, careless, unthinking, and unsteady as I was. It did not strike me then, but I know now, what gave me such sensations. My pride was roused, and I tried back to get hold of some of my early thoughts and feelings before they had become blurred and blunted by half-a-dozen years of a sailor's life.

"I had no opportunity of seeing her again for some time, as she remained nearly always in the after cabin, where I never penetrated. Old Martin sometimes messed with me and sometimes with her, and all I could learn from him was that Miss Hay was an orphan niece, and had taken a strong and unconquerable liking to get this voyage with him. I found myself putting numerous questions to old Nurse, (how we use that word 'old' on board ship, for any one we think of kindly disposition!) but Ursula shook her head much in answering them, and seemed doubtful as to the voyage renewing her young mistress's health. She was ever ready and willing to dilate on Miss Hay's goodness and gentleness, and to tell how her 'sweet angel,' as she called her, was more fitted for heaven than earth; to all of which I was a curious listener, finding it interesting and making me think, which I was never given much to, and seldom indulged in, on any other subject but ship's duties.

"You remember how our last skipper used to urge on us, that before coming on deck to relieve it, we should get ready a subject to employ our thoughts on, if not engaged in actual duties? How, to pass time, we were to imagine a ship in all manner of perilous and untoward circumstances, and find out what we would be likely to do if ever so

placed? How, if nothing else offered to keep the old gentleman from our minds (an idle head being the devil's workshop), we were to repeat and transpose the multiplication table, or get by heart the most useful rules from Norie?

"I had now found a more fascinating subject, and began to pass my watches building air-castles, and holding imaginary conversations with Miss Hay, which I intended she should have the full benefit of, when, getting in fine weather, it would permit her to appear more on deck.

"And that glorious time came at last! —when the night was only a softened continuance of the day, and for whole days we had but to tauten a tack or sheet, while the *Buda*, no clipper, seemed to put her best foot forward, and enjoy the steadiness of the weather as much as we ourselves did.

"When she ventured on deck, I would summon up all my boldness to ask her 'if she were better.' Hesitatingly, and looking straight into mine with her large black eyes, she would reply, 'I shall be better, Mr. Treweeke.'

"'When?' I always felt inclined to ask—her tone seeming to lead me to do so; but I could only hang back and mutter some commonplaces about the voyage and the weather.

"What was about her that I should have been so awed and awkward in her presence? She was younger than I, and yet I felt a superiority of soul in her when she spoke, and was aware of a diffidence and respect in myself as if I were listening to one whose years claimed attention and silence. So different was she from all the women I had met in former years, that when she came near, a shyness and half-dread seized me, and I could have run away from her presence, as in the days of childhood I remembered having done, on the approach of a stranger lady, hiding my head in my mother's lap.

"She got better, perceptibly better, even to a rose-flush on her cheeks, in the tropical weather, and came oftener on deck.

"If not employed by ship's duties, Old Martin would say, 'I'm on deck, Mr. Treweeke,' which was a hint he generally gave that we might relax the strictness of our watch, and even go below if we liked, until he said, 'The course is so-and-so, Mr. ——,' and we again resumed charge.

"I began to take advantage of those pauses to have a chat with Miss Hay—slowly overcoming my diffidence, and beginning to take pleasure even in hearing her speak. Sometimes I can call up particular evenings, and even her words. One, when taking an altitude of Procyon (your naming it to-night struck the chord that revived all these memories), and she was leaning over the taffrail, well wrapt-up, while the old man and Ursula chatted on the lee-wheel gratings.

"'Taking a star, Mr. Treweeke?' she asked.

"'Yes, ma'am,' I said, 'to find the latitude.'

"'Ah!' she continued, 'is it not strange, the practical use we make of stars, those other worlds, perhaps, with more glorious intelligences than ours! We *take* a star, as you call it, and it tells us where *we* are on this little globe; while no friend at home has the remotest knowledge of our position, although, perhaps, thinking of us with tearful eyes and beating hearts, and this you get so simply.' Then she went on, in a low sweet tone, telling half to herself, half to me, how they were as stepping stones, by whose aid, through faith and love, we could go on and on until in imagination we reached the footstool of the Eternal, and, laying bare our hearts, ask humbly for peace and pardon, and for that assistance and comfort without which our human impulses would drag us to a gloomy despair.

"On me, who had looked on stars as mere guide-posts in the heaven to assist us on our voyages, and who had found it a difficulty and trouble to learn the names of the few I knew, the effect was singular, and was like a vision of another world passing before me. When I look back, I wonder most at the imperceptible manner in which a change

was wrought in my mind. I remember no startling dawn, no sudden emerging from light to darkness; but a growing conviction must have been gradually laying hold of me that life and this world were altogether different, and more beautiful than I had imagined, and that my past had been a sad mistake, which it would take all the future granted me to redeem, if I had only strength to manage it. I even thought at one time it would be better to leave off a sea-life to escape from the temptations surrounding it; but that was a foolish thought, I soon decided, and saw clearly that the sea offered as many opportunities of doing work nobly as the land.

"What a fairy land I created of the remainder of our voyage! With her health increasing day by day, I pictured her delight and surprise on passing into the Eastern world. How new life would come to her in those warm, sunny, glowing days, when we should be going through the Straits, the clear blue sky above so mingling with the clear blue sea below, dotted with the lovely white-beached, green-topt islands, that at a first glance it seems all a dream! How I would startle and please her when the curious Strait-boats, with heaps of pine apples, oranges, mangos, and bunches of golden plantains, with their netted baskets of fowls and fresh eggs, and chattering monkeys and parroquets, would come alongside some quiet morning, and she would wake up and gaze with wondering eyes on a new world! How she would smile at the jargon of the natives with their black skins and gaudy head-gear! And the homeward passage, what a pleasure trip I made of it, when, a stay in port having recruited her health, she would be more able to enjoy her shipboard life!

"Many more pleasant evenings we had together, which are among the treasures stowed away in my inner being. She would be lying on the skylight perhaps, propped up with pillows, or, if the ship rolled, on a sofa-cushion on the deck—old Ursula watching her like a little child, and I treasuring up each word and laying it by in my heart, although at this moment they seem to flit and float shadowily and dimly over the sea of memory—a sad undertone in all I could not fathom then, but which gave them a double beauty and interest when I found out its cause.

"When we commenced running down our easting to the southward we had got as far as 40° latitude, but finding the weather rough and boisterous, made our way up again to 37°, expecting to find it better; but even there we had a bad time of it, and Miss Hay was altogether confined to her cabin. The old man had requested me to go down and sit with them. For awhile I delayed, but at last mustered courage to do so. On these visits I would find her on the sofa-bed, the curtain just withdrawn enough to show the pillow and her small white face relieved by clusters of dark hair, talking to old Martin about life and death, the sea and the stars, and the Great God who made all. I would have given my rude and tempestuous health to have taken away the other-world tone from her voice and look."

"What's that?—two bells? Nothing in sight forward there?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the men, stopping in their to-and-fro walk and gazing steadily ahead.

"Two bells!" continued Fred, absently. "Yes! it was two bells in my first watch one night, when Ursula, tapping me on the shoulder, said, 'If you can come to the cabin, do, Mr. Treweeke.' On going into the after one, old Martin was saying, 'You know, Mary, you would come to sea, and it's very dull and dreary, and not as you expected.'

"'Oh, no!' she said, 'far grander! Oh! far grander! All my life I have been dreaming of the sea, even when far inland, where in every direction hill-tops caught the clouds on their wanderings; where little met the eye save clumps and rows of dark fir-trees, making the land more solid, and the prison-like, shut-in feeling more intense; where the only water was a little burn, listening to whose murmurs I seemed to hear it

say, 'I hasten seawards; come with me; my music is sweet and soothing, but it is nothing to the great ocean's." Yes! I fancied it sang always—"I go to the sea! come with me!" and whom had I, dear old uncle, to care for where I slept but you?'

"'Come, Polly, don't go on so,' said old Martin trying to smile,—'don't.'

"But she continued, 'Yes, Uncle, I longed to get near it, to be on it, to be far away from all land, and fancied I should die so much happier if clear of all those trifles, which were miseries to one in my health, but which I could not help nor avoid meeting. *You* know, Ursula, I came to die on the sea, if it was His will! having been often told and knowing well I should not live long. I feel it is not far-off—it is a wide grave, Mr. Treweeke!'

"I started at my name, and without opening my lips stole away on deck, and made some work to distract my thoughts —'Is it possible,' I kept muttering, 'that it is not all a dream? Can this young girl be resigned to early death and an ocean grave? No! it could hardly be. *She* dying, and *I* strong-hearted, and full of health, living on! No! it could hardly be.

"I saw very little of her after this, only calling at intervals to ask in a low voice how she was getting on. If she heard me, I would hear her asking nurse if that was Mr. Treweeke, and I would hasten away trying to stop the beating of my heart. The old man and Ursula were constantly with her, and either would come and tell me whenever she had mentioned my name. I had never seen consumption, and would not allow myself to think but of her getting better, and re-appearing on deck in the finer weather coming.

"We had run down our easting, and were well up for the Strait. Still the weather was variable and squally with calms, when old Martin said one night:

"'This is not good for poor Molly; she won't last long. I wish I hadn't brought her, Treweeke; but I did it all for the best—all for the best! I thought we might have done her good, and got her safely out.'

"My attention was taken up with a dark wall of black cloudy stuff rising in the south-westward, and I commenced taking in sail. Do you remember one beginning in the Bay of Bengal in this manner; that night we lost our foremast, where, when the clouds broke, we saw the moon eclipsed, and said we should never forget it?"

"I do," said I, "remember it well; every man and boy knew fear *that* night if never before; but go on describing your squall."

"I will, as near as I can," he went on. "It came slowly towards us with a sough and moaning, such as you hear when, sitting in doors at home, all ears listen as if to a supernatural voice outside. The squall struck us at eleven, and from thence till four hours afterwards we had a perfect battle with wind and rain. The wind veered and shifted, and no sooner had we the yards braced up on one tack, than everything would be aback, and she would be grinding round on her keel. Before I could get the topsails reefed she would sometimes be dashing through the water, and like a mad dog scattering foam from her on every side. But you know the kind of night, and the work it brings."

"Go on," I said, interrupting him, "go on; I realize it better when you describe minutely."

"Well, then! in a moment," he continued, "it would lull, and she would stagger uprightly, and shiver like a horse in battle, the sails flapping and slatting, the topsail sheets surging in the yard-arms with a loud snap, the lightning playing between the masts, and cracking like a coach-whip about our ears, while from the black masses rolling over our mastheads, peal after peal of thunder grumbled and burst, as if to annihilate a doomed ship.

"About three in the morning we were in a dead lull; the squall had passed over, and was moving away from us; but it had left an unearthly stillness and silence behind it, around us, and in the air, a close pent-up feeling as of suf-

focation that even now I seem to feel. Rolling uneasily from side to side, now and then a mass of water would strike us on the bow or quarter, or anywhere, with the dull, hollow sound of a wooden hammer, subsiding again with a splash, as if breaking into a thousand fragments; fagged and worn out, the crew huddled under the forecastle, and a chilliness came over me, not from my wet clothes—they were warm to the touch—but as if a foreboding or foreshadowing of some disaster. It was very dark. I held on to the mizen topmast back-stay, and tried to see the helmsman, but couldn't. Thinking, 'can I go down and see how they are?' and wringing the wet out of my coat-sleeves, I only shrank and felt cold, suddenly cold, when a voice—I turned not to see whose, said—

"'You may take in everything, sir; the wind went away with her; we shall have a quiet day, Mr. Treweeke, to bury Mary.'

"Was it all a dream, old fellow? all a dream?" and, leaning his head on the capstan, I heard him struggling to repress his sobbing.

"Are you tired, or shall I go on?" he said, looking up after a long pause.

"Not tired," I said, "pray go on." He did so, continuing in a kind of reverie.

"How some days above others, with all their minutest events, and even our personal feelings at the moment of their occurrence, fix themselves on the mind, unconsciously exercising an influence on our inner life, and through it partly our outer one! Called up suddenly, in some out-of-the-way place, by a slight coincidence of nature perhaps, if nothing else, the whole of their incidents and their results coming vividly back, the good returning with its good, the evil with its evil, *that* retaining its sway mostly which has been most cherished in the interval. This beautiful night, and your mention of Procyon, recalled all that memorable voyage, and I feel relief at having told you, what, till now, has been all my own. Why did I merit such a lasting gift! that the mere companionship of a young girl for a few short months should sink so deeply in my heart, and colour all my future with a hopeful radiance, making me strong for work, and braced for trouble, firm for success, and ready for adversity—that even now, telling you all this, I see angelic wings and hear an angel's voice, when trying to pierce the thick oceanic cloud that wraps her in the far-off Eastern sea!

"On board ship, as you know, one cannot retire to a secluded spot and indulge either his grief or joy in quietude. There is always work to be done, and, light heart or heavy heart, there is no shirking it; it must be faced. The day of her death and of the squall, was one of those which, from a mixture of actual work with deep and sad thought, remains graven on the memory, although conscious at the time of having done and seen everything as if in a dream. The squall seemed to have dragged all the turbulence of the sea, and the vapours of the atmosphere, away with it, and left a life-giving warmth and vitality in the air as of a May-day in childhood. A mere thin veil of fleecy clouds rested round the horizon, into which the deep blue of the zenith faded in till it became grey, and this in turn melted into the silvery surface of the sea. The wind had died completely away, and the throbbing of the ocean's heart after its night's wrestle with the dark spirit that had passed over it, was seen only in long thin black lines that, starting out from the haze, grew firmer and more distinct on their approach, ever rising and falling, gleaming and vanishing, until dying away near us they showed on the other side firmer and more distinct, retreating and sweeping, and bound on their long journey northwards. Every sound jarring on my ear, and acting under some curious idea that it would be more honourable with death on board, I gave the orders to haul all the sails up snugly; so stirless was the air, their flapping and fluttering made it more mournful; and, noting with what a subdued and quiet manner the crew went about the work, I felt pleased

and personally grateful to them when I saw each man and boy had shifted his wet clothes with his best. When we had got everything aloft made as snug as possible, no sound broke the silence save the plashing and surging of the water about the rudder, the creaking of the lower yards on their trusses, and the sullen tap of the carpenter's hammer as he completed the rude coffin that was to hold that fair form. Old Martin and Ursula had never emerged from the cabin, and from my soul I pitied the old man and her at their sad task. This was to be my first burial at sea, and what wonder if strange and undefinable emotions stirred me, when, with the carpenter directing, we raised a platform at the starboard gangway, turning two waterbutts on their ends and placing planks on them with their outer edges on the gunwale? We spread an ensign over all, and our preparations were supposed to be complete. I then went in and asked if I could be of any use. 'No, my lad, no!' the old man said, 'Ursy and I'll manage all—'tisn't for a young lad like you to handle death. You'll read the service over her—about one, I think; and see the men are tidy. You need not work them much to-day!'

"Left to my own reflections, and with the terrible silence all about me, I scarcely think I should have been startled had the sound of that trumpet which

> 'To archangelic lips applied
> Shall rouse the heavens, quench the stars,'

suddenly burst on us from the blue overhead, and stopt our voyage over the ocean and through life. As it was, my mind seemed to become enlarged, and an awful sense of our own littleness and God's greatness stole over me. I thought of the strange fancy which had led her to choose the ocean for a resting-place—if that could be so-called, where there was no rest; wondered if the coffin would reach the bottom; fancied the strange sea-things staring at it in its descent—of its being borne hither and thither, to and fro, in its never-resting progress to decay, until the form once so shapely and full of beauty becoming part of the great sea itself, its dissevered particles would be borne round and round the world by its ever-throbbing pulsations; and, starting from my reverie, I felt as if my brain wandered.

"Getting the prayer-book, I looked over the portion I should have to read, and tried vainly to think of the mystery attending the 'changing of our vile body, that it may be like His glorious body.' But I was conscious of some new and strange knowledge stirring in my mind.

"After taking the sun at noon, I ordered one of the boys whenever he saw me coming out from the cabin to commence tolling the bell. It was a sad task for the poor little fellow, and he would willingly have handed it over to some other body; for many a time, I daresay, had a word or smile from her who was gone, made his little heart lighter, and his dull sea-life cheerier. On going into the cabin, I found the carpenter and Old Martin placing her coffin on the table, and, scarcely conscious of the feelings prompting me, motioned to the carpenter to hold on a little. Working up the latitude and longitude, I wrote them on a piece of paper, and put underneath in a firm hand, as if still expecting some one to read it—

MARY HAY.
Died at Sea,
July 15th, 1844.
F. Treweeke,

and tacked it on the inside of the coffin-lid. Old Martin then whispered, 'Let the crew have a look, Treweeke; it'll do them good,' and took his own last kiss, with a 'good-bye, Polly.'

"The men and boys, who were all clustered silent and sorrowful at the front of the poop, came in one by one, stole a glance with tear-dazzled eyes on the sweet face—as sometimes happens, far more beautiful in death—and then the carpenter shut all up from our sight. Few there were who looked on then, even so briefly, but took away a thought to last a lifetime. At a wave of the hand from Old Martin, we bore her to the

platform, spread the flag over the coffin, and placed two seats near it for him and the nurse.

"You know our beautiful service for the dead—how it awes and solemnizes even when read in private; but how much more so was it to me to read it aloud, and on such an occasion! When I began it even the old tars looked grim and moved uneasily, and the youngsters cried heartily. Come to that portion, 'we therefore commit her body to the deep,' a dozen hands stole quietly from the group of the standers by, and, the inner end of the planks being lifted, the coffin slid down into the blue deep, made a slight musical splash that sounded like a farewell, foamed darkly for a moment, gleamed, then vanished—and she, whom I then knew I had loved, still love, and shall always, had found the grave she had dreamt of, and was gone for ever! —No! not for ever, I thought, when reading on I came to the words, 'when the sea shall give up her dead.'"

Here he paused solemnly, and looked up into the starry sky, with a strange smile; then suddenly starting, he warmly clasped my hand, and cried—

"I have kept you up late, old fellow; forgive me! Off to your crib, now, and pray before you turn in. Good night!"

VENETIA, AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

BY R. MACDONNELL.

THERE is assuredly no lack of regret in England for the present condition of Venetia. The great majority of Englishmen desire the liberation of Italy as a whole; and, if any exception must be made, they would not willingly see that exception fall on a territory which enjoyed an ancient independence within the memory of men now living, which was deprived of that independence by the foulest means, and which, in 1848 and 1849, displayed in an eminent degree the qualities of patriotism, endurance, and capacity for self-government.

It is felt, however, even by zealous advocates of Italian independence, that the question of Venetia cannot be regarded altogether without reference to the general interests of Europe. On the part of Austria it has been loudly contended that her possession of the Quadrilateral is important to the security of Germany from French aggression. An object more vital than this to European welfare or tranquillity could not be suggested, and there is ground to believe that the argument thus put forward has had considerable influence in Germany, and has not been without some effect on public opinion even in England.

We propose to examine here the effect on the peace and welfare of Europe, of the continued retention of Venetia by Austria on the one hand, and of its absorption into the new Italian kingdom on the other. We shall endeavour to elucidate this question, not by speculative or abstract reasoning, but by such considerations as may be supposed to influence the ordinary policy of Kings and Ministers. And we hope to satisfy our readers that, even on these grounds, the separation of Venetia from Austria is as important to the general interests of Germany and Europe, as it is essential to the well-being and contentment of the Venetians themselves.

In considering this question we shall assume that the possession of Venetia can only be valuable to Austria for the sake of that possession itself, or of the defensive positions included in it. It is possible enough that the Emperor of Austria in reality values Venetia and the Quadrilateral chiefly as a desirable basis of operations for hereafter replacing all northern Italy, by force of arms, under his own sway, or the sway of his Ducal Viceroys. But we shall not enter into any discussion concerning the value of Venetia to Austria on this latter ground,

not only because an attempt on the part of Austria to reconquer northern Italy would be condemned by public opinion even in Germany, but moreover because we think the success of such an attempt must be regarded as impossible. A war commenced by Austria for a purpose so destructive of French influence throughout the entire Italian peninsula must inevitably, sooner or later, and on some terms or other, bring France into the field. We have no desire to underrate the military power of Austria; but that she should in an offensive war, reprobated by the opinion of Europe, waged amidst a hostile population, in a narrow peninsula, bounded by seas under the command of her enemies, succeed in finally overcoming the combined forces of France and Italy, is manifestly beyond the range of probability.

If Italy cannot again become Austrian, she must henceforward of necessity be either Italian or French. This being the alternative, it is obviously in the highest degree the interest of Europe, especially of Germany, and most of all of Austria, that Italy should be Italian rather than French. And we think it evident that Italy never will, or possibly can, be in any sense independent of France, so long as Venetia and the Quadrilateral are in the hands of Austria.

France is now necessary to the new Italian kingdom for the purposes of defence. The hostility of Austria to the present order of things in Italy cannot be doubted; and, though she is unequal to a contest with France and Italy combined, her military resources infinitely surpass those of Italy alone. Holding the great fortresses of the Quadrilateral, Austria possesses, under the Villafranca arrangement, portions of territory on the west bank of the Mincio, and the south bank of the Po, which enable her to invade at pleasure the plains of Lombardy on the one side, and of the Duchies on the other. Her armies appear to be unaffected in number or resources by the financial distress of the Empire; and it is certain, from the character of the present Emperor of Austria, that, so long as he retains his power, every other object will be sacrificed to the maintenance of undiminished military strength.

We should be sorry to underrate the resistance which an Austrian invasion of Italy would meet with from Italian troops. No one can have watched attentively for the last twelve years the heroic career of the Sardinian army without feelings of earnest admiration and respect. Neither does there seem any reason to fear that the newer forces of the Italian kingdom will prove unworthy of their Sardinian comrades. The exploits of Garibaldi's volunteers in Lombardy in 1859, and in Sicily and Naples in 1860, are well known. We have read with pleasure that it was the newly-raised battalions of the Romagna and Tuscany who sustained the chief brunt of Lamoricière's attack at Castelfidardo, and carried by storm the outworks of Ancona. Even the Italian troops of the King of Naples fought gallantly at the Volturno, and are said to have kept the field till they had lost in killed and wounded a third of their number.

It may be concluded, then, that Italy possesses good materials for organizing a standing army proportionate to her population and resources. The formation of a great army, however, is necessarily the work of many years, as well as of an enormous expenditure. Not only must large bodies of men be raised, equipped, and paid, and tens of thousands of horses, fit for military purposes, be collected and trained, but immense arsenals must be formed, and supplied with all the costly *matériel* of modern warfare. The Emperor Nicholas is said to have been accumulating at Sebastopol, throughout his entire reign, that vast collection of guns, ammunition, and stores, which were expended in the short Crimean war. And, until the formation of an Italian army on a great scale is complete, King Victor Emmanuel and his successors will be unable to cope with the Austrian army in the field. At Solferino the Austrian Emperor is said to have had nearly 200,000 men under arms. The whole Sardinian army

present at that engagement formed only the left wing of the allied force under Napoleon III.; and, even for a single wing, the Sardinians were too few.

As long, then, as the vast standing army of Austria is entrenched in the heart of northern Italy, and as long as the military organization of Italy is on a scale totally unequal to that of Austria, so long must the new Italian kingdom rely for its protection on the arms of France. We believe this protection will probably be given; for the re-conquest of Italy by Austria must on many grounds be strongly distasteful to the French army and nation. But can any one believe that the French will give their aid for nothing? Is it even reasonable to expect from them such chivalrous generosity? Not even those persons (and they form a much more numerous class amongst reflecting men in Italy than they do in England) who think that the French Emperor is animated by a sincere sympathy with Italy, can hope it. Even if it be true, as such persons believe, that the cession of Savoy and Nice was exacted by Napoleon III. only to reconcile the French nation to the sacrifices made by France in the late war, the state of opinion in France has certainly not become such that Napoleon III. could safely undertake another war, unless it were to be followed by other recompenses.

The prospect of a new war in Italy, and the terms on which France should take part in it, have been the subject of frequent discussion by the French press. Some idea of the character of these discussions may be formed from the following passages taken from an article on Italy, which appeared in a late number of the *Revue Contemporaine*, a journal ranking with our own Edinburghs and Quarterlies. We think these passages so instructive that we shall lay them before our readers, though the article from which they are taken has already been the subject of notice in some of the English papers. After stating that France could not again expend her gold and the blood of her soldiers on Italian soil for nothing, and that the Emperor would not impose on the army an unpopular war, the writer proceeds: [1]—

"The surest means of giving some "popularity to such a war would be to "dazzle the eyes of France with the "prospect of new glory, combined with "an increase of territory; and this time "Genoa and the island of Sardinia must "be the stake to be played for. The "island of Sardinia, added to that of "Corsica, gives us a land route towards "Algeria; Genoa perfects our possession "of a gulf, of which the half already be-"longs to us; both bring us an increase "of maritime power which I should "consider indispensable in presence of a "kingdom of Italy, which would not "have less than 750 leagues of coast."

At a subsequent page the writer touches on another recompense to be obtained by France in the command of the maritime population of Italy:—

"France, possessing vast and well-"filled arsenals, and accumulating the "*matériel* of a navy, of which the soul, "that is to say, the *personnel*, is want-"ing, might, at any given moment, "borrow from Italy 50,000 sailors, em-"bark them in succession upon her "fleet, and display everywhere, and "particularly in the Mediterranean, a "formidable and victorious flag. Eng-"land, blockaded at Malta and Gibral-"tar, would no longer be even mistress "of the ocean, for France could there "maintain forces superior to hers. "Thus it is that the Italian question "would recoil upon the nation which "has the most favoured its development "in these latter days."

A third extract we will give to show the writer's notion of an independent Italy:—

"I may add that the possession of that "city (Genoa) would be the instrument "necessary to our influence in the "Peninsula, and the only efficacious "means of preventing the maritime "forces, which we should have contri-"buted to form, from one day abjuring "our alliance for the purpose of forming

[1] Translated from the "Revue Contemporaine," 15 Octobre, 1860, p. 363, et seq.

"new ones. Only with the knee upon "her throat can the fidelity of Italy be "assured. Austria, who understands the "matter, knows this well. We should "press less roughly and more effectually "than Austria—*that* would be the only "difference."

When the recompense to be exacted from Italy for further help is habitually discussed by the French press, and when projects of such hateful rapacity as is disclosed by the foregoing passages can find admission into a journal of character and ability, we may be well assured that further aid from France to Italy must be dearly paid for. And, if France hopes to extort from Italy, attacked by Austria, further cessions of territory and maritime positions in the Mediterranean, or cooperation in aggressive enterprises by sea or land, it seems important to consider whether there is no policy by which England can frustrate projects which, even if they should ultimately recoil on France herself, bid fair previously to give rise to all the calamities of a general war.

England resisted the cession of Savoy and Nice to France by diplomatic protests and Parliamentary speeches. These, however, were utterly powerless then, and will assuredly be just as powerless on like occasions hereafter. It would be wiser to look at the root of the evil, to consider, whence comes it that Italy depends for existence on France, and whether that state of dependency cannot be put an end to. For in this dependency lies the whole danger. Monarchs do not willingly pluck out an eye, or cut off and cast away a hand; and we believe King Victor Emmanuel submitted to that necessity, in the case of Savoy and Nice, with the worst possible grace. So soon as Italy can exist without French protection, there need be no fear of further cessions of her territory to France. But self-preservation knows no law; and, if Italy is reduced to choose between the relinquishment of a province to France and complete dismemberment by Austria, we may be sure that, whatever we may say, she will choose the lesser evil.

Now—we repeat it—the hold of France on Italy depends on the possession by Austria of Venetia and the Quadrilateral. We have seen that this possession places Italy, in a military point of view, at the mercy of Austria; and it is obvious also, that, so long as Austria holds Venetia, the deadly enmity between Austria and Italy must continue unabated. Not only will Austria be always ready to attack the new Italian kingdom upon any favourable opportunity, but there seems every reason to believe that she could easily be led to do so whenever such a step on her part promised to redound exclusively to French advantage. The Austrian Emperor is one of those narrow and violent men, who, listening to no counsels save those of resentment, are peculiarly liable to be irritated into playing the game of more astute antagonists; and his senseless invasion of Piedmont, in 1859, justifies the gravest apprehension that he may be at any time duped by dexterous management into commencing fresh hostilities for the profit of France.

But it is not only for purposes of protection that Italy hopes for the aid of France. The very heart and soul of Italy are set upon the restoration of Venetia herself to liberty and independence. Whether it is wise of the Italians to risk all that they have gained for this object, it is useless to consider, for it is certain they will do so. Perhaps we may add that it is not less certain that Englishmen would do the like under similar circumstances. Supposing that we had just driven out of the greater part of this kingdom some Danish or Norman rulers, who had held dominion over us for forty or fifty years, but that some fair portion of England still remained under their sway; and supposing that some one suggested to us emancipated Englishmen, to come to an arrangement whereby we should be secured the unmolested enjoyment of our newly-gained liberty, upon engaging to leave thenceforth to our late rulers unmolested dominion over such of our countrymen as still remained in their power,—scarcely a voice would be raised in England in support of such a suggestion.

The more ardent spirits of Italy would attempt the liberation of Venetia at once and unaided. It speaks much for the political sagacity of the Italians, that not even the prestige of Garibaldi has hitherto availed with them against the wise counsels of Cavour, who advises them to wait. It is not, however, the desperate character of the enterprise alone which has thus far prevented an immediate attack on Venetia. It is believed in Italy that the French Emperor meditates an aggression upon Germany; and it is well known that when a French army crosses the Rhine, Venetia may be attacked with every prospect of success. We cannot expect the Italians to be induced, by consideration for the interests of Europe, which has left them in bondage so long, to let slip so good an opportunity for the liberation of their countrymen. It is certain, then, that if the French Emperor ever does make war upon Germany while Venetia is still Austrian, he will derive the most powerful aid from the new Italian kingdom. The Austrian army, which, under happier circumstances, ought to be conspicuous in the defence of Germany, will necessarily be divided. A force, perhaps great enough to turn the scale in the sacred contest for the independence of Germany, will be engaged in resisting an Italian army, fighting for the no less sacred cause of the independence of Italy.

A war between France and Germany would be a terrible calamity of itself, and the success of the aggressor would render the calamity far greater. The French Emperor is not a man to undertake a great enterprise without calculating the chances of success. If he knows that in a war with Germany he would have the ardent support of Italy, and such an amount of sympathy throughout Europe as he could always obtain by including in his programme the liberation of Venetia, both the probability of his undertaking such a war, and the probability of his succeeding in it, if undertaken, would be vastly increased.

But there is even a further danger of a war between France and Germany, arising from the retention of Venetia by Austria. Not only would Italy enthusiastically support the French Emperor if he should enter upon such a war; but, in the many vicissitudes of European politics, her statesmen might have opportunities of actually exciting or precipitating hostilities between France and Austria, and it would be idle to expect them to refrain from a course which would offer the fairest chance of delivering the last Italian province from the grasp of Austria.

One other consideration we have to add on this part of our subject. Without pretending to explain the Italian policy of the French Emperor, we think it has been throughout consistent with the views put forward in the foregoing pages. The Villafranca arrangement was his work; and Europe was astonished at the military facilities for aggression which were thereby given to Austria. Since the Villafranca arrangement, the Emperor has, on the whole, favoured and facilitated the consolidation of the new Italian kingdom. Does it not appear, then, to be his policy that there shall be an Italy, in many respects strong and national, but with the sword of Austria suspended over her head, and depending on France alone to stay its fall—an Italy, too, curtailed of one of her fairest provinces, and placing her best hope of recovering it upon a war between France and Germany?

If these views should be assented to, the dangers to Germany and Europe, consequent on the retention of Venetia by Austria, will be sufficiently apparent. But it still remains to be considered, whether the sale of Venetia by Austria, and its incorporation into the new Italian kingdom, would effectually avert these dangers—whether it would not give rise to other dangers of a serious character. Unless these questions can be satisfactorily answered, the expediency, with reference to general European interests, of the transfer of Venetia to the new Italian kingdom, will not be altogether made out.

It will be admitted that the cession of

Venetia by Austria, and her consequent acquiescence in the new order of things in Italy, would remove all substantial cause of antagonism between the two countries. We do not mean to say that personal antipathies, or old national heartburnings, could be made at once to disappear; but that, politically speaking, and looking at the question, as such questions are, in the long run, looked at by statesmen and cabinets, it would be the interest of Austria and Italy to maintain friendly relations. No real conflict of interest would exist between them, and both would have the strongest motives for avoiding unnecessary complications abroad. Austria has assuredly enough to do at home, and Italy must be long engrossed by the task of blending together, into one homogeneous kingdom, so many provinces but recently delivered from the deteriorating influence of prolonged misgovernment.

We are aware that it has been said that Italy, if possessed of Venetia, might form designs upon the southern portion of the Tyrol, or the eastern coast of the Adriatic. But no rational ground has been pointed out for giving credit to these suggestions, which involve, it will be remembered, an encroachment upon the territory of the Germanic Confederation; and, at all events, if Austria were in earnest in apprehending anything of this nature, it would be easy for her to require, as part of the arrangement for the cession of Venetia, obligations and guarantees, which would effectually prevent King Victor Emmanuel and his successors from attempting further encroachments on her dominions.

The termination of the antagonism between Italy and Austria, by the liberation of Venetia, would not only remove all those powerful motives by which the Italians would now be led to assist, with all their energies, in an attack by France on Austria or Germany; it would make it, in the highest degree, their interest to hold aloof from such a contest. For if the new Italian kingdom had once acquired Venetia, and Northern Italy were once fairly cleared of foreigners, it is obvious that there could be no one thing so alarming to any Italian statesman as the re-entry into Northern Italy of the armies of either of the great military powers of France or Austria. There could be no one object so important to Italy as to avoid anything which could lead to such a result. From participation in a war between France and Austria, Italy, once possessed of Venetia, would have nothing to gain and everything to lose. Victory could not extend her frontiers beyond the Alps; defeat might lead once more to her dismemberment. When the giants of modern warfare arrange their differences, it is not always done with perfect good faith towards less powerful allies. If France should be victorious on the Rhine, and Italy sustain reverses on the Tagliamento, a peace on the principle of *uti possidetis* might once more, as in 1797, indemnify Germany in Italy for provinces lost on the frontiers of France.

There is, then, every reason to believe that, if the liberation of Venetia were once accomplished, France could no longer look to Italy for assistance in any attack on Germany; that the efforts of Italian statesmen must necessarily be directed to the maintenance of peace in Europe. But we will not stop here. We will admit it to be possible, however improbable, that Italy, though possessed of Venetia, and having no further quarrel with Austria, though her geographical position and military strength would obviously enable her to maintain a respected neutrality—though she would have everything to lose and nothing to gain by war—might be led, or forced into lending her assistance to an attack by France on Germany. We will then consider whether the possession by Italy under such circumstances, of the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, would constitute a source of such danger to Germany, that the remote and improbable contingency, that Italy, possessed of Venetia, should gratuitously take part in an attack on Germany, is worth guarding against, at the expense of the present and urgent evil, that Italy, deprived of Venetia, is necessarily under the control of France, and is actuated by the strongest motives of self-preser-

vation and patriotism to assist, with all her energies, in any contest taking place in Europe which may have for its result the humiliation of Austria.

On the part of Austria it is alleged (and, as before observed, the allegation has obtained much credit in Germany, and some credit even in England) that her possession of the Quadrilateral is essential for the protection of her federal territories against invasion; that, if the Quadrilateral were in hostile hands, the southern frontiers of Germany would no longer be secure. The importance of these statements, if substantiated, would be undeniable. At the same time, the assertion of a potentate desiring to retain a certain territory, that it is necessary to him for purposes of defence, is open to some suspicion. It has not been without incredulity that Europe has lately heard that the possession of Savoy is necessary to France for her protection against the new Italian kingdom. In examining the allegations of Austria respecting the Quadrilateral, we shall not impute to the Germanic Confederation, with its armies of many hundred thousands of men, the same fear of invasion by King Victor Emmanuel, or his successors, which actuated the French Emperor in the Savoy transaction; but shall come at once to the point by assuming an attack upon Germany by France, in concert with an Italian power in possession of Venetia.

We propose, without entering into any military discussion of our own, to do what may be permitted to civilians—to test the politico-strategical theories of Austria respecting the Quadrilateral by the opinions of strategical writers of the highest authority; by the history of former wars between France and Austria, especially of the campaigns of the first Napoleon; and lastly by some obvious geographical considerations.

It is a singular circumstance that the most complete confutation of the politico-strategical doctrines, put forward by Austria at the present time, on the subject of Venetia, is to be found in the writings of the greatest strategical authority ever produced by Austria—himself a member of the House of Hapsburg.

Every reader of military history is familiar with the character of the Archduke Charles. It seems hard to say whether he has derived more reputation from his career in the field, or from those strategical works to which he devoted himself on the termination of his active service. But we may remind our readers that he was at various times Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian armies on the Rhine, on the Danube, in Switzerland, and in Northern Italy; that both on the Danube and in Northern Italy he frequently contended, and always with credit, against Napoleon himself; and that such is the estimation in which he is held in Austria as a strategical author, that his principal work is officially published by the Government for the use of Austrian officers.

In the introductory chapter of his History of the Campaign of 1799, the Archduke Charles enters into an elaborate consideration of the various possible theatres of war between France and Austria. He describes their geographical characters, and discusses at length the advantages and disadvantages to each of the belligerents presented by each scene of operations. And he comes to the conclusion that the valley of the Danube is the vital point in every war between France and Austria. He lays down distinctly that a march from Milan through Venetia upon Vienna is hopeless so long as Austria holds the defiles of the Upper Danube, and he advises his countrymen, in every war with France, to devote without hesitation the bulk of their forces to the valley of the Danube. He refers to possible diversions on the side of Italy as little to be dreaded, and (what is not least important) he takes for granted that the advance of a French army on the Danube necessitates, as a matter of course, the evacuation by Austria of the Tyrol and of Northern Italy.

We wish our space permitted an attempt to give an outline of the reasonings by which these conclusions are established. But we must content ourselves with recommending to the reader

who desires to pursue this subject, an attentive examination of the work itself; and with extracting from it a few sentences stating the general results arrived at on the points material for our purpose. To make these extracts intelligible, we must premise that the author had previously described Southern Germany and the valley of the Danube as the Northern Division; the mountain districts of Switzerland and the Tyrol as the Middle Division; and Northern Italy as the Southern Division; of the general theatre of war. The italics are our own, employed to indicate the passages bearing most strongly on the question under discussion.

After pointing out that military operations by way of Northern Italy must necessarily be circuitous, and explaining the strategical danger of operating on a curve between two points, while the enemy can act on the straight line between the same points, the author proceeds:[1]

"Let us suppose that the design be "to move armies on Vienna, starting "from Strasburg, and from Milan; *the "march on the curved line from Milan "through the Venetian country and the "interior of Austria, will offer no hope of "success, as long as the enemy holds the "defile of the Danube between Ulm and "Ratisbon, and has the command of the "straight line.*"

After pronouncing any operation by either belligerent from the south, by way of the Tyrol or of Switzerland, to be inconsistent with strategical principles, and pointing out that there is more military facility in entering these mountain districts from the north, the author proceeds:

"It results from these reflections, "*that the key of all the operations is to be "found in the Northern Division of the "theatre of war,* and that, once master of "that, it is easy to penetrate into the "other divisions with safety and confi- "dence. The conquest of this division "should be then the first object of the "operations of the two belligerent pow- "ers; and it is in the defile of the Danube "that the apple of discord lies, which "must be carried off at any price. Let "there be no hesitation then in employ- "ing for this purpose the greatest part of "the army, whilst doing no more than "covering the frontiers of Switzerland "and of Italy *against diversions little to "be dreaded.*

"If the French were to succeed in "conquering the valley of the Danube, "an operation on the right bank of this "stream, and skirting the foot of the "mountains, would offer them the great- "est number of advantages; the frontiers "of Austria being deprived of means of "defence, the possibility of penetrating "into the interior of that state by the "shortest and least difficult route, *and of "necessitating at once the evacuation of "the Tyrol and of Italy,* would leave "them no doubt as to the choice or as "to the success of their operations."

We must confine ourselves to one extract more, in which the author briefly states, as attesting the truth of his conclusions, the events of the campaigns of Napoleon.

"The events of several campaigns "bear witness to the truth of these con- "siderations.

"In 1797 Buonaparte had penetrated "by way of Italy as far as Leoben. "Braving the arbitrary decrees and the "despotism of the Directory, he made "haste to conclude a suspension of hos- "tilities, because the Austrians had a "powerful army in Germany, and had "the power of entering Italy by the "Tyrol.

"In 1800, the French Government, in "accordance with the judicious views of "Moreau, reinforced the army of the "Rhine, in order to give it a decisive "superiority over that of the Germans; "and Buonaparte only descended into "Italy, by Mount St. Bernard, when the "enemy had been beaten at Engen, "driven back upon Ulm, and paralyzed "in Germany.

"In 1805 and 1809 Napoleon *neglected "Italy in order to concentrate his forces in*

[1] Translated from the "Histoire de la Campagne de 1799 en Allemagne et en Suisse traduit de l'Allemand, par un Officier Autrichien." Vienne et Paris, 1820, tom. i. p. 23, et seq.

"*Germany, and the Austrians derived no advantage from their successes in Italy,* because Napoleon, victorious on the Danube, was advancing towards the heart of Austria. Diversions on the part of the army of Italy, by way of the Tyrol, were twice relied on at Vienna, and twice they were found impossible. In order to move by Innsbruck towards the basin of the Danube, the Austrians would have been obliged to remove further from their base, but could they hazard this manœuvre? *They saw themselves on the contrary forced to promptly evacuate Italy,* to cross the mountains, between the Isonzo and the Drave, to gain the Lower Danube, and at last to take up a position less perilous, inasmuch as it replaced them on a base parallel to that of the French."

It may seem superfluous to support the views of the Archduke by those of writers of less strategical authority. But we will just refer to what is said on the subject by M. Thiers, because he is not only a writer of history, but has been more than once Minister of France, and must be perfectly acquainted with the views of the ablest men in the French army, as to the defensive systems of all the great European powers. "Napoleon and the Archduke Charles," says M. Thiers,[1] "have proved, the "first by great examples, the second by "profound arguments, that a quarrel "between Austria and France ought to "be settled on the Danube." Sir A. Alison expresses views to the same effect, and points out the importance to an invading army of the means of transport furnished by a great navigable river—an advantage wholly wanting to an army invading Austria by way of Venetia.

But it is not only by the reasonings of strategical writers that the alleged importance of the Quadrilateral to Austria for defensive purposes is confuted. The practical experience of all former wars is equally conclusive. During all the many wars between France and Austria before the time of Napoleon, Venetia was an independent Italian state; and, for some centuries before her fall, she was a weak state. Yet France, though her armies often appeared in Lombardy, never, in the course of these wars, attempted to invade the territories of Austria by way of Venetia.

The various French invasions of Austria in the time of Napoleon have been briefly enumerated in the last passage we have quoted from the writings of the Archduke Charles. We have seen that Napoleon once only led an army to the attack of Austria by way of Venetia. But the circumstances under which he took this course, in 1797, deprive it of all value as a strategical precedent. Napoleon had then just prostrated the power of Austria by his celebrated campaign of 1796. But he was still only the general of the French Republic commanding in Italy. Though his extraordinary exploits had gone far to render him practically independent within the limits of his own command, he had no control whatever over the French armies beyond those limits. He could not direct the movements, or even obtain the co-operation, of the army of the Rhine under Moreau. He could only follow up his victories by means of such operations as lay within the scope of his own command. He must invade Austria from Northern Italy, or be reduced to inactivity, while others reaped the fruits of his victories. It was not in the character of the man to hesitate between alternatives such as these. He advanced through Venetia into the territories of Austria; and, after finding himself, as may be seen both from his own correspondence with the Directory and the remarks of the Archduke Charles, in a position of considerable danger, he took upon himself, though a mere general, without diplomatic powers, to conclude on his own responsibility, at Leoben, amidst the mountains of Styria, those preliminaries of peace which were afterwards with some modifications embodied in the treaty of Campo Formio.

But, from the time Napoleon acquired control over all the military operations

[1] "History of the French Revolution," translated by F. Shoberl, vol. v. p. 299.

of France, every invasion of Austria took place, as has been pointed out by the Archduke, by the valley of the Danube. Nor was this for want of good opportunity for an attack by way of Venetia. In the campaign of 1800, Napoleon gained in Italy the battle of Marengo. He could have advanced on Venetia with all the prestige derived from that decisive victory. At the outset of the campaign of 1805, the right bank of the Adige, with Mantua and the greater part of Verona were in his hands. And at the outset of the campaign of 1809, not only all the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, but the whole territory now known as Venetia, and which is alleged to be essential to the defence of Austria, was actually part of the French Empire. Yet, in each of these two campaigns, this great master of the art of war, so far from regarding Austria as peculiarly vulnerable on the side of Venetia, "neglected Italy," as the Archduke expresses it; in each of them the Austrians were victorious in Italy, and established themselves on the Adige, while Napoleon was operating on the Danube; and in each, as he had foreseen, so soon as Austria sustained reverses on the Danube, her Italian armies abandoned, as untenable, their strong positions on the Adige, and hastened to effect the complete evacuation of Venetia.

We think, then, that the history of former wars proves, as far as anything can be proved by actual experience, that the Venetian frontier of Austria is not one of her vulnerable points; that consequently the Quadrilateral is not necessary to Austria for the purposes of defence; and, moreover, that, as was exemplified in the campaigns of 1805 and 1809, if Austria meet with reverses on the Danube, her positions on the Adige, whether important or unimportant, become untenable, and consequently can no longer form an element in her defensive system.

We will conclude this part of our subject by a few plain geographical considerations. A French army destined to invade Austria by way of Venetia, must make a *détour* of nearly 400 miles for that purpose. It must either effect the conquest of the Tyrol, or march for several hundred miles with its left flank in proximity to mountain ranges in possession of the enemy. And, long before quitting the territory of Venetia, such an army would be at a greater distance from France and Paris than any one of the armies of Germany, and would consequently be quite unavailable for the defence of France against a homethrust aimed at her by Germany.

Any ordinary topography will moreover shew that Austria possesses everywhere an excellent natural frontier on the side of Venetia. From Vienna to the frontier of Venetia is upwards of 250 miles, which is considerably more than the distance from Paris to the frontiers of Belgium, and about the same as the distance from Paris to the frontiers of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia. If, then, Vienna would not be secure without Venetia, there can be no answer to the proposition that Paris is not secure without Belgium, and the Rhenish provinces of Prussia. Indeed, Paris must be far less secure, while France retains her present frontiers, than Vienna would be, if Austria relinquished Venetia; for the provinces of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, which lie between Vienna and Venetia, differ widely in natural character from the rich plains of France. Traversed by the Julian and Noric Alps, barren, and with few roads, these provinces present serious natural difficulties to an invading force. Three successive mountain ranges intersect the road to Vienna, selected by Napoleon as most practicable in 1797. Close to the Venetian frontier is the Col de Tarwis, a pass of the Julian Alps, which was obstinately defended against the French. In that year "The combatants,[1]" says "M. Thiers, "fought above the clouds, "amidst snow, and upon plains of ice." After crossing the valley of the Drave, the road again ascends to the gorge of Neumarkt, the scene of another struggle in 1797, and described by Sir A. Alison,

[1] "Thiers' History of the French Revolution," translated by F. Shoberl, vol. v. p. 37.

from personal observation, as "a terrific "defile, which even a traveller can hardly "traverse without awe," and as offering "the strongest position to a retreating "army." Beyond this, in the valley of the Muhr, is the town of Leoben, where the preliminaries of peace were concluded by Napoleon in 1797. And between Leoben and the plains of Austria lies the range of the Noric Alps, which is crossed at the pass of the Semmering, where, as stated in Murray's Handbook of Southern Germany, the highest railway in the world is carried by a tunnel 4,600 feet long through the mountain, at a height of 2,893 feet above the sea, and the post-road attains a still higher elevation.[1] The assertion that a frontier such as this is not amply sufficient for the defence of Vienna, is nothing short of an imposture. The natural difficulties of the country seem alone enough to deter an invader, and the expenditure of a smaller sum than a single year's occupation of Venetia must cost to Austria, upon the fortification of the mountain passes traversed by the few roads of these lonely regions, would render them impregnable to any enemy.

Nor is it only on the side of Vienna that Austria is protected by nature from attack from the Venetian territory. For on the north and west of Venetia, Austria holds the mountain ranges of the Tyrol; and, on the south-east, Trieste, though not far distant from the frontier, is covered partly by the Julian Alps, and partly by the line of the Isonzo.

Before concluding, we will briefly recapitulate the leading points to which we have directed our readers' attention. We have shown that the retention of Venetia by Austria places the new Italian Kingdom for many years to come, in a military point of view, at the mercy of Austria; and consequently in a state of dependence on the protection of France. We have pointed out that this protection must be paid for by Italy on such terms as France may exact—whether by cessions of territory and maritime positions in the Mediterranean, increasing the powers of aggression of the great aggressive state of Western Europe; or by co-operation in enterprises, by sea or land, injurious to the interests of Europe—and we have further pointed out the direct interest which Italy will have in aiding in, nay, even in exciting, a war between France and Germany, which would afford the best opportunity for the liberation of Venetia. Entering then upon a consideration of the consequences of the relinquishment of Venetia by Austria, we have shown that such a step would remove all real cause of strife between Italy and Austria, and bring to a close that permanent enmity between those two countries, which at present constitutes a danger to Europe, and tends to encourage and facilitate an aggressive policy on the part of France. We have pointed out that, from the moment that Northern Italy is cleared of foreigners, the Italian Kingdom must be actuated by the strongest motives to avoid war herself, and to do her utmost for the preservation of the general peace. And, coming lastly to the supposition of a great war between France and Germany, we have examined the Austrian theory that her possession of the Quadrilateral is essential to the protection of Southern Germany. We have tested this theory by the opinions of the greatest of modern strategical writers, and by the practice of the greatest of modern conquerors, and we have found that the Austrian theory will not stand either of these tests—that the reasonings of the Archduke Charles, the campaigns of Napoleon, and the geographical character of the whole frontier of the federal territories of Austria on the side of Northern Italy, combine to prove incontestably, that the Venetian frontier of Austria is not one of her vulnerable points, and consequently that the allegation that the Quadrilateral is necessary to Austria for purposes of defence is nothing better than a pretence and a delusion.

We stated, at the outset, that the rea-

[1] The *Illustrated London News*, of December 1, 1860, contains some views of this celebrated pass, which show at a glance its stupendous natural difficulties.

soning by which we should endeavour to substantiate our views should be of that kind which may be supposed to influence the ordinary policy of states. In attempting to elucidate our subject in this point of view, we are far from denying the force of less interested considerations. That the retention of Venetia by Austria is a grievous injustice, that no act of injustice can be truly beneficial, or ought to be upheld even if it could be so, we fully admit. These grounds ought of themselves to prevent England from in any way countenancing the retention of Venetia by Austria. Abstract principles of justice, however, are not admitted to constitute a sufficient basis of diplomatic action. Neither can England remonstrate with Austria against her retention of Venetia, on the ground that she thereby inflicts grievous injury on her own interests—that she incurs the permanent hostility of the liberal party throughout Europe, aggravates financial embarrassments already verging on bankruptcy, lessens her military strength everywhere out of Italy, and increases her risk of losing Hungary. These are considerations for Austria herself. But if, as we think incontestable, the retention of Venetia by Austria is a source of danger and disquietude to all Europe, and bids fair, if continued, to produce a general war; if, moreover, the chief pretence put forward to justify it cannot bear examination—surely the time draws near when it will become our ministers and statesmen to do something more than look on in silent disapprobation; when it will be their duty, in clear though friendly language, to proclaim, that the relinquishment of Venetia, upon a fair indemnification, is due from Austria to the peace and welfare of Europe.

THE HERALD STAR: A CHRISTMAS POEM.

Lo! the recurring Season, and the time
Of festal meetings and familiar love;
And the sweet pealing of the silver chime
That gives the day its blessing from above.

Once more, innumerable teachers read
The wondrous story of the Saviour's birth:
The Herald Star that promised to our need
Peace and Good-will through all the suffering earth!

It shone not on the steel-clad conqueror's tent,
Nor on the palaces of sleeping kings,
Nor where the sage's studious head was bent
Rose the white lustre of the angel wings.

On Herod's purple couch no glory fell;
To Pilate came no quick revealing gleams;
Nor lords nor princes started, as some spell
Flashed the bright warning through their land of dreams.

But to the men of toil and simple need,
Whose lives were subject unto others' wills;
Whose emblematic task it was to lead
Flocks to green pastures by refreshing rills;

To them the choral angels in that night
Sang the meek advent of the Shepherd Lord:
They saw the shining of the wondrous light,
Sought the Redeemer, found Him, and adored!

We hear, and marvel! Yea, Lord, is it so?
Shall we, too, find Thee, after many days?
Is there yet light to guide us in the glow,
That lingers faintly from thy vanished rays?

Our earth is full of tumults and of wars—
Our map of nations, rife with battle-fields,
Shows like a warrior's face all seamed with scars,
Dead on a heap of broken spears and shields;

And far and near the horrid clash of swords,
And serpent tongues of swift destroying flame,
And crimson streams of blood, and shouted words
Of marshalling cries, proclaim peace but a name.

Yea, where War is not, suffering yet appals;
The meek are crushed: the Despot smiles and dares;
The poor lean shivering up by rich men's walls,
And Slander wrecks the good man unawares.

How long, O Lord, we ask, e'er Peace shall come?
Let our souls dwell in patience: God sees best.
The cross, and then the crown: the struggle home,
And then the hush of an eternal rest.

If tasks seem heavy, and if time seems brief,
We do but follow where the Saviour led!
His life was but a pilgrimage of grief,
A crown of thorns, and thorny paths to tread.

Lone and uncheered through sacrificial hours
He passed to reach the consummatory end:
No paradise for Him in earthly bowers;
No human ties, no equal pitying friend!

A man "of sorrows,"—and a God abased
To sense of torture; witness that sharp cry
Heard by the wondering crowd who restless paced
The fatal mount, and watched to see Him die.

Beholding HIM; ah! who shall dare lament
Their thankless toil,—their suffering and their strife,—
Their share denied of joy to others lent—
The alien days—the misjudged lonely life?

All must fall short of that intense good will
Which took our Nature on Him but for loss:
WE hope success: Christ suffered, knowing still
Hope fled from earth—beyond the bitter Cross!

We hear strange talk of reading of the stars;
And stars of Destiny; that such a one
Is born beneath a good or evil star,
And by its government his course is run.

Oh! truth is in the ignorant lying tongue,
Permitted thus to rave out prophet words;
As strains to God in harmony are sung
Through wooden pipes that form the organ chords.

Each *has* his Star; however tempest-tost;
Steadfast in glory, able yet to guide,
Though all the beacon-lamps of earth be lost
In misty dashings of Life's dangerous tide.

But distant its uprising, set within
The gleaming city of the Lamb of God;
Death's gates must open, shut on us by sin,
E'er perfect light make clear the paths we trod.

And not until Death's haven we can reach,
Shall mortals hear again that Heavenly Psalm;
Not till we pass the shoal and rocky beach,
And cast our anchor in the depths of calm.

"Peace and good-will!" the choral hymn of Heaven
Are not faint echoes of it yet on earth?
Are not some softening gleams of glory given
In each recurring day of Jesu's birth?

Do not men lean more kindly to the poor?
Hear with more reverence the church-bell's chime?
While prodigals creep hopeful to the door,—
"Father, forgive us,—*this is Christmas time!*"

Yea, the light is not vanished from our gaze;
A lingering comfort visits us from far;
Repent; resolve; forgive; *these* are the rays
Still shining from the unapparent Star!

As our own sun, when he from us declines
To orb full splendour in another sphere,
Through western skies with spreading glory shines,
Though his concentred light be vanished here,

Till with reflected glow the earth is decked;
Each cold grey cloud takes colour to its breast,
And all the wide expanse of Heaven is flecked
With isles of light, and paths of shining rest:

Even so the Star that heralded Christ's birth
Shall gleam amongst us,—till the source of Light
Shall come again with glory to the Earth,
And bring the Eternal Dawn that knows no Night.

C. Norton.

THE CHINESE CAPITAL, PEKIN.

For many years, at intervals, the Muse of History, though busy enough in other parts of the earth, has been hovering ominously over China.

With this great Mongolian consolidation of 350 millions of human beings, massed together in the extreme east of Asia, exhibiting a civilization marvellously developed in a thousand respects, and yet altogether different from our own or any other known to us, and tracing back their continuous but isolated history to a time anterior to all Greek or Roman fame, the western

nations have been conscious of their connexion only since that comparatively recent time when modern navigation enabled them first to think of the earth as a limited globe, one cheek of which had too long been out of cognisance of the other. In the maritime intercourse with China which then began, Great Britain at last took the lead. From the year 1637, indeed, when the first English ship visited China, onwards for more than a century, the trade was rather insignificant—only a subordinate portion of the then not very extensive trade of the East India Company. During the last hundred and twenty years, however, the teas, the silks, and other produce of China have been the objects of a growing commerce with Great Britain; until now, out of the exports of these articles from China to all parts of the world, Britain takes, for herself and her colonies, much the largest portion.

In the management of this trade we have necessarily come more and more into conflict with that desire which the Chinese have shown, at least under their present dynasty, to keep themselves shut in, as before, from the rest of the world. How to increase access to this great country—consisting of eighteen vast provinces (not including its huge outlying Tartar dependencies), each of unknown wealth and resources, and studded with towns and cities—has been a standing question in the policy of Britain. In the reign of George the Third there were two embassies to the Chinese Emperor for this purpose—Lord Macartney's in 1792, and Lord Amherst's in 1816. Both failed in the objects directly contemplated; and, so long as the monopoly of the East India Company lasted, Canton in Southern China was the sole point in a coast line of 2,500 miles, at which commercial intercourse with the Empire was permitted.

Meanwhile our geographers had been nibbling along the whole extent of this coast-line—telling us of such large cities as Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, and Shanghai, all to the north of Canton, and fitted to be ports for our trade; as well as of the mouths of great rivers, such as the Yang-tse-kiang and the Hoang-ho, through which there might be communication with other great inland cities, lying on their banks, and with the vast system of canals ramifying through the interior of China. Above all, the importance of our not confining ourselves to Southern China, but having also free access to its northern shores—and especially to that northern gulf of Pe-che-lee, from which, by means of the Pei-ho, or White River, we might communicate directly with the Imperial Court at Pekin—had begun to be insisted on. Not till we had ceased to be merely despised visitors, by permission, at one Southern Chinese port, having no communication with the seat of Empire, save through thousands of intervening miles and chains of intercepting mandarins—not till we had direct dealings with the Court of Pekin itself, through some such permanent agency or mission there as had been allowed to the Russian Government, in virtue of the overland connexion of the two Empires, ever since 1728—could our relations with China be on a proper footing. It had been one of the objects of Lord Macartney's and Lord Amherst's embassies to obtain the liberty of such a resident agency; and ever since these embassies had sailed up the waters of the Peiho towards Pekin—which they were obliged to do under native flags proclaiming to the inhabitants along the banks that they were embassies from the King of Britain carrying tribute to the Chinese Emperor—the Peiho, as the pathway to Pekin, was a name of interesting anticipations.

The East India monopoly came to an end in 1834, and the extension of private trade with Canton gave a stimulus to the Chinese question. The dispute about the importation of opium, and the seizure and burning of some 20,000 chests of opium, British property, in the city and river of Canton, by Commissioner Lin, led to the Chinese war of 1839-42; the conclusion of which was the treaty of August, 1842, by which the Emperor

agreed to an indemnity of twenty-one millions of dollars; to equality of etiquette in the correspondence between British and Chinese officials; to the dissolution of the native Hong company of merchants, with which alone trade at Canton had, till then, been legal; to the cession of the island of Hong-Kong, in perpetuity, to the British; and to the opening of the four additional ports of Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, and Shanghai, to British merchants. Still, the great object of direct communication with Pekin, through a resident mission, was left in abeyance; and with the new facilities that had been gained we had to be content for some fifteen years.

It was during this period of renewed peace with China that there began to be heard of that great internal movement among the Chinese, the Tae-Ping rebellion, which seemed to augur a spontaneous disintegration going on within the bosom of the great Mongolian mass, constituting of itself a phenomenon of extraordinary interest to the student of history, and sure, sooner or later, to connect itself with the contemporary agitation for the opening of China from without. This great and as yet ill-understood rebellion—which, beginning in the southern province of Quang-si, in 1851, extended itself to other parts, until in a few years large tracts of China were wrested from the Imperial authority, including the great city of Nankin—would of itself have justly attracted European regards to China, even had there not been the more direct interest of recent events.

In 1856, there arose that fresh rupture between the British and the Chinese authorities at Canton which threw a new Chinese war in our hands—already full enough with the great Indian mutiny of 1857-8. This time, after Canton had been dealt with, and Yeh taken prisoner, the Peiho became the scene of operations; it was up that river, in the direction of the capital, Pekin, that our forces were pushed, and it was at Tientsin, a large town on this river, about thirty miles in a straight line from its mouth, and some seventy-five miles in a straight line from Pekin, that Lord Elgin, after foiling all the efforts of subordinate Chinese diplomacy, concluded, with the two Plenipotentiaries of the Emperor, Kweiliang and Hwashana, who were sent at last to negotiate with him, the famous Treaty of June 26, 1858. By this Treaty, which consisted of forty-seven articles, many advantages were gained. Not only was the navigation of the Yang-tse-Kiang thrown open, and the new ports and cities of New-Chwang, Tang-Chow, Tai-Wau, Chau-Chow, and Kiung-Chow, added to the former list of five places where the British might trade in the Chinese dominions; not only was it granted that there might be one or more British Consuls to reside at their pleasure at any of these ports; not only was full liberty of travel through the interior of China conceded to British subjects, under passports signed by the Consuls, and countersigned by the local authorities; not only were guarantees given for the liberty of religion and the respect everywhere of British rights and property—but the great point of a British residence, on the scale of a regular embassy, at Pekin, for more close intercourse with the Imperial Court, was also yielded.[1]

By this important Treaty of Tientsin, it seemed as if the long desired opening of the Chinese Empire to intercourse with the rest of the world was at last fully accomplished. For, though Britain was the power chiefly interested, and though Lord Elgin's persistence obtained for her certain advantages in excess of those granted to the other powers, yet other powers participated in the general benefit. Both the Russian and the American Governments availed themselves of the opportunity to obtain privileges which they could not have obtained but for the pressure which the British Ambassador had brought to bear upon the Imperial counsels. In short,—and, more particularly, when Lord Elgin took the occasion to visit Japan, in the

[1] See the complete English text of the Treaty, in the Appendix to Vol. I. of Mr. Laurence Oliphant's Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission.

wake of the Americans,—it seemed as if from his mission might date the break-up of the obstinate system of isolation in which the Mongolian portions of humanity had so long maintained themselves, and the commencement of a new era in their relations with the rest of the world.

It is worthy of notice that, in the Treaty of Tientsin, there was a virtual recognition of the existing Mantchoo dynasty as the sole rightful power in China, and a virtual repudiation of the Tae-pings as rebels with whom no connexion was desired. Notwithstanding the claims advanced on behalf of the Tae-pings to European sympathy, by reason both of the wild native adaptation of Christianity which mingles with their creed, and also of their pretensions to represent ancient Chinese independence against existing Tartar rule, this repudiation of all connexion with them seems to have been, up to the time of the Treaty of Tientsin, a deliberate part of the policy of all the British officials in China, and, indeed, of all British residents there, save a few.

But the Treaty of Tientsin proved a farce. However the Chinese at large, with their readiness for commerce, may have been disposed to regard the provisions of the Treaty, the Imperial Government, or the party strongest in the Imperial counsels, resolved to evade the reception of the British Envoy at Pekin, as constituting a ground on which they could appeal to inveterate Chinese feeling, and to trust to the new chapter of accidents that would have to enact itself ere the troublesome barbarians should reappear on the Peiho, in force sufficient to compel satisfaction. Thus occurred that resistance to the advance of the British Envoy, Mr. Bruce, and that loss of British life in trying to force through the resistance, which occasioned the second mission of Lord Elgin.

Since the comparative lull of the Italian struggle, no news has been so anxiously waited for as news of the progress of the brave little expedition of the British and their French allies, sent to rectify matters in China. The news of what had happened up to the 22d of September was of a kind to make the anxiety more eager and intense. The allies had made their way gradually up the course of the Peiho by the help of perseverance and their Armstrong guns, till they had left Tientsin—which was the extreme limit of the former expedition—far behind, and were in the close vicinity of Pekin. Here, having defeated the Tartar army in all engagements up to this point; having thus shown that there was nothing between them and Pekin, if they chose to attack it; but having, at the same time, shown no special desire to proceed to this extremity, but rather a desire to treat with the emperor beyond its walls—they were waiting in full expectation of commissioners to be sent out to them for the purpose, and had arranged only for a visit of the ambassadors to Pekin afterwards, with a selected escort, when there took place the treacherous movement of the Tartar general, Sang-ko-lin-sin, and the sudden capture and abduction of Mr. Parkes, Mr. Loch, Mr. De Norman, Captain Anderson, Captain Brabazon, Mr. Bowlby, and their French and Sikh companions. Whether this was a plot of the Imperial court, or only a plot of Sang-ko-lin-sin, as the head of a Tartar war-party resolved on further resistance without regard to consequences, only one policy remained for Lord Elgin and the allies—action to the uttermost against Pekin, and no negotiation, or hint of negotiation, till the captives had been given up or accounted for.

Pekin, before which an army of British and French lay encamped in such singular circumstances, is likely henceforth to be a more familiar name to European ears than it was before it was so visited. There had indeed been descriptions of Pekin, but they were scanty and far-scattered. There is a description, accompanied with a plan, in Du Halde's great work on China (1736). Something more is added in Sir George Staunton's account of Lord Macartney's embassy (1798), and in Mr., afterwards

Sir John, Barrow's "Travels in China" (1804), in the train of the same embassy. General accounts of the place and its environs, from these and other sources, may be found in most popular works on China. By far the most authentic and minute description, however, is one in Russian, published at St. Petersburg in 1829, by Father Hyacinth Bichurinski, who was chief of the Russian mission in Pekin from 1807 to 1821. Father Hyacinth professes to have founded his account on a sort of native Chinese guide-book to Pekin, published in 1788, but to have brought it down to his own day by his own observations and those of Chinese assistants. A French translation of his work was published at St. Petersburg in the same year, 1829; and a large map or plan of Pekin—in fac simile or adaptation of an original Chinese map—accompanied both the Russian edition and the French. In the *Chinese Repository* for February and March, 1834 (published at Canton), there is an account of Pekin of considerable length, derived chiefly from Father Hyacinth's work, but with additional particulars obtained from Chinese natives.

From all these accounts, a good deal more is to be learnt about Pekin than what may be derived from a glance at its site as marked on any of our general maps of China—to wit, that it is an inland city in Pe-che-lee, the extreme northern province of China Proper; nearly a hundred miles in direct distance from the sea, to which its nearest access is by the Peiho; and about sixty miles from the great Chinese wall, which divides China Proper from the native region of the Tartars.

Pekin, these authorities tell us, is more properly, *Pe-king, i.e.* "Northern Capital;" in distinction from Nankin, which, is, in like manner, properly *Nan-king*, or "Southern Capital." Both cities have been regarded as capitals by the Chinese Emperors, until now that Nankin is lost to them by being in the hands of the rebels. But, on the whole, Pekin has been more especially the imperial residence and seat of government since Yung-lo, the third emperor of the Ming Dynasty, removed thither from Nankin (A.D. 1408) to be nearer the Tartars, who were threatening his northern frontier. Since the accession of the present Ta-tsing dynasty of Mantchoo-Tartars (1644), they have naturally, for a similar reason, kept their residence in a city so near their original country, whence they may yet derive Tartar strength to keep down the Chinese, or whither they may return for refuge if necessary; and the present Emperor, Hienfung, has been content, as his fathers were, to remain in this spot or its vicinity, as the nominal, and to some extent the real, centre of a vast system of rule extending over the 350 millions that inhabit China, and also over all the area of the annexed dependencies. For Pekin is emphatically a seat of Empire—a city of Imperial residences and Government-offices. It is not a seat of trade or manufacture, and to a great extent it depends for its subsistence on grain and other supplies brought into it from the south.

The entire area of Pekin itself, not counting its suburbs, is said to be about twenty-seven square miles, and the population to be over two millions. That the population is not greater, considering the great extent of the area, is accounted for by the fact that there are large vacant spaces within the walls. These walls are all of Pekin that the stranger sees on approaching it from the outside. There is no such spectacle of spires, towers, or chimneys as generally greets a traveller on approaching a town. The entire circuit of the walls is about twenty-five miles. These walls were built between 1421 and 1439; or rather a portion of them, for the city consists really of two parts—a northern city of great traditional antiquity, and a southern city subsequently attached to it, and walled round about 1553. It was intended that the attached city should at length encircle the more ancient one; and hence it is still called the *exterior city*, while the other is called the *interior city*. After the accession of the Tartar dynasty, it was endeavoured to keep the northern city chiefly for the Tartars,

and to aggregate the Chinese rather in the other; and hence also the names of *the Tartar city* and *the Chinese city* applied severally to the two portions. But both these modes of naming the two divisions of Pekin would now mislead; for the so-called exterior city does not surround the interior, but is only attached to it on the south, and the so-called Tartar city is inhabited as much by Chinese as by Tartars. *Northern city* and *Southern city* are the most appropriate names; and the shape or ground-plan of the conjoint city may be best represented by fancying a rectangle of nearly square shape resting on another nearly rectangular figure of greater breadth than the square, but considerably less altitude.

The walls of Pekin are sufficiently remarkable. They are of brick enclosing earthwork, but are strengthened in many parts with stone. They are about forty feet high; about twenty feet thick at the base; but, owing to the slope of their inner side, only about twelve feet wide atop—breadth sufficient, however, to permit men to march, or horsemen to ride, abreast upon them. At about every sixty yards is a square tower, projecting fifty or sixty feet outwards from the line of the wall. There are sixteen gates in all leading into the city from the surrounding country—nine in the northern or Tartar, and seven in the southern or Chinese city. At each of these gates the wall is strongly faced with granite; over each is a watch-tower, nine storeys high, with portholes for cannon in each storey; and round each on the outside is a semicircular wall, provided with a side-gate, and enclosing a space for parade. The army for the defence of Pekin, consisting of 80,000 men, is distributed round the walls, with the gates for its chief stations, and is divided into eight Banners, each associated with a particular gate, and called the Yellow Banner, the Yellow-bordered Banner, the White Banner, the White-bordered Banner, the Red Banner, the Red-bordered Banner, the Blue Banner, and the Blue-bordered Banner.

As regards the interior of Pekin, the description divides itself into two parts—that of the northern, interior, or Tartar city, called NEI-TCHING; and that of the southern, exterior, or Chinese city, called WAI-TCHING. Though the two are contiguous, there is a separating wall, with gates, between them.

I. NEI-TCHING, OR THE NORTHERN CITY. The descriptions of this city are more minute and graphic than of the other; and there is accessible a separate map of it, in facsimile of a Chinese original, published by Major Jervis, in 1843. Its area is about sixteen square miles; but this area is divided into three distinct parts—an inner or central block, called *the Prohibited city*, forming a rectangle of about two miles round, walled in from the rest by a strong wall of bright yellow colour, and containing the Imperial palace and the buildings and grounds belonging to it; next, the *Hwang-Ching* or *Imperial city*, forming a kind of hollow rectangle enclosing this central or innermost block, measuring about six miles round, and also walled and gated; and, lastly, the *General city*, or *third enclosure*, lying between the imperial city and the outer wall of the whole.

1. *The Prohibited city.*—This innermost or central block, walled in with its yellow wall, and not cut through by the streets which intersect the rest of the town, is the Paradise of Pekin in the Chinese descriptions—the fit abode of the celestial Emperor and his household. The splendour begins at the gates and avenues which connect this space of palaces with the outer city. One of these is "Woo-mun" or the "Meridian gate,"—a gate of three avenues, with a solar dial on the one side, and a lunar dial on the other, and also a tower containing a gong and bell, which are struck and rung when the Emperor enters or departs. Another of the gates, called "Tae-ho-mun" or "gate of Extensive Peace," is one of five avenues, and is a structure of white marble, 110 feet high, ascended by steps; whereon the Emperor on stated days receives the prostrations of his minis-

ters. Then, among the buildings, is "Keën-tsing-kung" or "the Tranquil palace of Heaven,"—the Emperor's private palace; the loftiest, richest, and most magnificent of all the palaces; in the court before which is a small tower of gilt copper, adorned with a great number of figures, beautifully executed, and on the east side of the tower a large vessel, likewise of gilt copper, in which incense is burnt day and night. The Chinese descriptions mention also, as of note, "Kwan-ning-kung," or "the palace of the Earth's Repose," *i.e.* the palace of the Imperial Consort; "Fung-seen-teen," or "the temple of Imperial Ancestors," where the Emperor sacrifices on great occasions; also "Ching-hwang-meaou," or "the temple of the Guardian Deity of the City;" also "Nan-heun-teen," or the hall of portraits of the Chinese emperors and sages, arranged according to their degrees of merit; also "Nuy-ko," or the council-chamber, the treasury, and other offices; also "Chuen-sin-teen," or "the hall of intense mental exercises"—which the reader might suppose, from the name, to be the hall devoted to the Civil Service examinations of which he has heard as universal in China, but which seems rather to be a place sacred to the memory of Confucius; also "Wan-yuen-ko," or "the hall containing the literary abyss," *i.e.*, the Imperial library; and "Woo-ying-teen," or the Imperial Printing Establishment, whence is issued daily the *Imperial or Pekin Gazette*, for circulation exclusively among the mandarins and officials throughout the empire. There are, besides, gardens and pleasure grounds; the most notable of which is the Imperial flower garden, containing beautiful walks, groves, fountains, and shrines.

(2). *The Imperial City.*—In the hollow rectangle, so named, interposed between the central palatial block, and the outer rim of the town, are many of the palaces of princes of different ranks, of which there are said by Father Hyacinth to be about 700 in all throughout the whole city of Pekin. The gates here are also objects of interest, and have characteristic names. Then there are many temples and altars—among which are noted "Tae Meaou," or "the Great Temple," dedicated to the ancestors of the present dynasty, the outer wall of which is said to be 3,000 feet in circuit; "Shay-tseih-tan," or the altar of the gods of land and grain; a temple to the discoverer of the silk-worm; and "Chen-fu-tse," or "the Temple of Great Happiness"—which is a large Buddhist temple, with a copper statue of Buddh, sixty feet high. Here also are some stores and government-offices. But much of the space is laid out in pleasure-grounds for the wealthier inhabitants. Here is "Kingshan," an artificial mountain, 150 feet high, with terraces, walks, pavilions, and plantations in which are birds, hares, rabbits, &c. Here also is an artificial lake, with a bridge of white marble, of nine arches, and an island called "The Marble Isle," which is a hill of groves, temples, and summer-houses. Here also is "Tseaou-yuen," or "the Plantain Garden," full of fruit-trees, shrubs, &c. and containing a lake on which there is yachting in summer and skating in winter.

(3). *The General City.*—It is in this city, forming a wide hollow rectangle between the Imperial city and the outer walls, that the general bustle of Pekin is to be seen, and the great mass of Pekin life is lodged. Here are most of the public offices—including the six supreme tribunals or boards, known as the Board of Civil Offices, the Board of Revenue, the Board of Rites and Ceremonies, the Board of War, the Board of Public Works, and the Board of Punishments; also, "Le-fan-yuen," or the office of Foreign Affairs; "Too-cha-yuen," or the Imperial Censorate; "Kung-yuen," or the office for examining Candidates for Degrees; also, "Han-lin-yuen," or the Grand National College; also, "Tae-e-yuen," or the Great Medical College; also, the Observatory, the Police-office, &c. Here, too, are the Russian Mission, the Mohamedan Mosque, and buildings for the reception of Deputies from the Asiatic powers visiting Pekin. There are, besides,

many palaces of the princes, and many temples and shrines—the large Buddhist temple called "the Temple of Eternal Peace;" another magnificent Buddhist temple called "the White Pagoda;" the Temple of the Successive Generations of Kings and Emperors; the Temple of the Deity protecting the Imperial family; and an Altar to the Pole-Star. Here also is the enclosure for the Imperial Elephants.

The main streets which intersect the general city—some of them from north to south through its entire length, others broken short by the inner block of the Imperial city, and others running at right angles, as connexions from east to west—are described as great thoroughfares, from 140 to 200 feet wide, not paved, and constantly watered into a state of muddiness, to keep down the dust. It is not in these main streets that the public offices, the temples, and the dwelling-houses of the bulk of the inhabitants, are situated. They are continuous lines of shops, painted red, blue, green, &c., with flaunting signs and advertisements, and a profusion of gilt characters, and the wares exposed in front. The great streets proceeding from the gates, and named after them—as "the Great Street of the Sze Chih Gate," "the Great Street of the Tih Shing Gate," &c. —are from morning to night incessant streams of clamorous life. At the sides are the shopkeepers recommending and vending their wares, pedlars, mountebanks, quack-doctors, and policemen with bamboo canes pushing about among them to keep order; while up and down at a slow rate in the midst, through all the interruptions, go vehicles, foot-passengers, strings of dromedaries, men on horseback, and occasionally Tartar horsewomen—for the Tartar women go about more freely than the Chinese, and do not compress their feet. At the intersection of these main streets with the cross streets, are curious structures looking like triumphal arches, which are really monuments to illustrious persons. At night the roar of the great streets continues, and torches and painted paper lanterns illuminate their length.

What of the general city does not consist of these great streets of shops, is one vast network of narrow streets and lanes, containing, as we have said, many of the public offices, temples, and also manufactories and stores of various kinds, and the dwelling-houses of the populace. Here are the names of some of these inferior streets and lanes, culled from Major Jervis's facsimile of the native map—"Fetid Hide Street," "Dog's-tooth Street," "Cut-asunder Street," "Barbarian Street," "Board of Punishment Street," "Dog's-tail Street," "Boat Plank Street," "Obedience Street," "Water-wheel Street," "Cow's Horn Bend," "Newly-opened Street," "Pay and Rations Street," "Goddess of Mercy Temple Street," "Mutton Street," "Sugar Place Street," "Old Screen Street," "Pine Street," "Immeasurably Great Street," "Proboscis Street," "Handkerchief Street," "Stone Tiger Street." Along these streets, the numberless lanes connecting them, and indeed all through Pekin, the houses are generally but of one storey, built of brick, with the roofs of a grey colour, or painted red, or (the imperial houses only) yellow. Owing to the deficiency of water-supply —all the water in the town being from the one Imperial canal—and also owing to what Barrow calls the "frowsy" habits of the Chinese, the lanes and narrow streets are by no means savoury; and Father Hyacinth speaks of the "insupportable odour," meeting one everywhere in walking through the more thickly peopled parts.

II. Wai-tching, or the Southern City.—This second division of Pekin, also known as the outer or Chinese city, is more thickly built on than the northern division—resembling it in its main features where it is occupied by houses, but distinguished chiefly as the quarter where there are the theatres and other places of public amusement for the Pekinese, and as having a large portion of its space occupied by two great temples. One of these is "Teen-Tan," or "the Temple to Heaven," occupying, with its grounds, a circuit of three miles; the other is "Tec-Tan," or "the

Temple to Earth," within the circuit of which the Emperor performs every year the national ceremony of ploughing with his own hands.

In the vicinity of Pekin, both in the suburbs close to the walls, and at some distance along the paved roads which lead from the gates, there are many objects of interest—temples, shrines, &c. From the east side of the Chinese city goes the Imperial canal, and from the same side of the Tartar city a broad, level, granite-paved road—both joining Pekin with the town of Tung-chow, about twelve miles off, situated on the Peiho. Another road, leaving Pekin on the north side, leads to the great Chinese wall, at a place called Keu-pi-keu, and thence to the imperial residence of Yeh-hol, in Tartary, 136 miles north-east from Pekin. Hither it was that Lord Macartney followed the Emperor in his embassy of 1792-3. Much nearer to Pekin—distant, indeed, but a few miles in a north-west direction—is the famous "Yuen-men-yuen," or summer residence of the Chinese Emperors. The grounds of "Yuen-men-yuen," says Barrow, are at least ten English miles in diameter, and consist of waste and woodlands, in part not unlike Richmond Park, with canals, streams, sheets of water, hills, pleasure-houses, gardens, and thirty distinct places of residence for the Emperor, with attached offices for his ministers, eunuchs, &c. Here Chinese landscape-gardening and Chinese architecture were to be seen to perfection. Mr. Barrow, however, does not seem to have thought much of either, or indeed of the boasted splendour of Yuen-men-yuen generally.

Respecting all this remote region of Eastern Asia, including Pekin and its vicinity, we shall, doubtless, soon learn a great deal that will supersede or antiquate much that has been here set down. For, in the interval between that 22nd of September, when the British and French forces were still at some short distance from Pekin, with their blood roused for any course that would rescue or release their captured fellow-countrymen, and that 5th of November to which, while we write, the last despatch carries us back—what a story of striking transactions! The resolute advance of the allies—Lord Elgin showing himself nobly equal to the emergency; the occupation and "looting" of the Imperial summer-palace of Yuen-men-yuen; the preparations for an assault on Pekin itself; the inch-by-inch yielding of the Imperial officials under the terror of these preparations; the cession of two of the gates of the city to the Allies; their encampment on the walls, and the raising there of the British and French flags—the rumour of which event, as of nothing less than the fall of Pekin and the overthrow of the rule of the Flowery Emperor, may even now be flying through the Asiatic populations; the dispersion of the Tartar army, and the flight of the Emperor to Yeh-hol; the subsequent negotiations, and their consummation in a new, and, it is to be hoped, lasting treaty, equal to that of Tientsin, if not of larger scope; the evacuation of Pekin, leaving the Emperor free to return, and undertake his dominions again, a wiser and a better man, under the new conditions which the barbarians from the west had imposed,—of all this the newspapers have recently informed us, though we still expect the details. Mingled with all this is the thought of the sufferings, and the deaths, of those of our fellow-countrymen whose capture is the incident round which the rest centres. Of these men, martyrs in this last enterprise of British arms, we ought to hold the memory sacred; and, not the least, of that one among them who (if our fears prove true) has fallen a victim in a peculiar career of literary service—upon whom his countrymen at home depended for the fullest reports from those scenes of quaint interest and of danger—and from whom, had he lived and been at liberty, they would by this time have had pictures, such as can hardly now be looked for soon, of "the Chinese capital, Pekin."

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THE LAST OF THE PROTECTIONISTS: A PASSAGE OF PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

BY W. SKEEN.

THE annals of our party dissensions do not supply an instance where the victory of the conquerors was more complete, or the submission of the vanquished more prompt and decided, than in the case of the great fight that was fought out within the walls of Parliament fourteen years ago. The beneficent fruits of the Corn Law Repeal were so palpable in their evidence, and so rapid in their growth, that the men who prophesied all manner of evil from the measures of 1846 have since that time been left without a single pretext for the maintenance of their opinions. The great majority, indeed, have with graceful candour confessed their error; and, though here and there one of the old Protectionists—the "cannon balls," as they have been designated—may still be encountered, it is well understood that his consistency in the face of light is due quite as much to the obstinacy of pride, or to the idiosyncrasy of the individual, as to the convictions of the politician. The country has reaped the advantages of this in every way. The material prosperity which followed with a full flood the repeal has not only increased the national resources to an amazing extent, but it has put the different classes of the community into good humour with each other. Dr. Chalmers's prediction, expressed in his own terse language, that nothing would tend so much "to sweeten the breath of society" as a repeal of the Corn Laws, has been fulfilled in a still wider sense than even he perhaps meant it. The clamours of the poor against the rich have been stilled; the gladiators who fought front to front in the arena have long since shaken hands. It would be a strange thing now to hear either farmer or squire curse the treachery of Sir Robert Peel; and those who enjoy the fruits of the victory he won for them may afford to look back with interest, and even with a certain degree of admiration, on the struggles of the men who did their best to withhold them, and who, taken all at unawares, still made so gallant a defence, and fought so desperately on behalf of what they at least believed to be the cause of the country.

They undoubtedly fought at a disadvantage. The men in whom they had been accustomed to repose their confidence suddenly moved from their side, and went over to the camp of their adversaries. It was not the ministers alone, though that would have been aggravation enough; but almost every man of their party who had been accustomed to address the House with anything like acceptance announced his intention of following in the ministerial track. Upon the bulk of the party the new doctrines had made no impression; but then they were of the class whom nature had formed for the lobby rather

than the floor of the House, and who influenced divisions rather than debates—men who would shrink from the echoes of their own voices if they heard them within the walls of St. Stephen's expressing any more articulate sounds than "Hear, hear." That their rage was at the highest all knew, but many doubted whether even then it would boil over in words. Many excruciating jokes were made against the poor Protectionists, in those days left guideless as a flock of their own sheep when the bellwethers have been removed. It was exultingly proclaimed in Free Trade circles, how each squire at the Carlton was urging his bucolic brother to stand up in the House, and make a martyr of himself in the cause of his country and protection, and how each, as the honour was offered him, passed it round, and professed his willingness to undertake any part but that. He would attend in his place; he would shout himself hoarse in cheering whatever the orators on his side might advance, without at all inquiring into the quality of the address; but as for making a speech himself, *that* he neither could nor would do! The Free Traders therefore hugged themselves in the expectation of an easy and rapid victory, not because they hoped to convince their opponents, but because they believed their opponents would have nothing to say. The speeches, they asserted, as well as the arguments, would be all on one side. On that point, however, they were mistaken. Surprised, abandoned, deserted—as they believed, betrayed—the Protectionists still showed in that hour of their extremity the characteristics of their English blood and breeding. Though cowed, they were not panic-stricken; deprived of their old leaders, and hardly as yet knowing in whom to trust, they closed their ranks, stood shoulder to shoulder, and determined to fight it out to the last. Not even on that fearful morning when the British army on the heights of Inkermann fought and won their glorious "soldier's victory," did the stubborn endurance of our race stand out in stronger relief than was manifested by the county members in the hour of their surprise. With the character of the arguments they used we have here nothing to do. History can charitably afford to forget them; but those who would most condemn their perversity will ever be forward to admire the courage with which, believing what they said and did to be right, they devoted themselves to their task, the energy they flung into their cause, and the pertinacious resistance which contested to the last inch of ground what was from the first a manifestly hopeless battle.

After all, there was found to be no lack of speakers. Out of the wreck of the party a few tolerable orators were still found remaining on their side, among whom Mr. Disraeli, having an envenomed personal quarrel to fight out with the Minister, was then as now *facile princeps;* and there were plenty of youthful aspirants for fame ready to fill up the gaps caused by the desertions. The men who had been for years in the House of Commons and the men who entered yesterday were in some respects on a level; a short and direct way to distinction was open to any one who might have the boldness to snatch and the intellect to retain it. A new party was shaping itself out of the wreck of the old, and its adherents were fully conscious that their success depended on organization, discipline, and, over and above all,—as agents in enforcing both,—leaders. But for the present the leading staff lay on the ground, waiting for the bold hand to grasp it. The glittering prize was displayed full in view to tempt the young and ambitious politician. Who was to be the fortunate man that in this hour of chaos would step forth to assuage the jarring elements, assign each man his place, and concentrate and direct the energies of those sanguine but perplexed politicians, who, helpless in their disorganization, stood ready to welcome the first who should prove himself fit for command, to elevate him on their shields, and proclaim him for their chief. Aspirations after such a

prize flitted across the brain of more than one rising statesman, whose speeches had heretofore met with more than usual acceptance. One in particular, we recollect—an amiable and accomplished gentleman, slightly tinged with vanity, on whom the grave has since prematurely closed—took it on him, at one unlucky moment of more than usual elation, to thank the members of his party for their devotion, and, as if he had already been installed at their head, to assure them that their constancy in attending through the discussions had been particularly gratifying "to my mind." The burst of irrepressible laughter which followed from his own friends completely and for ever extinguished the pretensions of the kind-hearted egotist. But not the less the necessity of having a leader was acknowledged; and this small outburst of individual ambition served, perhaps, to hasten the decision. When rival pretenders are in the field, it is time that the dictator should be distinctly proclaimed. Yet the decision of the party, when it was announced, took the world by surprise, and supplied matter for inexhaustible ridicule to their opponents. Their choice fell on Lord George Bentinck—a nobleman who could not be said to be unknown to the world, for his name had been associated for years with the proceedings on every race-course in England; but as a politician he had never been heard of. For twenty years indeed he had sat in the House of Commons, as member for the borough of King's Lynn; and there is a tradition that once, during the early part of that period, he seconded the address in reply to the Royal Speech; but all the rest of his parliamentary duties had been confined to the division lobbies. Silent in debate, not very constant in attendance, his preference at all times markedly shown for the hunting-field or the race-course over the dry details of politics, his life had hitherto been that of a fashionable man of pleasure, to whose name the appendage of M.P. is regarded as a graceful ornament, without any corresponding sense of duty or obligation. Was such a man to be entrusted with the management of a great party? How was he, who had been himself so slack in all matters of party discipline, to tighten the reins on the necks of others? He who had ever shown contempt for the details of business—how was he now to throw aside the habits of a lifetime, and devote himself to their mastery? He who hardly knew the forms of the House, or whether it was in or out of committee, except by the fact that the Speaker was in or out of the chair—where was he now to acquire that knowledge of minute and intricate yet important parts of parliamentary practice, unfamiliarity with which only exposes a public man the more to ridicule? And, more than all, who ever heard of a party leader that was not at the same time the party orator? Where would be the use of a mute leader in the House of Commons? And yet what better was to be expected from the man who for twenty years had sat in the midst of them, listening to the discussion of the most stirring questions that had ever agitated Europe, without once opening his lips? If he possessed the tongue of fire, however latent, surely some spark must have fallen upon it in all that time to cause it to leap forth in flame! Or was it the danger to the paternal interests that was once again to revive the miracle of ancient days in giving speech to the dumb? The latter explanation was most in favour with the scoffing Free Traders, while the wisest of the Protectionist party looked on the experiment with fear and misgiving, as one akin to the position of their party—a desperate venture in a desperate cause.

But the subject of all these comments admitted of no such misgivings. So many of them as came to his ears only the more nerved him to undertake the task. He came of a race which had ever been conspicuous for warm and strong feelings, and who often concealed under a cold exterior the most chivalrous devotion to a desperate cause. The qualities which Macaulay has immortalised as possessed by the Dutch head of the family had been preserved by him in all

their fine and noble elements, inwrought in the course of generations with all that was frank, open, and manly in the character of an English gentleman. How such rare qualities should have been wasted during the best, and alas! much the longest, portion of Lord George's lifetime, is to be imputed probably to the luxurious and enervating era of the Regency in which his early life was cast; but it shows how little those follies had affected his noble nature, that at the call of his party he so readily threw them all aside, and devoted himself to the work of those who had called him from his inglorious ease. Whatever his inward sense of disqualification might be, it is certain that he allowed no symptoms of them to escape him. He exchanged, to use one of his own rough and vigorous similes, the pike of the soldier for the truncheon of the general with as much ease and dignity as if he had carried the latter all his life. It was a favourite theory among the party then—a theory created by the exigencies of their own position—that there was no mystery in politics; that an honest heart and an unvarnished tongue were all that were wanted for the government of England. Of course the new chief was a loud assertor of a doctrine that told so much in his own favour; but he did not the less set himself in private to prepare for the task he had undertaken. One of the reproaches he seems to have felt most keenly was the objection that he could not make a long speech. It is said that, nettled by the sarcasm, he introduced his turf habits into the councils of the party, and offered any odds that he would address the House of Commons in a speech of three hours' duration. There were plenty of kindred spirits among the Protectionists to accept the bet, and from that time forward Lord George and his three hours' speech became a standing subject for ridicule, till, as we shall presently see, it proved to be neither joke nor fable. His first essay in the House, however, was one of a much more modest nature. On that memorable night when Sir Robert Peel unfolded his Corn-Law project amidst the dead silence of those who had all his lifetime been his supporters, and the enthusiastic cheers of those who only once before, and then at the expense of a similar party desertion, had found themselves on the same side with him—he had no sooner sat down than he was assailed on all sides with questions, many of them honestly put on points that had been left obscure, but the greater portion ensnaring and entangling in their character, intended to entrap him into some unguarded admission, or to show that he had left some great interest unconsidered. These snares, however, the great minister snapped as easily as Samson did the green withes; and he was on the point of issuing from the ordeal, all the more strengthened in his position, when, from the end of one of the backmost benches below the gangway, rose a tall, slender, graceful figure, who in a voice clear and well modulated, though slightly nervous, begged to ask if the minister had considered the effect of the Corn-Law repeal on the position of the farmers under the Tithe Commutation Act. Sir Robert was evidently taken by surprise: he for the first time faltered and hesitated in his reply, and at length admitted he had not adverted to that point, but added, to cover his retreat, that he did not believe his measure would operate to injure the position of the farmer. This palpable hit delighted Lord George's followers, who cheered as if the shot, delivered with such an air of simplicity, and which had gone so directly home, were the sure prelude to their coming triumph. To understand its point, it must be borne in mind that, by the Tithe Commutation Act of England, the farmer pays his tithe, not according to the price of corn in that particular year, but on an average computed according to its price for the seven years preceding, so that any violent derangement, producing a fall in the price, would, in addition to its other evils, entail on the farmer the hardship of paying tithes calculated on a high scale during the years in which he was suffering unwonted depression. This fear, we need not say, turned out to be

as groundless as the other illusions of the party; but at the time it was thought to have hit an uncovered spot in what otherwise appeared to be the complete panoply of the minister.

These were skirmishes. The pitched battle was fought on the second reading of the bill, when the whole forces of the opposition were brought into action. The squirearchy, to the astonishment of their opponents, and not less, perhaps, of themselves, displayed an extraordinary amount of the speaking faculty. Instead of the discussion being all on one side, as the Free Traders had somewhat boastfully predicted, the hitherto silent Protectionists took to the trade of oratory with a will, and maintained the wordy contest for three full weeks, debating night after night incessantly, and to the very last showing no lack of aspirants for parliamentary fame. Of the quality of those speeches, as we have already hinted, there is not much to be said; but quality was at that time only a secondary element in the matter. What was wanted was speakers; good, bad, and indifferent, all were welcomed alike who had the courage to face the House, and address "Mr. Speaker." It was touching to witness the devotion of some of these martyrs, who had done violence to their strongest feelings in offering themselves to the notice of the House; but they did not go without a martyr's consolation in the enthusiasm with which platitudes the most trite, paradoxes the most astounding, and sophistries the most glaring, were cheered by common consent of the whole party. Most of these men have since that time sunk back again into the obscurity from which they for the moment emerged; but there are others who, then making their first essay in the House, have since maintained the footing then gained, and have even become men of weight and authority there. Among these may be mentioned the right honourable member for Oxfordshire, Mr. Henley, who on that occasion made the first exhibition of that sharp, shrewd, quick intellect, obtuse enough in dealing with great principles, but marvellous in its power of detecting small flaws in points of detail, which has since rendered him the terror of all who have the charge of bills in the House of Commons. But in the main the debate went along drearily enough. It was the policy of the Free Trade minister to make no attempt to shorten the discussion, but to give the fullest scope to all speakers on both sides, as he rightly considered that one full debate at the outset would smooth the way to more rapid progress hereafter. Nevertheless, towards the close of the third week, it began to be felt by all parties that they had had enough; and by common consent it was arranged that the Friday night of that week should witness the division. The delay that had occurred allowed Mr. Cobden, who had previously been laid aside by indisposition, to take his place among the Free Trade orators who with so much spirit and ability vindicated the measure, and to bring his "unadorned eloquence" to the final triumph of the cause it had contributed so largely to win. The minister had made his reply; all his subordinates had contributed their quota of argument—Sir James Graham, in particular, having tossed off from his shoulders a whole pile of inconsistencies, quoted from Hansard, with the one defiant reply, "I've changed my mind, and there's an end on't;" and at midnight on Friday the question seemed ripe for settlement. But all this while the hero of the Protection party had kept in the background. In the language of the turf, which he at least would not have resented, "the dark horse" was now to be brought out. Lord George Bentinck had waited till this time, that he might have the credit of closing the debate, and send the members to the division lobbies with his words still ringing in their ears, and the spell of his eloquence, if that might be, fresh on their spirits. And now, before an exhausted House and in the midst of loud calls for a division, he arose. With what feelings he contemplated the task before him—how he looked around the House, where he had been so long a quiet listener to the

deliberations he all at once aspired to sway—it would be useless to speculate. But his appearance at once stilled the excited members, and hushed the clamours for a division. There had been much talk of his advent; the expectations of his friends had extended so far among his opponents as to produce a feeling of considerable interest in him; and his rising was looked for with a keen and eager curiosity on all sides. Men were anxious to ascertain whether he would prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him; and there was, besides, that generous feeling which ever has, and, let us hope, ever will exist in the House of Commons the desire to find in every new speaker a probable accession to the at all times scanty bead-roll of living parliamentary celebrities. So, on his rising, members ceased their impatient outcries, settled themselves in their seats again, glad to compound by the farther delay of an hour or so for the opportunity of hearing the man who was named by the voice of the whole party for the post of future opposition leader. And the impression made at the beginning of his speech was not unfavourable. From the first he showed the graceful self-possession of an English gentleman. He faltered, indeed, terribly; but it was more from want of practice than from nervousness: his tongue seemed as if it were encrusted with the rust of years, and creaked harshly on its hinges, at times altogether refusing to do its master's bidding; but that has been the fault of many a great orator at the outset of his career; and every one knows that, if the ideas are there, they will, at whatever cost, force a channel for themselves. The flow of Lord George's eloquence was far from smooth, but it was rendered the more picturesque by its continuous breaking and foaming and gurgling and rushing round the many obstructions which his utter want of practice threw in his way. His auditors looked kindly on his efforts: not only as a new aspirant for parliamentary fame, but also because the House is always in the mood of

"Honeying to the accents of a lord."

So for an hour or so due order was kept, and a respectful, if not an enthusiastic, audience given by his opponents to statements and arguments which, not very new in themselves, derived little advantage from the way in which they were presented. Here and there, indeed, scattered at irregular intervals through the address, there was a rough but apt metaphor, or a vigorous thought, enough to show that the choice of the party was not wholly without excuse; but for the most part all was a dull, dreary level of commonplace, and attention was kept alive only by the interest felt in the speaker's evident struggle to give those commonplaces birth. It was not in human nature to endure much of this. Men got tired at last of listening to a repetition of often refuted arguments, that had not even the merit of being set forth in a new dress: of piles of figures produced, without regard to order or arrangement, but tumbled forth before the House all in a heap, a crude, indigestible mass, while the speaker went stammering, faltering, blundering on, till men's minds grew dizzy, and the very scope and bearing of his argument was lost. At first there were muttered shouts of "time" and "divide," which were instantly treated as a defiance, and drowned in the vehement cheers of his partisans. By-and-by the dissentients became more decided in their opposition, which his friends, nothing disheartened, met again with counter shouts, breathing defiance to their antagonists and encouragement to their champion. As the time went on, these opposing shouts became more continuous and more loud, till at last they swelled into one continuous roar, in which the voice of Lord George Bentinck was wholly drowned. But in the midst of it all, calm, collected, and smiling, Lord George might be seen upon his legs, moving his head, and gesticulating with his arms, as if with them to piece out the imperfections of his tongue, but otherwise as little moved by the din and hubbub that raged all around him as if he had been discoursing with a few friends in his own

dining-room. The effect was curious. As, in some of the sublime compositions of Handel, a thunder-storm of music breaks forth from the choir, and then for an instant or two a single voice is heard pealing forth the strains of praise, or the wail of anguish, to be again as quickly swallowed up in another burst from all the voices in the orchestra, so fared it with Lord George Bentinck; the screams, the shouts, the yells even, that rose around him on all sides affected him not; he knew it was of no use stopping till silence could be obtained; he had his speech to deliver, his three hours to occupy, and on the delivery of his speech, and the occupation of his self-appointed time, he was determined, let come what might. When the sonorous tones of Mr. Speaker Lefevre, rising high and clear above all the din for a minute or two, awed his refractory subjects into silence, or when sheer exhaustion compelled a momentary lull on both sides, his voice was heard stumbling and struggling, but still placid as ever, setting forth, perhaps, some unintelligible figures about the silk trade, or the varying prices of wool. It was but for a moment; the rival shouters had only paused for breath; and then the battle recommenced, and raged more furiously than ever, while through it all, in calm and in storm the same, the undaunted orator held on his way, and never ceased his efforts, nor allowed the House a respite till the three hours he had undertaken to occupy were expired, and then he sat down with the proud consciousness of a man who under arduous circumstances had done his duty and earned his reward. At three o'clock the House divided, and the fate of the Corn Laws was sealed.

Such as Lord George Bentinck was on that eventful night, such he continued to be through the remainder of his brief career. After this he spoke often and long, showing traces of a vigorous mind, which, if disciplined by early training and practice, might have been capable of great things. But he could never overcome the defects arising from his long silence in the House. He never became a smooth and graceful speaker; to the last his hesitation was painful to the listener. He had one still more capital defect, which seemed innate in his mind, and which would have permanently disqualified him from taking a high place among parliamentary orators; to the last he was incapable of grappling with great principles, and lost himself as well as his hearers in an ocean of details, which he was not able to master or arrange. His notion of a statesman, borrowed in some degree, it must be confessed, from the example of Sir Robert Peel, was that of a man who was deep in a knowledge of imports and exports—who had the range of manufacturing prices at his fingers' ends; and, from the moment he resolved to embark in politics, he buried himself in a mass of blue-books. Over these he pored by day; and with the undigested results he had obtained from these he surfeited the House by night. It is generally understood that his insane devotion to them affected his health, and brought to a premature grave a man who, with all his faults and all his perversities, deserves to be regarded by his countrymen as the model type of a high-souled, frank-hearted, manly Englishman.

MY FRIEND MR. BEDLOW: OR, REMINISCENCES OF AMERICAN COLLEGE LIFE.

BY CARL BENSON, AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY," &c.

A SECOND PART.

THE reader will not have forgotten our young New-Yorker, Mr. William Bedlow, in sketching some of whose adventures at Yale College, Connecticut, we had an opportunity, not long ago, of giving a little information, which may have been new on this side the water, respecting American College-life, and the ways of young Americans generally. As American matters are stirring considerably at present, perhaps a few more reminiscences of the same gentleman may not now be unwelcome. Taking Mr. Bedlow up, therefore, at the point where we left him,—namely, at the conclusion of his first year—let us follow him rapidly through the rest of his College course, beginning at his second year, known, it may be remembered, in the vocabulary of the Yalensians, as the "*Sophomore* year, or year of the *Sophs.*"

Bedlow soon perceived that, if he continued to be a professed joker of jokes, he would end by losing the respect of his class mates, and forfeit all pretension to superiority, and all claims to office and honour. Therefore, in his *sophomore* year he set to work in earnest on the serious business of the place.

That is to say, he applied himself diligently to the academic course of studies?

Well, reader, not *exactly*. I was not thinking of that at all. I mean, that he went largely into the "speaking and writing."

Some portion of this certainly does enter into the academic course. The students write compositions once a week all the "*sophomore*" year; debates once a week all the junior year; debates *or* compositions once a week all the senior year. Writing English prose is as standing a dish at an American college as writing Latin verse at an English public school. Numerous composition prizes are given during the second year; there used to be eighteen in a class of a hundred or less. Still, the students, thinking these exercises had not sufficient influence on the final academic honours, and also finding no provision made for the art of extempore speaking, undertook to supply the deficiency among themselves; and they certainly did so. They edited a magazine, electing the editors annually from each successive "junior" class. To be one of these editors was an honour eagerly coveted and sought. To be president of one of the large debating societies was another great card; to be the *first* president of the three annually elected was an extraordinary distinction, and fearful struggles took place for it. It was no sinecure post of mere honour either, for the president had to read his "decision" of every debate, like a judge charging a jury, before the question was put to vote. Such honours as these, and the membership of the secret societies, were more thought of than any that the "faculty" had to bestow. And the faculty themselves had to acknowledge the power of the societies, particularly of the big "literary" societies, indirectly, in various ways. You, O cantab reader (you know I made up my mind at first that you *are* a cantab), would have some difficulty in realizing this state of things. You must look at the matter in this light. As the original theory of an English university is that the majority of its *alumni* are to take orders, so the

original theory of an American college is that the majority of its graduates are to become public men. And, though a large percentage of the American students will be clergymen, these form no exception to the rule; for, without taking into account the habits of lecturing and extempore preaching, the American clergyman is apt to be a public man, and have his say on political matters. Many of us firmly believed, and openly declared, that the collegiate was of no value for what we learned in the "recitation" rooms, but that its merit consisted in its being a preparation for, and a foretaste of, a political career. Certainly we did learn a great deal of human nature, *political* human nature especially.[1]

Bedlow did very well at this business. He was decidedly quick and immensely confident; had a capital memory, and a convenient faculty of assimilation and adaptation. He could cento speeches and essays out of the multitudinous newspapers and reviews which he was always reading (you must indulge me in that new verb), just as one of your crack scholars centos Iambics out of the Greek Tragedians and Elegiacs out of Ovid. So he was elected secretary, and in due course of time, president, of his society, and editor of the magazine—not without a hard struggle in each case, for he was far from a universal favourite, and the "beneficiaries" generally voted dead against him.

[1] It is *just possible* that the above remarks may be somewhat rashly generalized, and that what is undoubtedly true of Yale, may not hold good of other colleges. Graduates of the *American* Cambridge, *alias* Harvard, have assured me that the undergraduates there do *not* think more of the societies than of the academic work. At Columbia College, New York, the regular studies certainly had the best of it, and perhaps for that reason were carried on more thoroughly. But Columbia, for local reasons, can never be more than a superior class of day-school. I have never seen an account of any American college commencement, or other celebration, in which the literary and secret societies did not figure largely. Besides, Yale, being the largest and most in repute of all American colleges, may not improperly be taken as our type and example of the system.

At the same time you must not suppose that Bedlow neglected his "recitations" entirely, or that he only just managed to pass muster at them. And here you may ask what sort of collegiate course it was that was so undervalued and so overridden by other pursuits. The best I can say of it is, that it was quite as good as you could expect under all the circumstances. The professors, as a general rule, were capable men enough, but they laboured under two great disadvantages, without counting the rivalry of the societies. In the first place, not being sufficiently numerous for the work, they were obliged to have recourse to the aid of tutors. These tutors were graduates of a few years' standing, regarding their tutorship merely as a pecuniary aid during their brief term of professional study, and having no permanent interest in the place, save only the comparatively few of them who looked forward to professorships. But a worse difficulty was the insufficient preparation of most of the students. "The greater part of them are spoiled before they get to us," were the very words of a professor's complaint to me. The best prepared generally came from the private schools, which I fancy do not differ much from English private schools, except that more attention is paid to the modern languages, and that the principal is not necessarily, or even generally, a clergyman. Some of our best classics came from the public school at Boston. It used to be rather "the business" for rich Bostonians to send their sons to the public school. It was a peculiarity of Boston; I never heard of such a thing in New York, or any other city. Whether they did so from motives of economy, or democracy, or simply because it was the best school in Boston, I am not able to say. They themselves gave the last reason.

But many of the students, particularly the beneficiaries and other *opsimatheis*, were self-prepared; which is nearly tantamount to saying that they were unprepared. Some of them had gone through, or were supposed to have gone through, in one year, *without* a teacher,

the proper labour of three years *with* one.[1] Private tuition, unknown within the college, is rare without it, for several reasons, not the least of which is its expense. If, therefore, the candidate is too old to go to school, he is generally compelled to teach himself.

By way of mending matters, the undergraduate is not compelled to begin at the beginning. He may enter the senior (the *fourth*) year, if he can pass the not very difficult examination of the class before. Take notice that these are not merely cases of migration from other colleges, as a man might go from Cambridge to Oxford, or *vice versâ*, and have his terms allowed. There is a good deal of such migration going on among the American colleges, and some of them, like certain halls at Oxford, have a *Botany Bay* reputation. But, independently of this, you may enter in the middle or towards the end of the academic course without having ever been connected with another college.

The consequence of all this was that a very appreciable fraction of each freshman class was extremely ignorant, and, as there were no divisions in the class, but all had to go on together, these kept the rest back. Still, the *highest* honours were difficult to obtain; but it was not the difficulty of a wranglership or a first-class—having to know a great deal well; nor the difficulty of the Poll-Captaincy (when that institution existed) —having to know a little remarkably well. It was a matter of regularity and attention, little originality or research, but a moderate amount of work fairly prepared every day; for the honours were given according to the sum of the "recitations—" in other words, the lessons, collectively throughout a period of nearly three years in the first instance, and nearly four in the second. All *viva voce;* and the yearly examinations little more than a formula. (This is now changed for the better; I am happy to say, there are some pen and ink examinations, which take a wider range, and have their share in determining the honours.) The result may be stated thus —that, while it was certainly difficult to be among the first three of a class, it was easy enough for any one coming up decently prepared to be among the first fifteen or twenty. And this was all Bedlow wanted, as it gave him a right to a badge, and also an opportunity of delivering a speech of his own composition in public. He was not obliged to study much for it, but it was further desirable for his reputation and popularity that he should appear to have got his place without studying at all, or with scarcely studying at all. And this he did, exactly reversing the operation of the schoolboy, who pretends to study when he is idle. He had a knack of economizing odd ends of time—fifteen minutes here and fifteen there—when nobody suspected him. He smuggled books into chapel under the all-useful cloak, and learned his lessons during service. He was luckily gifted with a power of attraction and concentration, and could cram a page of mathematical formulæ while waiting to "cut in" at a rubber, with half-a-dozen men laughing and talking around him.

After Bill had gained his presidency and editorship, and been elected into every possible secret society, and had carried off all the first prizes for English composition, and even one for Latin—for he was fond of making shots at every thing (there were just *five* of us who wrote that year, and the three prizes were divided among us all)—his crowning glory was attained as a "senior" when he was chosen *bully* of the class, the original occupant of that honourable station, a fine young southern gentleman, being compelled, by the state of health or other reasons, to finish his college course prematurely. The formidable name of this post had no reference to our friend's freshman exploits, nor did his holding it require him to perform any similar feats at the

[1] Three years is the orthodox term of classical preparation for college. As the special professional course is also three years, a complete American professional education may be said to occupy ten years *from the time of beginning Latin*, and the professional career to commence at the age of twenty-two.

expense of his fellow-collegians or the townspeople. In the early ages of the office, when rows with the "town-loafers" were not unusual, the term *bully* certainly did have its ordinary popular signification, of the best and readiest fighting-man in the class; but at this more civilized epoch it signified simply the regular official president or chairman of the class meetings, nor was the post by any means a sinecure. The Yalensians had a vast aptitude and predilection for class-meetings. There were magazine editors to be chosen, or ball managers, or exhibition committees; or a member of the class had died; or a "recitation" had lasted three minutes beyond the hour; or they wanted to make a present to a tutor who was retiring; or they did *not* want to make a present to a tutor who was retiring. Somehow or other there was provocation for a class-meeting about once a fortnight. It has been remarked that preparation for public life was the theory at the foundation of our system, and in accordance with this we took every opportunity of playing at public business. This early practice is one of the ways in which Americans attain their remarkable patent for organization and despatch of work. Remarkable it certainly is, though the evil demons of loquacity and party spirit conspire at times to spoil it. When Bedlow took the chair, he quietly observed, that "he took it as a dictator of the class;" and nobody could be quite sure whether he said it in jest or earnest.

For Bill thought well of himself, as one rather born to command than otherwise, and was a very aristocratic sort of republican. American aristocracy is not a very easy thing to define anywhere; yet some approach at least to an aristocracy probably exists everywhere, and certainly exists in the colleges, although the authorities, as we have already remarked, most positively do nothing to encourage it. In one sense, Bedlow represented the "swells" of the class, and in another sense the irreligious, or anti-religious party, and in another, the smaller and more exclusive secret societies, and he imposed on the collegiate world generally by his good looks and confident, yet not undignified, manners; and he had a little knot of us, his more intimate friends, who used to sound his trumpet for him, and electioneer in his behalf, and altogether his influence was sufficient to secure a working majority (though with not much to spare), and make him always safe for manager or committeeman, or whatever was to be chosen. Next to the admirers above mentioned, his principal associates were from among the Southerners, almost the only students of avowed and notorious aristocratic pretensions.

I must add, however, that not Bedlow only, but our Middle-State men generally, were disposed to fraternize with the Southerners more than with the New Englanders; and it was probably owing to this, as well as to their pulling all together, that these Southerners, though not above one-eighth of the whole number of students, had got the control of some of the societies above mentioned, and had an influence generally out of proportion to their mere number. As this inclination of the other free-state students away from the New Englanders, who formed the bulk of the college, and towards the youth from the slave states, struck me from the first as a singular phenomenon, I was led to reflect upon it, and study it out. It has a wider application than one college at a particular time, or all the colleges at any time; and, therefore, I give you my conclusions upon it, which may possibly tend to upset some of your established ideas about the American character.

You have, doubtless, been accustomed to hear the "Yankees" spoken of as "sharp" in business; and, because dexterity in bargains and speculations is often supposed (though not always with reason) to connote closeness and meanness, these terms also, by an easy transition, become affixed to the American character. Now, there cannot be a greater mistake than this. That the national mind has a business turn—that Americans, when they are men of business, are clever and hard-working ones—

is true enough; but it is not true that they make a niggardly use of their wealth when they have acquired it. They spend it as freely as they make it rapidly. If *alieni appetens,* the American is *sui profusus.* It may help you to correct the popular notion, if you consider that Americans are notorious speculators, and that, so far from a speculator being necessarily a *mean* man, the chances are that he turns out just the opposite. Also it is worth observing, that the most striking examples on record in America of men approaching to the conventional type of the miser, have been foreigners, or sons of foreigners. Throughout the list of *avaricious* millionaires, you will find with difficulty an American name; if you do find any, they are New England ones. In public charity and private hospitality, the Americans are far ahead of any European nation; indeed, all European nations seem mean to them in these respects, particularly in the latter. The early New Englanders, however, formed a marked exception to this national trait; they certainly were close-fisted—which was owing, in a great measure, to sheer necessity, and the poverty of their country. City New Englanders have got pretty well over this; but the thing still exists in some of the country towns, and the name of the thing has stuck to all New Englanders, and diminished the popularity to which their enterprise and other virtues would else have entitled them. This I believe to be the true reason why so many middle-state men prefer the Southerners as associates, though it may not be the one usually assigned.

Bedlow, being a swell, was better lodged than most of us. When a student "roomed" out of college, his apartments generally consisted of one large room, which served both for bedroom and study. The arrangement for those who occupied the college buildings was that each two had three rooms between them—a bedroom a-piece, and one sitting-room in common. The freshmen were "chummed" together at random; in the subsequent years every man selected his mate; but Bedlow appropriated all three rooms to himself, by the simple process of buying-out his room mate, who had previously agreed with him to have his lodgings paid elsewhere—no very immense outlay, something like £6 for the whole year. These Yale College apartments were not quite up to Trinity or Christ Church standard, as you may suppose. They rather resembled continental barracks. Carpets, though not so rare as at a German hotel, were by no means *de rigeur.* Bill, however, had furnished his sitting-room comfortably, and even elegantly; in the one article of looking-glass, I fancy it was stronger than most English rooms. Likewise, our bully did not clean his own boots—a rare and aristocratic luxury, which shows you how primitive our habits were, notwithstanding our propensity to flash toilettes.

There were no female servants employed about the college, unless there may have been two or three in the kitchen. The beneficiaries waited in hall as I have already told you; the rooms were supposed to be taken care of by three or four men called "sweepers," whose duty extended only to making the beds daily, and sweeping the rooms occasionally. But there were some half-dozen servants, who, though unattached to, and unrecognised by, the college, were virtually the scouts or gyps thereof; each of them served eight or ten masters, brushing their clothes and boots, lighting their fires, &c. These servants were mostly "persons of colour," and found their patrons chiefly among the Southerners and the law-students.

Many of us "boarded," *i.e.* took our meals out of college. The price was little more at a boarding-house, the provender decidedly better; we could form our own set, and there was a sprinkling of ladies' society. Bill was in his glory at our boarding-house.

Thus far I have said nothing about Bedlow's sports and exercises. The chapter of them would be as short as the traveller's account of the snakes in

Iceland. According to *your* idea of exercise and recreation, he, we, all of us, could scarcely be said to take any at all. Most of us could ride tolerably; yet we scarcely ever mounted a horse; indeed, there were very few in New Haven to mount. As to walking, I doubt if you would consider Bill's swaggering saunter, with his hands in his pockets and his cap on his left ear, from the college to the boarding-house, and from the boarding-house to the post-office, worthy of that name. It was more to show off himself and his clothes than for any other purpose. Boating was unknown; such games of ball as once existed had fallen into disuse. The national ten-pin alley was doubly illegal, municipally as well as academically; billiards, of which Americans are nearly as fond as Frenchmen, lay under the same law. Even those great institutions of the country, the "fast crab" and the trotting waggon, had not penetrated into our academic seclusion.

One cause of this state of things was undoubtedly the sour, anti-jovial, puritanic spirit, which regards all liveliness, and noise, and romping, as positively wicked. If I were to tell you that, the evening after Bedlow's elevation to what he had chosen to term the office of dictator, some of his friends assembled under his window, and gave "three cheers for our new bully!" in good old Anglo-Saxon style, and that, at a prayer-meeting then going on in a neighbouring recitation-room, a special prayer was immediately put up for the cheerers, the proof of their lost and desperate condition being that they *had* cheered as aforesaid, you might be inclined to suspect me of exaggeration; yet such is the simple and unvarnished fact. To be sure, a large number of the students, perhaps a majority, would certainly not refrain from any practice, but rather the reverse, because it was forbidden by the "blues," as the religious portion were sometimes called. But then came in that absurd idea of sham dignity. These youths of eighteen were *men*, and men must now *play* like boys! Catch Mr. William Bedlow pulling off his coat for a game of ball, or endangering his fine new *pantaloons* by jumping a fence! Still, if he did not take exercise, he required some amusement. A good deal of that he took at the secret societies, where eating and drinking occasionally relieved the feast of reason. A little of it he took in ladies' society at his boarding-house, or in families that he knew; it was a great provocation to dress, and Bill had an easy flowing style of conversation, nor was he averse to an occasional dance after the mild manner permitted in New Haven—for the polka was not yet invented, and even the old triple-time waltz would have been too much for New England propriety. The American students are *almost* as fond of singing as the German students; on moonlight nights, small parties of us would ramble out to serenade with our most sweet voices the young ladies' schools, of which there were several in different parts of the town. If we could catch the outline of some white draperies flitting about in the unlit bedrooms, our innocent vanity was highly gratified. When we felt hungry after these excursions (which might very well happen with our one o'clock dinners and six o'clock teas), we supped at one of the half-grocer, half-confectioner establishments with which the place abounded, on oyster stews, poached eggs, and similar unexpensive viands. We could not have had supper in our rooms, unless we had cooked it ourselves—a feat for which our stoves were not precisely adapted. We did have certain convivialities in our rooms however; the greatest possible "spree" was to brew punch (hot or cold, according to the season), and play long whist *without stakes*. Perhaps the knowledge that we were doing something utterly forbidden supplied the requisite zest. There was not much ready money among us, to be sure—very little in proportion to our swell attire: but I suppose there never was a collegiate town in the world where the great institution of Tick did not exist to some extent. And here, while I am touching on the question of expense, it may be remarked,

that, as the actual necessaries of life, board, lodging, and fuel, were cheap at New Haven, the tuition far from dear, and the temptations few, it was hardly possible to spend a great deal of money if one tried. Bill managed to see the end of 700 dollars (£140) every year; his father grumbled at the allowance, and I have no doubt many of his fellow-students thought it monstrous. To return to the cards; though not over-burdened with change, we certainly might have played sixpenny and shilling points without serious damage to our finances, but we never felt any inclination to play for money.

Since that day, young America has grown wiser in some things, and wilder in others. I am afraid young America gambles occasionally, possibly to a very mischievous extent. On the other hand, he has learned that it is not unmanly, but the reverse, to play ball and patronise the gymnasium.

If Bedlow had any other amusements in the vacations of a more exceptionable character than the above-mentioned, I never knew anything about it; and he took care never to tell me. Young Americans, perhaps all Americans, have a reputation for bragging, and they do brag about many things; but, unless they have lived long in France, they do not habitually boast of their profligacy.

And this brings us to the most important matter of all. You may be curious by this time to know what were Bedlow's ideas and opinions on the subject of religion. Here I cannot give you a favourable report; indeed, to tell the truth, Bill was an avowed infidel. I do not mean that he professed himself such on the green in front of the college, or in any other place whence it might come to the ears of the "faculty." Had he done so, he would have been expelled as certainly as if it had been known that he kept playing-cards in his room. There was an express clause in the college code to that effect. But among his friends he made no secret of his unbelief, and he was far from being the only sceptic. The thrice-unfortunate system which arrayed the "professors of religion," and the "unconverted" in two hostile camps, tended to drive every student into one of the extremes, fanaticism or infidelity. The non-professors charged the "blues" (very unjustly, I believe) with being spies for the faculty; the "professors" charged the "impenitent" (of whose actual mode of life they had an extremely vague and limited knowledge) with all things horrible and awful. Religious considerations embittered the college politics. When we elected Bedlow first president of our literary society (by a majority of only six votes out of a hundred and twenty) all the members of the college church belonging to the society voted against him in a body. There were some half dozen of us, episcopalians, who mixed with both parties, and, though we were the lowest kind of Church, our congregational fellow-Christians regarded us with much suspicion and many misgivings, because we were known to eat suppers occasionally and did not join the tee-totallers.

Of course Bedlow and I had numerous theological discussions. We were always discussing something, and I fancy religion, *after politics*, was what we argued most about. We used to go at it hammer and tongs for hours together —the old school of course; neither of us knew anything about the Germans; it was Paley and Watson on one side, Paine and Volney on the other. We left off generally about where we began, and began next time where we had left off. Bill looked upon me as a very good fellow, only a little weak in that particular point. If he had possessed all the learning and ability of Mr. Mill, Mr. Buckle, and two or three continental philosophers combined, he could not have talked in a more patronising, pitying way of Christianity and Christians.

And now that we have pretty well sketched Mr. Bedlow's antecedents, it may be time to inform you that he is no longer an undergraduate. He and his friend your humble servant are bachelors of some nine months' standing, and members of the law school. An American A.B. is not still considered

an undergraduate, like an English B.A., although so much younger. As the Master's degree confers no vote or privilege, and is of no possible use that I am aware of, except to the college treasury, many, probably the majority, never take it, though the fees are not very terrifying, somewhere about £2. I positively do not recollect whether I ever took my A.M. at Yale or not; if I did, it certainly was not at the regular time. After the student's first degree, his connexion with *alma mater* may generally be considered as terminated, unless he remains one, two, or three years in one of the professional departments. We may here remark that, though Yale has always been called a *college*, it is a complete *university* according to the American acceptation of the term.[1] The American idea of a university is a preparatory college, connected with, and completed by its three professional "schools"—that is, departments or faculties. The general department is one and undivided; for, though you hear different colleges spoken of at Yale—North College, South, Middle, &c.—these merely correspond to the different *courts* of an English college.

The professional students, in virtue of their graduateship, are released from all undergraduate discipline. They have only a couple of lectures to attend daily, and even at these their presence is not very rigorously exacted. Chapel has no more terrors for them; if they lodge near enough to be awakened by the once formidable bell, they turn over and go to sleep again with a very *suave mari magno* feeling. It is hardly necessary to say that their tendencies are more oratorical and argumentative than ever; they begin to write in the local papers, and to take part in political meetings. The life of the law students, in particular, may be defined as a perpetual discussion.

We will now, if you please, shift the scene from the public street to the public parlours (which also serve as reading-rooms) of the Tontine Hotel. Time, ten in the evening, or thereabouts. Besides some outsiders from the town, a knot of students are assembled there. They are all members of the law-school. You will rarely see an undergraduate in the hotel. Dining there is expressly prohibited to them by the college laws, but there is another and a more potent reason. *Class* distinctions, that is to say, distinctions of seniority, are strangely and strongly marked. Seniors consort with seniors, juniors with juniors, sophomores with sophomores, graduates with graduates. It is decidedly *infra dig.* to mix with the years below you.

Some of the party have been drinking at the bar, several of them are smoking, most of them talking. The staple of their conversation is politics, with an occasional interlude of tailory.

"You say you have all the intelligence and education of the county. Why, we have more of the literary men on our side. There's Cooper and Bancroft, and Willis and Irving—"

"Washington Irving isn't a Locofoco."

"What did he write that article in the Knickerbocker for then?"

"I don't care. I know him, and I know he isn't a Locofoco."

"Oh! you know him. What does he say about the slavery question?"

"He says it's a black business, and he washes his hands of it."[1]

"Hollo! here's Clark! Why, where have *you* been this last age? Anticipating the vacation?"

"Yes, I went to New York for two weeks." (An American never says *a fortnight.*)

[1] This merits notice also as about the only American instance of *anything* being called by a less ambitious name than the reality.

[1] *Verbatim* from a letter to the writer of this article. Irving was fond of old jokes, but he introduced them with such a grace that they appeared almost original. He was claimed by all political parties and acknowledged none. *Both* sides were always ready to give him diplomatic appointments, when he would accept them. Among the strange perversions of fact recently circulated about America, none is more striking than the assertion that literary men are shut out from all political advancement—the truth being directly the reverse, that continual efforts are made to drag them into politics in spite of themselves.

"And what spree were you after there?"

"Nothing particular. Played billiards mostly. Used to go to the Washington Hotel."

"And did you lay them all out?"

"No, some of them were a little too many for me, especially one very cool fellow—an illustrious foreigner he was. I saw he was a foreigner by his moustache" (we have already observed that those articles of luxury were then a rarity in America); "and, as he never said anything, I thought perhaps he didn't speak English; but, bless you, he speaks it as well as you or I when he chooses. I felt rather curious about him and asked, and who do you think it was? A Buonaparte, a nephew of *the* Napoleon! He had been kicking up a mess in Switzerland or somewhere; so they sent him over here to keep him out of mischief."

"Poor devil! To think he might have been a great man somewhere now, if Waterloo had only turned out the other way!"

"I say, Clark, did you get those pantaloons made in New York?"

"Of course, at Francis, the French tailor's; and, do you know, Stone, the new tailor here had a pair making at the same time. He means to put them on and stand at his door to draw customers: people will think he made 'em himself."

"Look here, boys! John Bell's nominated for governor of Tennessee. Who'll bet a supper that he doesn't get five thousand majority?"

"I say any man that utters such a sentiment as that is a scoundrelly demagogue."

"And I say any man that applies such an epithet to the President of the United States, who is a personal friend of mine, is a d——d liar."

The last assertion, of a character decidedly tending to "disturb the harmony of the meeting," must be set down to the credit or discredit of Mr. Bedlow. It was brought about in this wise.

A very large majority of the Yalensians belonged to the *Whig* (that is the Conservative) party. Students usually are in opposition to the Government; under despotisms revolutionary, under democracies reactionary. But Bill was a stout democrat, either because it was rather *distingué* to be so where almost every one was on the other side, or for the good old reason that his father was so before him.

There was then residing in New Haven a young English doctor named White. He was *not* known as the "Britisher,"—that being one of the *Americanisms* never heard except *out* of America. He was at all respectable-looking man—nothing particularly remarkable about him, unless his taking some interest in the political discussions then going on might be called remarkable, considering his country; for, generally speaking, the English and French emigrants abstain from politics as notoriously as the Irish and German emigrants plunge headlong into them. On the present occasion he had been severely criticising some economical dicta of the president. The great political disputes of that day were on questions of finance and economy; the slavery question, now so formidable, was only just beginning to develop itself. Bedlow, when a schoolboy, had once been patted on the head by the president (then vice-president, and on a visit to Bill's father); hence his claim of personal friendship and his eagerness to take up the matter as a private quarrel.

Political discussion was so much our daily exercise and amusement that no one ever so far forgot himself as to use coarse language. Bill's unusual outbreak caused a dead silence. Satisfied, however, with having put down for the moment his antagonist, he relapsed into the study of a newspaper. The doctor, taken all aback at first, speedily rallied, and, advancing to Bedlow, touched him on the shoulder. The New-Yorker was on his feet in an instant.

"That was a very impertinent remark of yours," said White.

Either Bedlow in his turn was at a loss for words, and, like many greater men, saw no clearer way of getting through the scrape than fighting it out;

or he suspected that the other's speech was intended as a prelude to something more demonstrative, and resolved to anticipate him. At any rate, his only answer was a practical one. Stepping back half a pace, he let fly a tremendous left-hander at the doctor. Whether he "slung his hand up from the hip," as seems to be the fashion nowadays, or struck straight out from the shoulder, as they used to say in my time, I will not pretend to say; but it was certainly a "sockdologer," and rendered all the more effective by the big society ring which adorned Bill's little finger, and now left its impress very legible under the doctor's eye.

White was too angry, and perhaps also too much out of practice (that kind of practice) to make a regular boxing match of it. He threw himself, "quite promiscuously," upon Bedlow; the men clinched, and would have gone off into a rough and tumble, had not the five or six of the company nearest promptly interfered. The feeling among all respectable classes at the North leads them to stop combatants rather than form a ring for them. The belligerents were speedily pulled apart and pacified by their respective friends.

The disturbance was over almost as soon as it began; indeed, a stranger who had arrived five minutes after the blow was struck would not have suspected that anything unusual had taken place, unless he had noticed the doctor's black eye, or his antagonist's ruffled plumage. In no part of Anglo-Saxondom is the Anglo-Saxon calm on occasions of difficulty or danger more conspicuous than in the northern states of the Union; and it often serves them in good stead.

Our Tontine party, therefore, broke up very quietly. Everybody was supposed to have held his tongue, and, as duelling is not a custom of the northern states (never having been since Burr shot Hamilton), nobody supposed that the affray would have any further consequences. But, two or three days after, the rumour spread rapidly that Dr. White, probably over-advised by some of his friends, had laid an information against Bedlow, and that the pugnacious student was summoned to appear next morning at eleven before old Justice Atwater, there to answer to the charge of assault and battery, breach of the peace, &c. &c.

Old Atwater was one of the few remaining relics of a type and generation then nearly, and possibly by this time quite, extinct. He wore long worsted stockings and knee-breeches—the latter a most uncommon sight in America, where, for lack of "cross-country" habits and habiliments, a man may very well live all his life without seeing any other species of "continuations" except the ordinary *pantaloons*. He was obviously of "the old school," yet by no means the clean, well-brushed, neatly got-up figure that early reading and tradition leads one to associate with the idea of the old school. Indeed, he might rather have been described by the epithets which tourists are wont to apply to Italian monks and other picturesque mendicants—"venerable but dirty,"—only he did not carry either adjective to the extent that they do.

I had seen a good deal of the justice during my Freshman year at a boarding-house which he used to frequent. As I was then a youth fresh from the city, with no experience out of it, he seemed to me a most extraordinary animal. His language was as odd as his dress. When he asked if such a one was *a fore-handed farmer*, I, in my greenness, wondered if any of the Connecticut cultivators were really *quadrumanous*. All manner of vegetables he indifferently denominated *sarce* (sauce); and his pronunciation deviated even more from the Johnsonian standard than the specimen of modern New-English in the "Biglow Papers."

The locality of Justice Atwater's court was as primitive and unpretending as his own personal appearance. It was a small office very partially and roughly portioned off from, and opening into, the grocery store of his relative, Mr. Horace Atwater.

A Yankee grocery, or a Yankee "notion store," is an epitome of almost

everything. There is a story current respecting an "old curiosity shop" of Boston, that no article small enough to enter its door, and not exceeding a certain price, could be mentioned which it did not contain. An old joker, intending to quiz the proprietor, asked for a *second-hand pulpit*, and was immediately shown the article. Mr. Horace Atwater's grocery was not *quite* so extensive in its range; his stock in trade comprised only the following commodities:—first, every variety of eatable except butcher's meat, that is to say, all kinds of groceries, green-groceries, and spiceries, salt provisions, bread, and rustic confectionary; secondly, divers wines and spirits; thirdly, tobacco in its various forms; fourthly, all manner of clothing, with the thread, needles, and buttons requisite for repairing the same, also boots and shoes, hats and caps; fifthly, books of different sorts, especially Bibles, hymn books, and spelling books; sixthly, all kinds of cutlery; seventhly, cheap imitation jewellery; eighthly, wooden clocks; ninthly, patent medicines; and possibly some other articles which do not now occur to me.

Not a very dignified place to hold a court in, however petty; but legal and judicial matters have always been conducted in America with little respect for official trappings. The forensic wig is everywhere unknown; gowns are only worn in the Supreme Court of the United States. Even in the oldest states there is what must seem to a European a very free-and-easy way of administering justice. You would do wrong, however, to suppose that this unconventional style prevents the officers of law from being respectable or respected. An American judge (I speak of course of the older states), albeit without a wig, is very like an English one. Like him, he represents the strong common sense of the law. When the American lawyer is promoted to the bench, he,

> "*Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,*"

throws away his long-winded flourishes and over-luxuriant flowers of Hibernian-like eloquence, and gives straight-forward, sensible decisions.

Like some other statements in this paper, the above remarks must, I fear, be taken partially in the past tense. The American judiciary is already beginning to descend from its pride of place. The unfortunate system of election recently adopted in some of the most important free states, the reign of terror as regards all subjects connected with slavery in the south, have done much to debase and paralyse it. But we are getting too far away from our subject. Let us return from this too ambitious digression to *the people of Connecticut, vs. William Bedlow, student*, &c.

There was some excitement on the eventful morning, and the law-school determined to attend court in full force, that is to say, about thirty strong. Nothing *very* awful could happen to our comrade, for the highest penalty which the justice had power to inflict was a fine of 7 dollars—say 1*l.* 8*s.* But Bedlow, wishing to play hero or martyr, had hinted his desire that we should "stand by him," though what we were to do by so standing did not precisely appear; however, our *esprit de corps* was sufficient to bring us there, putting curiosity out of the question. It was rather an occurrence, too, for the natives, and by half-past ten the office was considerably more than full, the students taking the best places, and the "town-loafers," including a sprinkling of small boys to fill up the chinks, occupying the background. Justice Atwater was throned in state behind the light railing which constituted the bar, and just within which sat the doctor and the "counsel for the commonwealth," a lawyer of note in the town. Just without sat a closely packed line of students on such chairs and benches as the premises afforded; behind these a similar line; and the "balance" of the audience flowed all over the grocery, the partition between which and the office was more conventional than real, for such part of it as was not occupied by the door consisted chiefly of a framed open space, originally

intended perhaps for a window, but quite unfurnished with sashes. The wooden clock in the office and several of the wooden clocks in the grocery, struck the hour of eleven at various intervals during a period of five minutes, but the hero of the day was not forthcoming. At length there was a stir; the outside wave of loafers parted, and in strutted—not Bedlow, but Tom Johnson, another of our New York swells. Perceiving that all the front places were taken, the new-comer vaulted over the head of one of his acquaintances, clambered upon an old stove which stood sentry in one corner, perched himself on the top of it and sat there with his legs crossed, looking down lovingly at his small feet which were encased in drab *bottines*, almost too delicate for a lady's wear.

Ten minutes more and no defendant. It was a clear case of contempt of court, and the constabulary force was despatched to arrest the offender. The constabulary force of New Haven consisted of one man; he was a middle-aged tailor with a large family; we all looked at one another with a smile and a common appreciation of the chance of his fetching Bedlow in case Bill should not be willing to come. Our anticipations were perfectly realized, for in less than a quarter of an hour, Mr. Tryon reappeared—alone. Bill then boarded at the Tontine and was accustomed to order breakfast in his room, another very aristocratic habit of his. The constable had found the door locked, and, on his intimating his errand through the keyhole, Bill had given him some very bad advice through the same channel. Mr. Tryon, whose position as a member of the Church prohibited him from visiting the locality recommended by Bedlow, came incontinently back to court—an indirect reflection on the justice which that functionary did not detect—and reported his non-progress. It was a case not of *non inventus* exactly, but, to use a phrase of Texan law, *non comeatibus*. For some minutes more things remained at a dead-lock. Old Atwater beckoned to the counsel for the state, Mr. Higgins, and whispered something to him. "He's going to call out the *posse comitatus*," said one of us; but Higgins, who had recognised me as a friend of the delinquent, applied to me to act as ambassador.

"Mr. Benson," said he, "will you have the goodness to step round to Mr. Bedlow and ask him if he can't contrive *for once* to finish his breakfast by half-past eleven, and not keep us waiting till dinner-time?"

Of course I assented, and, after duly charging a neighbour to "keep my place," made the best of my way through the crowd; but I had hardly gone ten steps in the street when my journey was cut short by meeting the object of it. Bedlow took the last whiff of his cigar at the door, spit out the stump into the mouth of a stray cur, swaggered into the grocery, uncovered himself by a nod that made his cap fall off, took one hand out of his pockets just in time to catch it, elbowed the throng right and left, and dropped into a chair near the bar which a friend had instantly vacated for him. He was more dressed and looked more impudent than ever. The rear rank of students stood up on their benches; the town-loafers nearly got upon one another's shoulders. The whole audience raised itself on the stilts of expectation and stretched out the neck of anxiety.

Higgins opened the case in a "neat and appropriate" speech, setting forth the enormity of the assault. Under ordinary circumstances he might have indulged in a bit of demagogueism against the students, but our comrade's known democracy (in politics) cut off that resource. The doctor was then examined, and stated the circumstances of the scuffle. Bill, in defiance of the proverb about the man who is his own lawyer, had undertaken to manage his case himself. He cross-examined White pretty sharply, with the view of making it appear that the doctor had used expressions calculated to provoke a breach of the peace; but the attempt was not very successful. Bedlow then rose to address the court in his own defence. This was the great feature of the pro-

gramme. Bill's early reputation as a wit had not been forgotten, and most of us expected that he would turn the whole thing into a farce. Quiet ridicule of the doctor's pretensions to cure the body politic, jokes slily insinuated at the majesty of the court, a mock-heroic introduction of the eagle and the lion, and possibly some other beasts of the world's menagerie—such were our anticipations.

They were doomed to disappointment. Bedlow, to use one of our own slang phrases, got upon the high notes. He altogether mistook his line. He began by quoting Horace to the great edification of the "town-loafers;" he went on to assume a difference of position between himself and the doctor which would have been untenable in the eyes of the law had he been a member of the privileged class in a country of privileged classes, and under actual circumstances was simply insufferable. Our party looked blank; Higgins sneered; Bill saw that he was "putting his foot into it," and his habitual self-possession seemed on the point of failing him. At that moment his good genius came to his relief and created a diversion.

Four students were standing together on a small bench in the front row. The court furniture was not of the newest description, and probably never intended to be put to such a use. Quite unequal to the occasion, the ancient movable relaxed its joints. The supports spread slowly out on each side, and the four men were gradually let down upon the uncarpeted and unswept floor amid a cloud of dust and sundry strong interjections.

The audience were slightly hilarious. Bedlow joined in the laugh, observing that he "really didn't suspect his oratory was so efficacious." The justice, aroused by the damage done to his furniture, raised a lusty cry of "Order!" which was feebly echoed by the constabulary force. Johnson, from his perch on the stove made a dumb show of applauding with his kid-gloved hands. Rash youth! In a moment of forgetfulness he lost his balance, tried to recover it with a desperate wriggle, slid further down, finally clutched at the stove-pipe to save himself; and just succeeded in pulling the crazy machine after him upon the crowd below.

Tom, brought up on the toes of the man immediately under him, commenced an apology, supposing the pedal extremities upon which he had lighted to be those of a fellow student; then, finding his mistake, for the injured party was a "town-loafer" who had managed to squeeze into the front, he changed his tone, and began to curse him stoutly for being in the way. The stove-pipe was not so speedily arrested on its travels. Johnson's struggles had cast it quite loose on society, and it continued to circulate erratically, bruising shins, upsetting chairs, and causing men to back over one another, till it made its final rotation in front of Bedlow, and came to rest at his feet, as if to do him honour. "Damnation!" ejaculated old Atwater, starting off his seat, and losing head and temper together, at this fresh devastation committed on his property.

Bill's voice was heard amid the confusion suggesting that there was a fine "made and provided" against profane swearing in public.

The justice threatened to clear the court. *How* to do it might have puzzled him, even supposing the attorney for the prosecution had united his forces with those of the tailor-constable. However, something like order was speedily restored, and the old fellow then cut short any further attempts at harangue on Bedlow's part, pronouncing the assault fully proved, and inflicting "the highest penalty of the law," namely, a fine of seven dollars.

"I say, boys," quoth the incorrigible Bill, "which of you has seven dollars to lend me?" He had come, doubtless out of pure bravado, without a cent in his pocket.

And now it looked as if the problem how the court could be cleared was to receive its solution, so general was the retrograde movement. I have said that we were not famous for having much ready money about us, and our state of

impecuniosity was pretty legible on most of our faces. To have been committed in default of payment would rather have turned the tables on our friend and the joke against him. At length, after due consultation, myself and Johnson mustered two five-dollar gold pieces between us, out of which sum we discharged the fine, *plus* fifty cents costs.

It was whispered that this would be only the preliminary step to a more serious civil suit for damages on the doctor's part. That, however, never came off. A few months after circumstances compelled me to leave the law school, and I lost sight of Bedlow, as indeed of most of my associates. Once I heard dimly that he had been aide-de-camp to the Governor of New York, and had sported the handsomest uniform and best horse of the procession on that occasion; afterwards that, during a political tour, he had fallen in love, married a country girl, forsaken his profession and the chances of a public career, and settled down as a gentleman-farmer somewhere "up the river." Six years later, happening to be up the river myself, I accidentally encountered Bill at a dinner-party. He wore an old cutaway, and his boots might be described as a compromise between clean and dirty. He had a houseful of children, was a great authority on the price of apples, and talked seriously of "taking the law of" a neighbour who had trespassed on his grounds.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER MACKWORTH.

I HAVE noticed that the sayings and doings of young gentlemen, before they come to the age of, say seven or eight, are hardly interesting to any but their immediate relations and friends. I have my eye, at this moment, on a young gentleman of the mature age of two, the instances of whose sagacity and eloquence are of greater importance, and certainly more pleasant to me, than the projects of Napoleon, or the orations of Bright. And yet I fear that even his most brilliant joke, if committed to paper, would fall dead upon the public ear; and so for the present I shall leave Charles Ravenshoe to the care of Nora, and pass on to some others who demand our attention more.

The first thing which John Mackworth remembered was his being left in the *loge* of a French school at Rouen by an English footman. Trying to push back his memory farther, he always failed to conjure up any previous recollection to that. He had certainly a very indistinct one of having been happier, and having lived quietly in pleasant country places with a kind woman who talked English; but his first decided impression always remained the same—that of being, at six years old, left friendless, alone, among twenty or thirty French boys older than himself.

His was a cruel fate. He would have been happier apprenticed to a collier. If the man who sent him there had wished to inflict the heaviest conceivable punishment on the poor, unconscious, little innocent, he could have done no more than simply left him at that school. (Mackworth was long before he found out who was his benefactor—with all his cleverness he was long in finding out that. When he got into the world again he soon knew whose livery the footman who brought him wore, but he was quickly abroad again, completely baffled.) English boys are sometimes brutal to one another, (though not so often as some wish to make out,) and are always rough. Yet

I must say, as far as my personal experience goes, the French boy is entirely master in the art of tormenting. He never strikes; he does not know how to clench his fist. He is an arrant coward according to an English schoolboy's definition of the word; but at pinching, pulling hair, ear pulling, and that class of annoyance, all the natural ingenuity of his nation comes out, and he is superb; add to this a combined insolent studied sarcasm, and you have an idea of what a disagreeable French schoolboy can be.

To say that the boys at poor John Mackworth's school put all these methods of torture in force against him, and ten times more, is to give one but a faint idea of his sufferings. The English at that time were hated with a hatred which we in these sober times have but little idea of; and, with the cannon of Trafalgar ringing as it were in their ears, these young French gentlemen seized on Mackworth as a lawful prize providentially delivered into their hands. We do not know what he may have been under happier auspices, or what he may be yet with a more favourable start in another life; we have only to do with what he was. Six years of friendless persecution, of life ungraced and uncheered by domestic love, of such bitter misery as childhood alone is capable of feeling or enduring, transformed him from a child into a heartless, vindictive man.

And then, the French schoolmaster having roughly finished the piece of goods, it was sent to Rome to be polished and turned out ready for the market. Here I must leave him; I don't know the process. I have seen the article when finished and am familiar with it. I know the trade mark on it as well as I know the tower mark on my rifle. I may predicate of a glass that it is Bohemian ruby, and yet not know how they gave it the colour. I must leave descriptions of that system to Mr. Steinmetz, and men who have been behind the scenes.

The red-hot ultramontane thoroughgoing Catholicism of that pretty pervert, Lady Alicia, was but ill satisfied with the sensible, old English, cut and dried notions of the good Father Clifford. A comparison of notes with two or three other great ladies, brought about a consultation, and a letter to Rome, the result of which was that a young Englishman of presentable exterior, polite manners, talking English with a slightly foreign accent, made his appearance at Ravenshoe, and was installed as her ladyship's confessor, about eighteen months before her death.

His talents were by no means ordinary. In very few days he had guaged every intellect in the house, and found that he was by far the superior of all in wit and education; and he determined that as long as he stayed in the house he would be master there.

Densil's jealous temper sadly interfered with this excellent resolution; he was immensely angry and rebellious at the slightest apparent infringement of his prerogative, and after his parents' death treated Mackworth in such an exceedingly cavalier manner, that the latter feared he should have to move, till chance threw into his hand a whip wherewith he might drive Densil where he would. He discovered a scandalous liaison of poor Densil's, and in an indirect manner let him know that he knew all about it. This served to cement his influence until the appearance of Mrs. Ravenshoe the second, who, as we have seen, treated him with such ill-disguised contempt, that he was anything but comfortable, and was even meditating a retreat to Rome, when the conversation he overheard in the drawing-room caused him to delay, and the birth of the boy Cuthbert confirmed him in his resolution to stay.

For now, indeed, there was a prospect open to him. Here was this child delivered over to him like clay to a potter, that he might form it as he would. It should go hard but that the revenues and county influence of the Ravenshoes should tend to the glory of the church as heretofore. Only one person was in his way, and that was Mrs. Ravenshoe; after her death he was master of the situation with regard to the eldest of the

boys. He had partly guessed, ever since he overheard the conversation of Densil and his wife, that some sort of bargain existed between them about the second child; but he paid little heed to it. It was, therefore, with the bitterest anger that he saw his fears confirmed, and Densil angrily obstinate on the matter; for, supposing Cuthbert were to die, all his trouble and anxiety would avail nothing, and the old house and lands would fall to a Protestant heir, the first time in the history of the island.

Meanwhile, his behaviour towards Densil was gradually and insensibly altered. He became the free and easy man of the world, the amusing companion, the wise counsellor. He saw that Densil was of a nature to lean on some one, and he was determined it should be on him; so he made himself necessary. But he did more than this; he determined he would be beloved as well as respected, and with a happy audacity he set to work to win that poor wild foolish heart to himself, using such arts of pleasing as must have been furnished by his own mother wit, and could never have been learned in a hundred years from a Jesuit College. The poor heart was not a hard one to win; and, the day they buried poor Father Clifford in the mausoleum, it was with a mixture of pride at his own talents, and contemptuous pity for his dupe, that Mackworth listened to Densil as he told him that he was now his only friend, and besought him not to leave him—which thing Mackworth promised, with the deepest sincerity, he would not do.

CHAPTER V.

RANFORD.

Master Charles, blessed with a placid temper and a splendid appetite, throve amazingly. Before you knew where you were, he was in tops and bottoms; before you had thoroughly realized that, he was learning his letters; then there was hardly time to turn round, before he was a rosy-cheeked boy of ten.

From the very first gleam of reason, he had been put solely and entirely under the care of Mr. Snell, the old vicar, who had been with his mother when she died, and a Protestant nurse, Mrs. Varley. Faithfully had these two discharged their sacred trust; and, if love can repay such services, right well were they repaid.

A pleasant task they had though, for a more loveable little lad than Charles there never was. His little heart seemed to have an infinite capacity of affection for all who approached him. Everything animate came before him in the light of a friend, to whom he wished to make himself agreeable, from his kind old tutor and nurse down to his pony and terrier. Charles had not arrived at the time of life when it was possible for him to quarrel about women, and so he actually had no enemies as yet, but was welcomed by pleasant and kind faces wherever he went. At one time he would be at his father's knee, while the good-natured Densil made him up some fishing tackle; next you would find him in the kennel with the whipper-in, feeding the hounds, half-smothered by their boisterous welcome; then the stables would own him for a time, while the lads were cleaning up and feeding; then came a sudden flitting to one of the keeper's lodges; and anon he would be down on the sands wading with half a dozen fisher-boys as happy as himself—but welcome and beloved everywhere.

Sunday was right pleasant day for him. After the sublime felicity of seeing his father shave, and examining his gold-topped dressing-case from top to bottom—amusements which were not participated in by Cuthbert, who had grown too manly—he would haste through his breakfast, and with his clean clothes hurry down the village towards the vicarage, which stood across the stream near the church. Not to go in yet, you will observe, because the sermon, he well knew, was getting its finishing touches, and the vicar must not be disturbed. No, the old stone bridge would bring him up, and there he would stay looking at the brown crystal clear water rushing and seething among the rocks, lying dark

under the oak roots, and flashing merrily over the weir, just above the bridge; till, "flick," a silver bar would shoot quivering into the air, and a salmon would light on the top of the fall, just where the water broke, and would struggle on into the still pool above, or be beaten back by the force, to resume his attempt when he had gained breath. The trout, too, under the bridge, bless the rogues, they knew it was Sunday well enough—how they would lie up there in the swiftest places, where glancing liquid glorified the poor pebbles below into living amber, and would hardly trouble themselves to snap at the great fat, silly stoneflies that came floating down. Oh! it was a terrible place for dawdling, was that stone bridge, on a summer sabbath morn.

But now would the country folks come trooping in from far and near, for Ravenshoe was the only church for miles, and however many of them there were, every one had a good hearty West-country greeting for him. And, as the crowd increased near the church door, there was so much to say and hear, that I am afraid the prayers suffered a little sometimes.

The villagers were pleased enough to see the lad in the old carved horsebox (not to be irreverent) of a pew, beneath the screen in the chancel, with the light from the old rose window shining on his curly brown hair. The older ones would think of the haughty beautiful lady who sat there so few years ago, and oftentimes one of the more sagacious would shake his head and mutter to himself,—"Ah! if *he* were heir."

Any boy who reads this story, and I hope many will read it, is hereby advertised that it is exceedingly wrong to be inattentive in church in sermon time. It is very naughty to look up through the windows at the white clouds flying across the blue sky, and think how merrily the shadows are sweeping over the upland lawn, where the pewits' nests are, and the blackcock is crowing on the grey stones among the heather. No boy has any right to notice another boy's absence, and spend sermon time in wondering whether he is catching crabs among the green and crimson sea-weed on the rocks, or bathing in the still pool under the cliff. A boy had better not go to church at all, if he spends his time in thinking about the big trout that lies up in one of the pools in the woodlands stream, and whether he will be able to catch a sight of him again by creeping gently through the hazel and king fern. Birds' nests, too, even though it be the ringousel's, who is to lay her last egg this blessed day, and is marked for spoliation to-morrow, should be banished from a boy's mind entirely during church time. Now, I am sorry to say that Charley was very much given to wander in church, and, when asked about the sermon by the vicar next day, would look rather foolish. Let us hope that he will be a warning to all sinners in this respect.

Then, after church, there would be dinner, at his father's lunch time, in the dark old hall, and there would be more to tell his father and brother than could be conveniently got through at that meal; then there was church again, and a long stroll in the golden sunshine along the shore. Ah, happy summer sabbaths!

The only two people who were ever cold to Charley, were his brother and Mackworth. Not that they were openly unkind, but there was between both of them and himself an indefinable gulf, an entire want of sympathy, which grieved him sometimes, though he was as yet too young to be much troubled by it. He only exhausted all his little arts of pleasing towards them to try and win them; he was indefatigable in running messages for Cuthbert and the chaplain; and once, when kind grandaunt Ascot (she was a Miss Headstall, daughter of Sir Cingle Headstall, and married James, Lord Ascot, brother of Lady Alicia, Densil's mother) sent him a pineapple in a box, he took it to the priest and would have had him take it. Mackworth refused it, but looked on him not unkindly for a few minutes, and then turned away with a sigh. Perhaps he was trying to recall the time so long, long ago, when his own face was as open and as

innocent as that. God knows! Charley cried a little, because the priest wouldn't take it, and, having given his brother the best slice, ate the rest in the stable, with the assistance of his foster brother and two of the pad grooms. Thereby proving himself to be a lad of low and dissipated habits!

Cuthbert was at this time a somewhat good-looking young fellow of sixteen. Neither of the brothers was what would be called handsome, though, if Charley's face was the most pleasing, Cuthbert certainly had the most regular features. His forehead was lofty, although narrow, and flat at the sides; his cheek bones were high, and his nose was aquiline, not-ill-formed, though prominent, starting rather suddenly out below his eyes; the lips were thin, the mouth small and firmly closed, and the chin short and prominent. The *tout-ensemble* was hardly pleasing even at this youthful period; the face was too much formed and decided for so young a man.

Cuthbert was a reserved methodical lad, with whom no one could find fault, and yet whom few liked. He was studious and devout to an extent rare in one so young; and, although a capital horseman and a good shot, he but seldom indulged in those amusements, preferring rather a walk with the steward, and soon returning to the dark old library to his books and Father Mackworth. There they two would sit, like two owls, hour after hour, appearing only at meals, and talking French to one another, noticing Charley but little; who, however, was always full of news, and would tell it too, in spite of the inattention of this strange couple. Densil began to respect and be slightly afraid of his eldest son, as his superior in learning and in naturalabilities; but I think Charley had the biggest share in his heart.

Aunt Ascot had a year before sent for Cuthbert to pay her a visit at Ranford, her son's, Lord Ascot's place, where she lived with him, he being a widower, and kept house for him. Ranford, we know, contains the largest private racing stud in England, and the Ascot family for many generations have given themselves up entirely to sporting—so much so, that their marriages with other houses have been to a certain extent influenced by it; and so poor Cuthbert, as we may suppose, was quite like a fish out of water. He detested and despised the men he met there, and they, on their parts, such of them as chose to notice him, thought him a surly young book-worm; and, as for his grandaunt, he hated the very sound of that excellent lady's voice. Her abruptness, her homœopathic medicines, her Protestantism (which she was always airing), and her stable-talk, nearly drove him mad; while she, on the other hand, thought him one of the most disagreeable boys she had ever met in her life. So the visit was rather a failure than otherwise, and not very likely to be repeated. Nevertheless, her ladyship was very fond of young faces, and so, in a twelvemonth, she wrote to Densil as follows:—

"I am one mass of lumbago all round "the small of my back, and I find "nothing like opodeldoc after all. The "pain is very severe, but I suppose you "would comfort me, as a heretic, by "saying it is nothing to what I shall "endure in a few years' time. Bah! I "have no patience with you Papists, "packing better people than yourselves "off somewhere in that free-and-easy "way. By-the-bye, how is that father "confessor of yours, Markworth, or some "such name—mind me, Ravenshoe, that "fellow is a rogue, and you being, like "all Ravenshoes, a fool, there is a pair "of you. Why, if one of Ascot's "grooms was to smile as that man "does, or to whine in his speech as that "man does, when he is talking to a "woman of rank, I'd have him dis-"charged on the spot, without warning, "for dishonesty.

"Don't put a penny on Ascot's horse "at Chester; he will never stay over "the Cup course. Curfew, in my "opinion, looks by no means badly for "the Derby; he is scratched for the "Two Thousand—which was necessary, "though I am sorry for it, &c. &c. &c.

"I wish you would send me your "boy, will you? Not the eldest: the "Protestant one. Perhaps he mayn't "be such an insufferable coxcomb as "his brother."

At which letter Densil shook his honest sides with uproarious laughter. "Cuthbert, my boy," he said, "you have won your dear aunt's heart entirely; though she, being determined to mortify the flesh with its affections, does not propose seeing you again, but asks for Charley. The candour of that dear old lady increases with her age. You seem to have been making your court too, Father; she speaks of your smile in the most unqualified terms."

"Her ladyship must do me the honour to quiz me," said Mackworth. "If it is possible to judge by her eye, she must like me about as well as a mad dog."

"*Pour moi, mon père*," said Cuthbert, curling up the corners of his thin lips sardonically, "I shall be highly content to leave my dear aunt in the peaceable enjoyment of her favourite society of grooms, horse-jockies, blacklegs, dissenting ministers, and suchlike. A month in that house, my dear Charley, will qualify you for a billiard marker; and, after a course of six weeks, you will be fit to take the situation of croupier in a low hell on a race-course. How you will enjoy yourself, my dear!"

"Steady, Cuthbert, steady," said his father; "I can't allow you to talk like that about your cousin's house. It is a great house for field sports, but there is not a better conducted house in the kingdom."

Cuthbert lay over on the sofa to fondle a cat, and then continued speaking very deliberately, in a slightly louder voice,—

"I will allow my aunt to be the most polite, intellectual, delicate-minded old lady in creation, my dearest father, if you wish it; only, not having been born (I beg her pardon, dropped) in a racing stable, as she was herself, I can hardly appreciate her conversation always. As for my cousin, I consider him a splendid sample of an hereditary legislator. Charley, dear, you won't go to church on Sunday afternoon at Ranford; you will go into the croft with your cousin to see the chickens fed. Ascot is very curious in his poultry, particularly on Sunday afternoon. Father, why does he cut all the cocks' tails square?"

"Pooh, pooh," said Densil, "what matter; many do it, besides him. Don't you be squeamish, Cuthbert—though, mind you, I don't defend cock-fighting on Sunday.

Cuthbert laughed and departed, taking his cat with him.

Charley had a long coach-journey of one day, and then an awful and wonderful journey on the Great Western Railway as far as Twyford—alighting at which place, he was accosted by a pleasant-looking, fresh-coloured boy, dressed in close-fitting cord trousers, a blue handkerchief, spotted with white, and a Scotch cap, who said,—

"Oh! I'm your cousin, Welter. I'm the same age as you, and I'm going to Eton next half. I've brought you over Tiger, because Punch is lame, and the station-master will look after your things; so we can come at once."

The boys were friends in two minutes; and, going out, there was a groom holding two ponies—on the prettiest of which Charley soon found himself seated, and jogging on with his companion towards Henley.

I like to see two honest lads, just introduced, opening their hearts to one another, and I know nothing more pleasant than to see how they rejoice as each similarity of taste comes out. By the time these two had got to Henley-bridge, Welter had heard the name of every horse in the Ravenshoe stables, and Charley was rapidly getting learned in Lord Ascot's racing stud. The river at Henley distracted his attention for a time, as the biggest he had seen, and he asked his cousin, "Did he think the Mississippi was much bigger than that now?" and Lord Welter supposed, "oh dear, yes, a great deal bigger," he should say. Then there was more conversation about dogs and guns, and pleasant country places to ride through; then a canter

over a lofty breezy down, and then the river again, far below, and at their feet the chimneys of Ranford.

The house was very full; and, as the boys came up there was a crowd of phaetons, dog-carts, and saddle-horses, for the people were just arriving home for dinner after the afternoon drive, and, as they had all been to the same object of attraction that afternoon, they had all come in together and were loitering about talking, some not yet dismounted, and some on the steps. Welter was at home at once, and had a word with every one; but Charley was left alone, sitting on his pony, feeling very shy, till, at last, a great brown man with a great brown moustache, and a gruff voice, came up to him and lifted him off the horse, holding him out at arm's length for inspection.

"So you are Curly Ravenshoe's boy, hey?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Ha!" said the stranger, putting him down, and leading him towards the door, "just tell your father you saw General Mainwaring, will you, and that he wanted to know how his old friend was."

Charley looked at the great brown hand which was in his own, and thought of the Affghan war, and of all the deeds of renown that that hand had done, and was raising his eyes to the general's face when they were arrested half-way by another face, not the general's.

It was that of a handsome, grey-headed man, who might have been sixty, he was so well conservé, but who was actually far more. He wore his own white hair, which contrasted strongly with a pair of delicate thin black eyebrows. His complexion was florid, with scarcely a wrinkle, his features were fine and regular, and a pair of sparkling dark grey eyes gave a pleasant light to his face. His dress was wondrously neat, and Charley, looking on him, guessed, with a boy's tact, that he was a man of mark.

"Whose son did you say he was, general?" said the stranger.

"Curly's!" said Mainwaring, stopping and smiling.

"No, really!" said the other; and then he looked fixedly at Charley and began to laugh, and Charley, seeing nothing better to do, looked up at the grey eyes and laughed too, and this made the stranger worse; and then, to crown the joke, the general began to laugh too, though none of them had said a syllable more than what I have written down; and at last the ridiculous exhibition finished up by the old gentleman taking a great pinch of snuff from a gold box, and turning away.

Charley was much puzzled, and was still more so when, in an hour's time, having dressed himself and being on his way down stairs to his aunt's room, who had just come in, he was stopped on a landing by this same old gentleman, beautifully dressed for dinner, who looked on him as before.

He didn't laugh this time, but he did worse. He utterly "dumbfoundered" Charley by asking abruptly,—

"How's Jim?"

"He is very well, thank you, sir. His wife, Nora, nursed me when mamma died."

"Oh, indeed," said the other; "so he hasn't cut your father's throat yet, or anything of that sort."

"Oh, dear, no," said Charley, horrified; "bless you, what can make you think of such things? Why, he is the kindest man in the world."

"I don't know," said the old gentleman, thoughtfully; "that excessively faithful kind of creature is very apt to do that sort of thing. I should discharge any servant of mine who exhibited the slightest symptoms of affection as a dangerous lunatic;" with which villainous sentiment he departed.

Charley thought what a strange old gentleman he was for a short time, and then slid down the banisters. They were better banisters than those at Ravenshoe, being not so steep, and longer; so he went up, and slid down again; after which he knocked at his aunt's door.

It was with a beating heart that he waited for an answer. Cuthbert had described Lady Ascot as such a horrid

old ogress, that he was not without surprise when a cheery voice said, "Come in," and, entering a handsome room, he found himself in presence of a noble-looking old lady, with grey hair, who was netting in an upright, old-fashioned chair.

"So you are Charley Ravenshoe, eh?" she began. "Why, my dear, you must be perished with cold and hunger. I should have come in before, but I didn't expect you so soon. Tea will be here directly. You ain't a beauty, my dear, but I think I shall like you. There never was but one really handsome Ravenshoe, and that was poor Petre, your grandfather. Poor Alicia made a great fool of herself, but she was very happy with him. Welter, you naughty boy, be still."

The Right Honourable Viscount Welter wanted his tea, and was consequently troublesome and fractious. He had picked a quarrel with his grandmother's terrier, which he averred had bitten him in the leg, and he was now heating the poker, in order, he informed the old lady, to burn the place out, and prevent hydrophobia. Whether he would have done so or not we shall never know now, for, tea coming in at that moment, he instantly sat down at table, and called to Charley to do likewise.

"Call Miss Adelaide, will you, Sims?" said Lady Ascot; and presently there came tripping into the room the loveliest little blonde fairy, about ten years old, that ever you saw. She fixed her large blue eyes on Charley, and then came up and gave him a kiss, which he, the rogue, returned with interest, and then, taking her seat at the table, she turned to Welter, and hoped he was going to be good.

Such, however, it soon appeared, was not his lordship's intention. He had a guest at table, and he was bound in honour to show off before him, besides having to attend to his ordinary duty of frightening his grandmother as nearly into fits as was safe. Accordingly, he commenced the repast by cramming buns into his mouth, using the handle of his knife as a rammer, until the salvation of his life appeared an impossibility, at which point he rose and left the room with a rapid, uneven step. On his reappearance he began drinking, but, having caught his grandmother's eye over his teacup, he winked at her, and then held his breath till he was purple, and she begun to wring her hands in despair. All this time he was stimulated by Charley's laughter and Adelaide's crying out, continually, "Oh, isn't he a naughty boy, Lady Ascot? oh, do tell him not to do it." But the crowning performance of this promising young gentleman—the feat which threw everything else into the shade, and which confirmed Charley in his admiration of his profound talents—was this. Just as a tall, grave, and handsome footman was pouring water into the teapot, and while her ladyship was inspecting the operation with all the intense interest of an old tea-maker, at that moment did Lord Welter contrive to inflict on the unfortunate man a pinch on the leg, of such a shrewdly agonising nature as caused him to gnash his teeth in Lady Ascot's face, to cry aloud, "Oh, Lord!", to whirl the kettle within an inch of her venerable nose, and, finally, to gyrate across the room on one leg, and stand looking like the king of fools.

Lady Ascot, who had merely seen the effect, and not the cause, ordered him promptly to leave the room, whereupon Welter explained, and afterwards continued to Charley, with an off-hand candour quite his own, as if no such person as his grandmother was within a hundred miles,—

"You know, Charley, I shouldn't dare to behave like this if my tutor was at home; she'd make nothing of telling him, now. She's in a terrible wax, but she'll be all right by the time he comes back from his holidays; won't you, grandma?"

"You wicked boy," she replied, "I hope Hawtrey will cure you; Keate would have, I know."

The boys slid on the banisters; then they went to dessert. Then they went up-stairs, and looked over Welter's cricket apparatus, fishing tackle, and so

on ; and then they went into the billiard-room, which was now lighted up and full of guests.

There were two tables in the room, at one of which a pool was getting up, while the other was empty. Welter was going to play pool, and Charley would have liked to do so too, being a very tolerable player ; only he had promised his old tutor not to play for money till he was eighteen, and so he sat in the corner by the empty table, under the marking-board, with one leg gathered under him, and instantly found himself thinking about the little girl he had seen upstairs.

Once or twice he was surprised to find himself thinking so much about her, but he found it a pleasant subject, too, for he had sat in his corner more than half an hour without changing it, when he became aware that two men were taking down cues from the rack, and were going to play at his table.

They were his two friends of the afternoon, general Mainwaring and the grey-headed man who laughed. When they saw him they seemed glad, and the old gentleman asked him why he wasn't playing.

"I musn't play pool," he answered. "I should like to mark for you."

"Well said, my hero," said the general : "and so Jim's an honest man, is he ?"

Charley saw that the old gentleman had told the general what had passed on the stairs, and wondered why he should take such an interest in him ; but he soon fell to thinking about little Adelaide again, and marking mechanically though correctly.

He was aroused by the general's voice.—"Who did you mark that last miss to, my little man ?" he said.

"To the old gentleman," said Charley, and then blushed at the consciousness of having said a rude thing.

"That is one for you, Methusaleh," said the general.

"Never mind," said the old gentleman, "I have one great source of pride, which no one can rob me of ; I am twelve years older than I look."

They went on playing. "By-the-bye," said the General, "who is that exceedingly pretty child that the old lady has got with her ?"

"A child she has adopted," said the old gentleman. "A granddaughter of an old friend who died in poverty. She is a noble-hearted old soul, the jockey, with all her absurdities."

"Who was she ?" asked the General. "(That was rather a fluke, was it not ?)"

"She! Why, a daughter of old Cingle Headstall's, the mad old Cheshire baronet—you don't remember him, of course, but your father knew him. Drove his tandem round and round Berkeley Square for four hours on a foggy night, under the impression he was going home to Hounslow, and then fired at the watchman who tried to put him right, taking him for a highwayman. The son went to France, and was lost sight of in the revolution ; so the girl came in for what money there was : not very much I take it. This poor thing, who was pretty and clever enough, but without education, having been literally brought up in a stable, captivated the sagacious Ascot, and made him a capital wife."

"I suppose she'll portion this girl, then; you say she had money ?"

"H'm," said the old gentleman, "there's a story about the aforesaid money, which is told in different ways, but which amounts to this,—that the money is no more. Hallo, our marker is getting sleepy."

"Not at all, sir," said Charley. "If you will excuse me a moment I will come back."

He ran across to Welter, who was leaning on his cue. "Can you tell me," said he, "who is that old gentleman ?"

"Which old gentleman ?"

"That one, with the black eyebrows, playing with General Manwaring. There he is taking snuff."

"Oh, *him*," said Welter ; "that is Lord Saltire."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WARREN HASTINGS.

Time, the inexorable, kept mowing away at poor Charley's flowers until the dis-

agreeable old creature had cut them all down but two or three, and mowed right into the morning when it was necessary that he should go home; and then Charley, looking forward through his tears, could see nothing at first but the very commonest grass. For was he not going to leave Adelaide, probably never to see her again? In short, Charley was in love, and going to separate from the object of his affections for the first time; at which I request you will not laugh, but just reflect how old you were yourself when you first fell in love.

The little flirt, she must have waited till she heard him coming out of his room, and then have pretended to be coming up stairs all in a hurry. He got a kiss or a dozen though, and a lock of hair, I believe, but he hadn't much time to think about it, for Lord Ascot was calling out for him, and, when he got into the hall, there was all the household to see him off. Everybody had a kind word for him; the old lady cried; Lord Saltire and the general shook hands; Welter said it was a beastly sell; and Lord Ascot hummed and hawed, and told him to tell his father he had been a good boy. They were all sorry he was going, and he felt as though he was leaving old friends; but the carriage was there, and the rain was pouring down; and, with one last look at the group of faces, he was in the carriage and away.

It was a terrible day, though he did not notice it at first. He was thinking how pleasant it was that the people were all so kind to him, just as kind as they were at home. He thought of Adelaide, and wondered whether she would ever think of him. He was rather glad that Welter was such a naughty boy (not really naughty you know), because she would be less likely to like him. And then he thought how glad the people at home would be to see him; and then he looked out of window. He had left Lord Ascot's carriage and got into the train sometime before this. Now he saw that the train was going very slowly, and nothing was visible through the driving rain. Then he tried to remember whether he had ever heard his father speak of Lord Saltire, and what he had heard about him; and, thinking about this, the train stopped. Swindon!

He got out to go to the refreshment room, and began wondering what the noise was which prevented him from hearing any one when they spoke, and why the people looked scared and talked in knots, then he found that it was the wind in the roof; and some one told him that a chimney had been blown across the line, and they must wait till it was removed.

All the day the brave engine fought westward against the wind, and two hours after time Charley found himself in the coach which would take him to Stonnington. The night crept on, and the coach crawled on its way through the terrible night, and Charley slept. In the cold pitiless morning, as they were going over a loftily exposed moor, the vehicle, though only going foot's pace, stood for an instant on two wheels, and then fell crashing over on to a heap of road-side stones, awaking Charley, who, being unhurt, lay still for five minutes or so, with a faint impression of having been shaken in his sleep, and, after due reflection, made the brilliant discovery that the coach was upset.

He opened the door over his head and jumped out. For an instant he was blinded by the stinging rain, but turned his back to it; and then, for the first time, he became aware that this was the most terrible gale of wind he had ever seen in his lifetime.

He assisted the coachman and guard, and the solitary outside passenger, to lead the poor horses along the road. They fought on for about two hundred yards, and came to an alehouse, on the sight of which Charley knew that they were two stages short of where he thought they had been, for this was the Watershed Inn, and the rain from its roof ran partly into the Bristol channel and partly into the British.

After an hour's rest here Charley was summoned to join the coach in the valley below, and they crawled on again. It was a weary day over some very bleak country. They saw in one place a cottage unroofed on a moor, and the

terrified family crouched down beneath the tottering walls. In the valleys great trees were down across the road, which were cross-cut and moved by country men, who told of oaks of nine hundred years fallen in the night, and corn stacks hurried before the blast like the leaves of autumn. Still, as each obstacle was removed, there was the guard up blowing his horn cheerily, and Charley was inside with a jump, and on they went.

At last, at three o'clock, the coach drove under the gate of the Chichester Arms, at Stonnington, and Charley, jumping out, was received by the establishment with the air of people who had done a clever thing, and were ready to take their meed of praise with humility. The handsome landlady took great credit to herself for Charley's arrival—so much so, that one would have thought she herself had single-handed dragged the coach from Exeter. "*She* had been sure all along that Mr. Charles would come." A speech which, with the cutting glance that accompanied it, goaded the landlord to retort in a voice wheezy with good living, and to remind her that she had said, not ten minutes before, that she was quite sure he wouldn't; whereupon the landlady loftily begged him not to expose himself before the servants. At which the landlord laughed, and choked himself; at which the landlady slapped him on the back, and laughed too; after which they went in.

His father, the landlord told him, had sent his pony over, as he was afraid of a carriage on the moor to-day, and that, if he felt at all afraid to come on, he was to sleep where he was. Charley looked at the comfortable parlour and hesitated; but, happening to close his eyes an instant, he saw as plain as possible the library at home, and the flickering firelight falling on the crimson and oak furniture, and his father listening for him through the roaring wind; and so he hesitated no longer, but said he would push on, and that he would wish to see his servant while he took dinner.

The landlord eyed him admiringly with his head on one side, and proceeded to remark that corn was down another shilling; that Squire West had sold his chesnut mare for one hundred and twenty pounds; and that if he kept well under the walls going home he would be out of the wind; that his missis was took poorly in the night with spasms, and had been cured by two wine-glasses of peppermint; that a many chimney-pots was blown down, and that old Jim Baker had heard tell as a pig was blowed through the church window. After which he poked the fire and retired.

Charley was hard at his dinner when his man came in. It was the oldest of the pad grooms,—a man with grizzled hair, looking like a white terrier; and he stood before Charley smoothing his face with his hand.

"Hallo, Michael," said Charley, "how came you to come?"

"Master wouldn't send no other, sir. It's a awful day down there; there's above a hundred trees down along the road."

"Shall we be able to get there?"

"As much as we shall, sir."

"Let us try. Terrible sea, I suppose?"

"Awful to look at, sir. Mr. Mackworth and Mr. Cuthbert are down to look at it."

"No craft ashore?"

"None as yet. None of our boats is out. Yesterday morning a Pill boat, 52, stood in to see where she was and beat out again, but that was before it came on so bad."

So they started. They pushed rapidly out of the town, and up a narrow wooded valley which led to the moor which lay between them and Ravenshoe. For some time they were well enough sheltered, and made capital way, till the wood began to grow sparer, and the road to rise abruptly. Here the blast began to be more sensibly felt, and in a quarter of a mile they had to leap three uprooted trees; before them they heard a rushing noise like the sea. It was the wind upon the moor.

Creeping along under the high stone walls and bending down, they pushed on still, until, coming to the open moor, and

receiving for the first time the terrible tornado full in their faces, the horses reared up and refused to proceed; but, being got side by side, and their heads being homeward, they managed to get on, though the rain upon their faces was agonising.

As they were proceeding thus, with Michael on the windward side, Charley looked up, and there was another horseman beside him. He knew him directly; it was Lloyd's agent.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Lewis, any ship ashore?" he shouted.

"Not yet," said the agent. "But there'll be many a good sailor gone to the bottom before to-morrow morning, I'm thinking. This is the heaviest gale for forty years."

By degrees they descended to more sheltered valleys, and after a time found themselves in the court-yard of the hall. Charley was caught up by his father; the agent was sent to the housekeeper's room; and very soon Charley had forgotten all about wind and weather, and was pouring into his father's ear all his impressions of Ranford.

"I am glad you liked it," said Densil, "and I'll be bound they liked you. You ought to have gone first; Cuthbert don't suit them."

"Oh, Cuthbert's too clever for them," said Charley; "they are not at all clever people, bless you!" And only just in time too, for Cuthbert walked into the room.

"Well, Charley," he said coolly, "so you're come back. Well, and what did you think of Welter, eh? I suppose he suited you?"

"I thought him very funny, Cuthbert," said Charley timidly.

"I thought him an abominable young nuisance," said Cuthbert. "I hope he hasn't taught you any of his fool's tricks."

Charley wasn't to be put off like this; so he went and kissed his brother, and then came back to his father. There was a long dull evening, and when they went to complines he went to bed. Up in his room he could hear that the wind was worse than ever, not rushing up in great gusts and sinking again as in ordinary gales, but keeping up one continued unvarying scream against the house, which was terrible to hear.

He got frightened at being alone; afraid of finding some ghostly thing at his elbow, which had approached him unheard through the noise. He began, indeed, to meditate upon going down stairs, when Cuthbert, coming into the next room, reassured him, and he got into bed.

This wasn't much better though, for there was a thing in a black hood came and stood at the head of his bed, and, though he could not see it, he could feel the wind of its heavy draperies as it moved. Moreover, a thing like a caterpillar, with a cat's head, about two feet long, came creep-creeping up the counterpane; which he valiantly smote, and found it to be his handkerchief—and still the unvarying roar went on till it was unendurable.

He got up and went to his brother's room, and was cheered to find a light burning; he came softly in and called "Cuthbert."

"Who is there?" asked he, with a sudden start.

"It's I," said Charley; "can you sleep?"

"Not I," said Cuthbert, sitting up. "I can hear people talking in the wind. Come into bed; I'm so glad you're come."

Charley lay down by his brother, and they talked about ghosts for a long time. Once their father came in with a light from his bed-room next door, and sat on the bed talking, as if he, too, was glad of company, and after that they dozed off and slept.

It was in the grey light of morning that they awoke together and started up. The wind was as bad as ever, but the whole house was still, and they stared terrified at one another.

"What was it?" whispered Charles.

Cuthbert shook his head and listened again. As he was opening his mouth to speak it came again, and they knew it was that which woke them. A sound like a single footstep on the floor above,

light enough, but which shook the room. Cuthbert was out of bed in an instant, tearing on his clothes. Charley jumped out too, and asked him, "What is it?"

"A gun!"

Charles well knew what awful disaster was implied in those words. The wind was N.W., setting into the bay. The ship that fired that gun was doomed.

He heard his father leap out of bed and ring furiously at his bell. Then doors began to open and shut, and voices and rapid footsteps were heard in the passage. In ten minutes the whole terrified household were running hither and thither, about they hardly knew what. The men were pale, and some of the women were beginning to whimper and wring their hands; when Densil, Lewis the agent, and Mackworth, came rapidly down the staircase and passed out. Mackworth came back, and told the women to put on hot water and heat blankets. Then Cuthbert joined him, and they went together; and directly after Charley found himself between two men-servants, being dragged rapidly along towards the low headland which bounded the bay on the east.

When they came to the beach, they found the whole village pushing on in a long straggling line the same way as themselves. The men were walking singly, either running, or going very fast; and the women were in knots of twos and threes, straggling along and talking excitedly, with much gesticulation.

"There's some of the elect on board, I'll be bound," Charles heard one woman say, "as will be supping in glory this blessed night."

"Ay, ay," said an older woman, "I'd sooner be taken to rest sudden, like they're going to be, than drag on till all the faces you know are gone before."

"My boy," said another, "was lost in a typhoon in the China sea. (Darn they lousy typhoons!) I wonder if he thought of his mother afore he went down."

Among such conversation as this, with the terrible, ceaseless thunder of the surf upon his left, Charley, clinging tight to his two guardians, made the best weather of it he could, until they found themselves on the short turf of the promontory, with their faces seaward, and the water right and left of them. The cape ran out about a third of a mile, rather low, and then abruptly ended in a cone of slate, beyond which, about two hundred yards at sea, was that terrible sunken rock, "the Wolf," on to which, as sure as death, the flowing tide carried every stick which was embayed. The tide was making; a ship was known to be somewhere in the bay; it was blowing a hurricane; and what would you more?

They hurried along as well as they could among the sharp slates which rose through the turf, until they came to where the people had halted. Charley saw his father, the agent, Mackworth, and Cuthbert together, under a rock; the villagers were standing around, and the crowd was thickening every moment. Every one had his hand over his eyes, and was peering due to windward through the driving scud.

They had stopped at the foot of the cone, which was between them and the sea, and some more adventurous had climbed partly up it, if, perhaps, they might see further than their fellows; but in vain: they all saw and heard the same—a blinding white cauldron of wind-driven spray below, and all around, filling every cranny—the howling storm.

A quarter of an hour since she fired last, and no signs of her yet! She must be carrying canvas and struggling for life, ignorant of the four-knot stream. Some one says she may have gone down, —hush! who spoke?

Old Sam Evans had spoken. He had laid his hand on the squire's shoulder, and said, "There she is." And then arose a hubbub of talking from the men, and every one crowded on his neighbour and tried to get nearer. And the women moved hurriedly about, some moaning to themselves, and some saying, "Ah, poor dear!" "Ah, dear Lord! there she is, sure enough."

She hove in sight so rapidly that, almost as soon as they could be sure of a dark object, they saw that it was a ship—a great ship about 900 tons; that she was dismasted, and that her decks were crowded. They could see that she was unmanageable, turning her head hither and thither as the sea struck her, and that her people had seen the cliff at the same moment, for they were hurrying aft, and crowding on to the bulwarks.

Charley and his guardians crept up to his father's party. Densil was standing silent, looking on the lamentable sight; and, as Charley looked at him, he saw a tear run down his cheek, and heard him say, "Poor fellows!" Cuthbert stood staring intently at the ship, with his lips slightly parted. Mackworth, like one who studies a picture, held his elbow in one hand, and kept the other over his mouth; and the agent used his pocket-handkerchief openly.

It is a sad sight to see a fine ship beyond control. It is like seeing one one loves gone mad. Sad under any circumstances, how terrible it is when she is bearing on with her in her mad Bacchante's dance a freight of living, loving human creatures, to untimely destruction!

As each terrible feature and circumstance of the catastrophe became apparent to the lookers-on, the excitement became more intense. Forward and in the waist there were a considerable body of seamen clustered about under the bulwarks—some half-stripped. In front of the cuddy door, between the poop and the mainmast, twenty soldiers were drawn up, with whom were three officers, to be distinguished by their blue coats and swords. On the quarter deck were seven or eight women, two apparently ladies, one of whom carried a baby. A well-dressed man, evidently the captain, was with them; but the cynosure of all eyes was a tall man in white trousers, at once and correctly judged to be the mate, who carried in his arms a little girl.

The ship was going straight upon the rock, now only marked as a whiter spot upon the whitened sea, and she was fearfully near it, rolling and pitching, turning her head hither and thither, fighting for her life. She had taken comparatively little water on board as yet; but now a great sea struck her forward, and she swung with her bow towards the rock, from which she was distant not twenty yards. The end was coming. Charley saw the mate slip off his coat and shirt, and take the little girl. He saw the lady with the baby rise very quietly and look forward; he saw the sailors climbing on the bulwarks; he saw the soldiers standing steady in two scarlet lines across the deck; he saw the officers wave their hands to one another, and then he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

They told him after how the end had come; she had lifted up her bows defiantly, and brought them crashing down upon the pitiless rock as though in despair. Then her stern had swung round, and a merciful sea broke over her, and hid her from their view, though above the storm they plainly heard her brave old timbers crack; then she floated off, with bulwarks gone, sinking, and drifted out of sight round the headland, and, though they raced across the headland, and waited a few breathless minutes for her to float round into sight again, they never saw her any more. The Warren Hastings was gone down in fifteen fathom. And now there was a new passion introduced into the tragedy, to which it had hitherto been a stranger—Hope. The wreck of part of the mainmast and half the main-topmast, which they had seen, before she struck, lumbering the deck, had floated off, and there were three, four, five men clinging to the futtock shrouds; and then, with a shout, they saw the mate with the child hoist himself on to the spar, and part his dripping hair from his eyes.

The spar had floated into the bay, into which they were looking, into much calmer water; but, directly to leeward, the swell was tearing at the black slate rocks, and in ten minutes they would be on them. Every man saw the danger, and Densil, running down to the water's edge, cried,—

"Fifty pound to any one who will take 'em a rope! Fifty gold sovereigns down to-night! Who's going?"

Jim Mathews was going, and had been going before he heard of the fifty pound —that was evident; for he was stripped, and out on the rocks with the rope round his waist. He stepped from the bank of slippery seaweed into the heaving water, and then his magnificent limbs were in full battle with the tide. A roar announced his success. As he was seen clambering on to the spar, a stouter rope was payed out; and very soon it and its burden were high and dry upon the little half-moon of sand which ended the bay.

Five sailors, the first mate, and a bright-eyed little girl were their precious prize. The sailors lay about upon the sand, and the mate, untying the shawl that bound her to him, put the silent and frightened child into the hands of a woman who stood close by.

The poor little thing was trembling in every limb. "If you please," she said to the woman, "I should like to go to mamma. She is standing with baby on the quarterdeck. Mr. Archer, will you take me back to mamma, please? She will be frightened if we stay away."

"Well, a deary me," said the honest woman, "she'll break my heart, a darling; mamma's in heaven, my tender, and baby too."

"No, indeed," said the child, eagerly; "she is on the quarter-deck. Mr. Archer, Mr. Archer!"

The mate, a tall, brawny, whiskerless, hard-faced man, about six-and-twenty, who had been thrust into a pea-coat, now approached.

"Where's mamma, Mr. Archer?" said the child.

"Where's mamma, my lady-bird? Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"And where's the ship, and Captain Dixon, and the soldiers?"

"The ship, my pretty love," said the mate, putting his rough hand on the child's wet hair; "why the good ship, Warren Hastings, Dixon, master, is a-sunk beneath the briny waves, my darling; and all aboard of her, being good sailors and brave soldiers, is doubtless at this moment in glory."

The poor little thing set up a low wailing cry, which went to the hearts of all present; then the women carried her away, and the mate, walking between Mackworth and Densil, headed the procession homeward to the hall.

"She was the Warren Hastings, of 900 tons," he said, "from Calcutta, with a detachment of the 120th on board. The old story,—dismasted, both anchors down, cables parted, and so on. And now I expect you know as much as I do. This little girl is daughter to Captain Corby, in command of the troops. She was always a favourite of mine, and I determined to get her through. How steady those sojers stood, by jingo, as though they were on parade. Well, I always thought something was going to happen, for we had never a quarrel the whole voyage, and that's curious with troops. Capital crew, too. Ah, well, they are comfortable enough now, eh, sir?"

That night the mate arose from his bed like a giant refreshed with wine, and posted off to Bristol to "her owners," followed by a letter from Densil, and another from Lloyds' agent, of such a nature that he found himself in command of a ship in less than a month. Periodically, unto this day, there arrive at Ravenshoe, bows and arrows (supposed to be poisoned), paddles, punkahs, rice-paper screens; a malignant kind of pickle, which causeth the bowels of him that eateth of it to burn; wicked-looking old gods of wood and stone; models of Juggernaut, his car; brown earthenware moonshees, translating glazed porcelain bibles; and many other Indian curiosities, all of which are imported and presented by the kind-hearted Archer.

In a fortnight the sailors were gone, and save a dozen or so of new graves in the churchyard, nothing remained to tell of the Warren Hastings but the little girl saved so miraculously—little Mary Corby.

She had been handed over at once to the care of the kind-hearted Norah, Charles's nurse, who instantaneously

loved her with all her great warm Irish heart, and about three weeks after the wreck gave Charles these particulars about her, when he went to pay her a visit in the cottage behind the kennels.

After having hugged him violently, and kissed him till he laughingly refused to let her do it again till she had told him the news, she began,—"The beauty-boy, he gets handsomer every day" (this might be true, but there was great room for improvement yet), "and comes and sees his old nurse, and who loves him so well, alanna? It's little I can tell ye about the little girl, me darlin'. She's nine years old, and a heretic, like yer own darlin' self, and whose to gainsay ye from it? She's book-learned enough, and play she says she can, and I axed her would she like to live in the great house, and she said no. She liked me, and wanted to stay with me. She cries about her mother, a dear, but not so much as she did, and she's now inside and asleep. Come here, Avick."

She bent down her handsome face to Charley's ear, and whispered, "If my boy was looking out for a little wee fairy wife, eh?"

Charley shook his hair, and laughed, and there and then told Norah all about Adelaide, which attachment Norah highly approved of, and remarked that he'd be old enough to be married before he knew where he was.

In spite of Densil's letters and inquiries, no friends came forward to claim little Mary. In a very short time Densil gave up inquiring, and then he began dreading lest she should be taken from him, for he had got wonderfully fond of the quiet, pale, bright-eyed little creature. In three months she was considered as a permanent member of the household, and the night before Charley went to school he told her of his grand passion. His lordship considered this step showed deep knowledge of the world, as it would have the effect of crushing in the bud any rash hopes which Mary might have conceived; and, having made this provision for her peace of mind, he straightway departed to Shrewsbury school.

(*To be continued.*)

ETON.

It is probable that before long there will be a call for a revision of the Eton constitution. In age, wealth, prominence, and importance to the country, Eton comes next to the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge: it was to be expected, therefore, that her turn would follow theirs in the process of educational reform. And, indeed, the Cambridge Reform Commissioners were invested with powers for examining, if necessary, the case of Eton, and proceeding accordingly; but they appear only to have used this power *in terrorem*, to overcome the reluctance of the Eton authorities to consent to the reforms of King's College, Cambridge. Probably they found the task of bringing Cambridge University to accept even a slender modicum of reform quite difficult and disagreeable enough: and had no desire for an extension of it. We have had, however, various signs, from the most different quarters, that the public mind is turned or turning to this subject. Ordinary remonstrances, with the average admixture of error and exaggeration, can often be silently crushed by the weight of influence which old, famous, and independent bodies possess; but such treatment could hardly be applied to the pamphlet of Sir J. Coleridge. That eminent old Etonian has written with a most thorough knowledge of the subject, and in a strain of affectionate though not indiscriminate

eulogy. He has avoided every appearance of making a direct attack on Eton, —to a degree almost laughable, when he entitles his pamphlet "A Lecture on Public Schools;" so that, in fact, the only fault we can find with him is, that he has tempered his judicial severity with a little too much of partial tenderness. Even thus, what he does say shows that he strongly feels the imperative need of reform.

It will be well, in discussing this question, to disconnect it entirely from the general controversy between public and private schools. The arguments for both have been frequently well put forward, and appear adapted rather to balance than to meet each other; in the case of individual boys the choice between them may often be determined by individual circumstances; but it is almost certain that, in England, public schools will always maintain their advantage. There can be no doubt that they are a most natural outgrowth of the English mind; that they embody most characteristically that spirit which pervades our whole political and social system; and which draws from foreigners so loud a note of mingled wonder, censure, and admiration. But the general public school system is considerably modified in the case of each school by its peculiar institutions; and it will be more profitable, as well as more convenient, to discuss these separately.

The only danger lest the question should not be thoroughly examined arises from the fact, that there has been of late so much written, said, and done, about educational reform. The upper classes, the middle classes, the lower classes—all have had their turns in the general sifting that the education of the country has undergone. The average mind, whose interest for the public weal is more or less largely adulterated by the desire of hearing some new thing, is beginning to get tired of the whole business, and to think that we might now let it rest awhile. It may be doubted whether we ought ever to let it rest; whether we ought not to accept a continual state of change, not as an ideal condition of our educational system, but as the best thing that we can practically get. We have by this time outgrown the presumption of imagining that we can ever make institutions for all time; and the worst evils of change are less than those that result from forcing one age to work in the harness of another. And let no one point, in the serenity of self-satisfaction, to the great and glorious results produced by any institution in former times. Such an appeal is appropriate in Cathay, but certainly not among us. All that now exists, all that we hold most precious, is derived from changes, against which the same appeal might have been made with equal force.

But it may be asked, Why not trust to the wisdom of the educating bodies themselves, and the indirect pressure of public opinion, to effect the necessary changes, without any direct external action? And there can be no doubt that the great improvement which has taken place, during the last thirty years, in our public schools has been effected almost entirely in the former way.[1] But some of these bodies are so predisposed by their constitution to retain the old and refuse the new, without fairly considering the intrinsic merits of either, that they cannot be entirely trusted with the work of their own reform. A plain statement of the case will, perhaps, enable us to judge whether Eton be one of these or not.

The first fact we have to notice, which will, we think, much amaze the uninitiated, is this; that, although the Eton masters are justly considered the best paid members of their profession, the salary that each receives for his regular work in school is under 45*l.* per annum. This is the only part of their income which is fixed; the remainder, which is derived from private pupils, is fluctuating, and, therefore, hard to estimate. As, however, it has been much exaggerated, we shall try to approximate to it. We believe the income of an assistant master, who has not a boarding-house, to vary between 600*l.* and 900*l.* per annum, while one who has a house makes

between one and two thousand. It may happen that an old and privileged master exceeds the highest of these estimates; or a peculiarly unlucky newcomer falls below the lowest; but, on the whole, we think they will be found correct. We see, therefore, that the actual income of a master is at least twelve times that which he receives from King Henry the Sixth's foundation; while, at the same time, the work for which he is paid 45*l.* may be reckoned as taking up a third of his time. For this work, therefore, he is ludicrously underpaid; it follows, as a matter of course, that he must be paid very highly for the remainder. This discrepancy between the two payments is evidently in itself an evil: it must *tend* to produce a proportionate inferiority in the underpaid work. With a high-principled and conscientious body like the Eton masters, this tendency will, of course, be much weakened, but operate it must, to a certain extent. Again, it is desirable that a schoolmaster's income should be partially fluctuating, and influenced by competition; but that it should be liable to so great variation, from the effect perhaps of mere fancy or fortune, while his work is by no means increased or diminished in the same ratio, is unfair and unadvisable. But the worst result, to which we shall again have occasion to allude, is this; that, since the masters are thus almost entirely dependent on their pupils for support, and since each fresh pupil, while he adds 20*l.* to their income, adds very little to their work, they are naturally inclined to take more pupils than they otherwise would, and, as we think, more than they ought.

How, then, is the money of this royal and wealthy foundation absorbed, that it pays its masters at the rate of the lowest usher in the commonest grammar school?

The answer is easy. The foundation supports, besides the masters and seventy scholars, seven fellows and a provost. The exact income of a fellow is of course known only to his fortunate self and brethren; but we may estimate it at about 1,000*l.* a year. This he receives for doing a minimum of work; and it may be doubted whether this minimum might not most advantageously be dispensed with.

Let us look into the relations of this sinecurist and absorptive body; we may find that we have here a great cause of the evils of Eton, or at least a great obstacle to their removal.

The simple fact of sinecurism, without excuse, gives us a presumption against them. They form a perfect specimen of those "comfortable bodies," which our ruthless reforming age has insisted upon making uncomfortable, where it has not swept them away altogether. They are a useless relic of past ages—a remnant of the monastic life; ideally, a life of self-denying and learned seclusion, actually so often a life of luxurious and unlearned sloth. It is one of the justest praises of our own times, that we are honest, sincere, and earnest, in endeavouring to give "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work;" and not otherwise.

It is true, that the fellowships at the universities have escaped the general destruction; but only for two weighty reasons, viz. as prizes to stimulate youth to intellectual exertions, and means for assisting it, when talented and poor, through the early unproductive years of our learned professions. The income of these fellowships, too, is comparatively small, and in most cases only sufficient to answer these two ends. It is true that these reasons do not cover the case of a bachelor retaining his fellowship through life; but here we must speak our own decided opinion—the opinion of a large and influential body at both universities—that in this point the reform has not been thorough. Here, however, another strange relic of monasticism, in itself objectionable, exercises a counteracting force; and the public, while it does not compel these sinecurists to work, has at least a grim satisfaction in not allowing them to marry.

But it is said in favour of the Eton fellowships, that they are useful as retiring pensions for the masters. Let us examine this excuse.

The simplest answer is, that retiring pensions are not needed at Eton. An Eton master begins with an income of usually about 800*l.* and rises to one of usually about 1,500*l.* a year. When we consider how much lower are the payments given to others of the same profession, of at least equal ability, who have no retiring pension to look forward to, we feel that there is no hard-heartedness in saying, that every Eton master ought to save enough to support him in his declining years. We may remember, too, that he is in a situation of peculiar advantage with respect to that which every paterfamilias feels to be the chief source of his expense and anxiety, namely, the education of his children.

But even supposing that retiring pensions of this large amount were desirable, we can easily show that the present system is very ill adapted for properly bestowing them.

In the first place, these fellowships are confined to clergymen. Now, in every school, the lay element among the masters is, or ought to be, very considerable. The necessity of this, and the evil that would result from leaving our education entirely in the hands of clergymen, is now fully recognised; and from the present course of public feeling, we may infer that it will be daily more and more felt. While we protest against the extreme view, which some hold,[1] that educational work is in no sense work of the ministry, and therefore a schoolmaster cannot conscientiously take orders, we think that laymen ought, as much as possible, to be encouraged to devote themselves to education. And, since at present they cannot hope for any of the first places in their profession, nor look forward, as clergymen can, to other work as a relief after the fatigues of a schoolmaster's life, it is apparent that they, if any, ought to have these retiring pensions, from which they are expressly excluded. The additional evil, too, must be noticed;—that this restriction of the fellowships induces men to take orders who would not otherwise do so. This result is on every account to be regretted; and that it does not exist in theory only, even among the most high-principled body of men, any resident at either university can tell.

We have alluded to the resources possessed by clerical schoolmasters of retiring to easy parochial work. If the fellowships were done away with, these resources might be most conveniently and fully secured to the Eton masters. The numerous livings, now in the gift of the fellows, might be offered to them in succession as they fell vacant. Under the present system they would of course be rejected with scorn by all who could look forward to a fellowship. It might naturally be supposed that the corporate body would give these livings away in its corporate capacity; as it is, they form a nice piece of patronage for the friends and relatives of the fellows, as a casual reference to the Clergy List will prove.

But there is another reason which would render the Eton fellowships a bad system for the award of retiring pensions, which also constitutes an objection against their existing at all; the fact that the fellows form a small co-operative body, with perfectly uncontrolled freedom of choice, and no subsequent tests of their election. Bodies of this kind are peculiarly liable to the temptation of choosing for other reasons than that of simple desert. The abuse we allude to has been known to creep in even at the universities, where the co-opting bodies are larger, where they distinctly profess to elect according to proficiency in learning, and where a bad choice may reflect subsequent disgrace on themselves. There is a danger of such a body being unduly influenced by merely social reasons: there is a still greater danger of family motives making themselves felt—a greater danger, both because the abuse is worse in itself, and because it is harder to eradicate. This

[1] We are sorry to hear that Bishop Villiers refuses to ordain schoolmasters in his diocese. But the law at present allows individual bishops too much licence of private tyranny: and Lord Shaftesbury's protegés are beginning to make this generally felt.

influence, when admitted in one instance, is irresistible in a second, and the members become bound together in a sort of a mutual complicity in family jobbery, which the smallness of their numbers makes it easier to perpetuate. We are not drawing a picture of the existing state of things at Eton—far from it; such a charge would be most invidious, and, as far as we know, untenable; but we can have no guarantee against such things occurring there as elsewhere.

But it may be urged that the fellows actually have some slight amount of work—they administer the college revenues, and preach in chapel to the boys. This is true; but so unfortunate is their relation to the school in its present state and with its present wants, that their work is almost equally undesirable with their idleness. In the first place, being a number of old men, who have lived from boyhood within a narrow circle of traditions—as they have all proceeded from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, and back again to Eton—it may easily be conceived that they are an ultra-conservative and obstructive body. But, as the force of this general objection will not be felt by all, in order to particularize, it will be necessary to enter more fully into the constitution of the school, and allude to some of the practical complaints which have been brought against its present working.

There are at Eton about 70 collegers, or boys on the foundation, who live in the college buildings; and about 750 oppidans, *i.e.*, boys living in dames' or masters' houses. The oppidans are, therefore, ten times as numerous as the collegers; and there is no doubt, that, in the eye of the world, they are more than ten times as important. It is they that have made Eton what it is; it is to their class, without a single exception, that the long roll of names belongs in which an Etonian glories. Sir J. Coleridge, in his admirable lecture, has told us that oppidans were provided for in the original design of the founder. This is a new and interesting view of the subject: the rigidly mediæval mind has hitherto regarded the collegers as the only boys belonging to the foundation, and, therefore, the true Etonians; and the oppidans as really only the private pupils of the head master.

Now the natural result of the Eton system is, that the school is under a kind of double government; of the provost and fellows on the one hand, as administrators of the college funds, and the head master on the other. This double government is not in itself an evil. Most public schools are similarly under the control of trustees or governors, who, if they are sensible men, do not clog the working of the school; they form a useful check on an imprudent head master, while they let a wise one have pretty much his own way. But the result of the peculiar constitution of Eton, and the narrow sphere in which the fellows have lived, is that they are imbued with the above-mentioned mediæval theory: and, while they are not wanting in care for the collegers, they refuse to consider themselves bound to do anything at all for the oppidans. A short-sighted and unfair policy, even on their own grounds; for the first-rate teachers, of whose instructions the collegers reap the benefit, are paid, as we have seen, chiefly by the oppidans: not to mention the enormous social advantages which the collegers derive from the fact that Eton is what it is, instead of a mere grammar school of seventy boys. But such is the policy too often pursued. For instance, there is now an imperative need of new school buildings at Eton. Various evils result from the present confined state of the school. Sir J. Coleridge has alluded to one, viz. that mathematics has now to be taught in a private building, so that an important branch of education is degraded in the eyes of the boys. The new buildings would cost at least 10,000*l*. Will it be believed that the fellows will only furnish a very small portion of this sum from the funds of the foundation? so that, for the rest, recourse must be had to private subscription; that is, an appeal *ad misericordiam* must be made to old Etonians, or the parents of the oppidans, who already pay so much,

must be still further taxed. It would be most unjust to attribute this strange parsimony either to laziness or selfishness; the fellows have, we believe, spared neither trouble nor expense where the benefit of these would be reaped exclusively by the collegers; but the deficiencies of a system are obvious, which thus perniciously narrows the scope of the best intentions.

Let us now turn to the case of the assistants. It is against them that the heaviest complaints have been brought; against their quality, their number, and their work.

With regard to the first count there has been considerable exaggeration. It is, no doubt, an evil that they should all up to a late period have been taken from a single college at Cambridge, and that a small one; but no Cambridge man would have questioned the classical reputation of King's. Obscure it may be called, as it made no appearance in the class lists, and was so much cut off from the rest of the university; but a slight reference to the list of university scholarships and prizes in the Cambridge calendar—the only honours formerly open to King's men—will speedily place its merits on their true footing. The Triposes were, a few years ago, thrown open to the King's men; and, though it was some little time before they entered with alacrity into the novel competition, they are now bidding fair to stand second to none in classics, as the classical Tripos list for 1860 shows. Here we find four King's men, out of the six who went in, in a first class consisting of eleven, two of these four being first and fourth. The size, however, of the college is quite inadequate to the supply of masters to a school like Eton; which Dr. Goodford has seen, and consequently introduced the principle of selecting indifferently out of the whole number of old Etonians. We hope, however, that he will go further than this, and do away with all restriction of choice altogether—that he will not be bound by the irrational prejudice which, grotesquely parodying the popular maxim, refuses to have any but an "Eton man in an Eton place."

It is not merely that, even under his system, the supply of fit candidates barely equals the demand. The best scholarship will not compensate for the general narrowness produced by such a selection, a narrowness tending to perpetuate routine, however obsolete, and oppose reforms, however desirable. That there should be a preponderance among the assistants of Etonians, who can best understand and appreciate the system under which they were trained, is natural and right; that all others should be excluded, unnatural and wrong.

In the other two complaints, which, in fact, amount to one—that the number of assistants is too small and consequently their work too great—there appears to be more truth. They are led to take so many private pupils, that they cannot give to each the attention that the parents have a right to expect. This probably arises, as we before observed, from the fact that this "private business," as it is called, is the only lucrative part of an assistant's work. No doubt, Dr. Goodford has done much by making a rule, that no new master shall have more than forty pupils; but we wish he had put the limit lower, and made the rule apply to all. We sympathize with his *motives* in not disturbing old masters who had already more; but it does seem a peculiarly inappropriate application of the principle of vested interests. If the limit was a lower one, say thirty, there would be about five more assistants required, and the incomes of all would be diminished: to compensate, we would propose an increased rate of payment for school-work, which would also remedy the already noticed inequality in the ratio of the two kinds of payment. This might be easily done if a portion of the money now absorbed by the fellows were set free; but, as long as the system remains unaltered, there is no chance of it.

But, further, supposing the new masters procured, where are they to be lodged? Here again the obstructiveness of the fellows meets us. Each new assistant

would require a new house with a pupil-room; and it is well known that every available house at Eton, within the narrow bounds that the authorities prescribe, is occupied. Now a large part of the land within these bounds is the property of the College. Is there any hope that they will swerve from the principles on which they have hitherto gone?—viz. not to enlarge the bounds, not to build, and not to give any facilities for building. Every one knows what a ruinous speculation house-building is, when undertaken without a large supply of experience and capital; and can sympathize with any Eton master who may have his net income considerably diminished, and his anxieties increased, by being tempted to engage in it without these qualifications.

Such work is exactly that which this wealthy unoccupied corporation is called upon to undertake; and we cannot but regret that its principles or prejudices lead it to throw this work on the shoulders of busy individuals.

Again, Sir J. Coleridge draws, with perhaps unconscious irony, the following ideal of what might take place, if the assistants had less drudgery, and more time for self-cultivation, and could hold reunions for mutual converse and counsel. "I presume," he says, "that "such a movement on their part "would be met in a congenial and "co-operative spirit by the higher "authorities; the college library should "be thrown open to them—there "could be no better place for their "meetings—and they should be ad-"mitted into free and friendly council "in whatever improvement was con-"templated for school or college." We dare say that the Eton fellows ignore, as a body, the assistants, out of whom they have immediately risen. We know that they have refused, though solicited, to admit them to the college library; and that the most Utopian assistant, would not, in his wildest moments, dream of being admitted to "free and friendly council," &c.

We must now close our remarks on this part of the subject. We should deeply regret, if what we have said should cause pain to any one, but we have thought it best to speak plainly. We believe that the actual fellows of Eton are entitled to our highest respect; which, of course, only makes our case stronger. It only shows the universality of the rule that men are sure to be injuriously influenced by being placed in unfortunate relations. Few men, suddenly transferred from a sphere of confined drudgery to 1,000*l.* a year, and nothing to do, would be likely to become useful members of society. Few men, who had grown old within a narrow circle of traditions, would avoid overestimating their value; and few men, with these and other disabling circumstances, would be likely to make good governors to a school like Eton, which, more than any other, ought to keep pace with the advance of the age. That a Royal Commission will be called for, sooner or later, to revise the Eton constitution, we do not doubt; we only hope that it may be sooner rather than later. When it is appointed, the first thing it will have to consider will be whether the fellowships are to exist at all in their present state; and if so, whether their value, their number, the work attached to them, and the share they confer in the government of the school, are to be left unaltered.

Of course, an obvious suggestion is, that some additional definite work should be given them; but it is hard to see how this is to be done. Even the function of preaching in chapel which they at present fulfil, seems hardly adapted for them. Dr. Arnold's view—now generally acted upon—was that the head master should be also the preacher; and this plan, if occasionally sermons from assistants are admitted, is surely the best. The difficult task of influencing boy-nature through sermons can only be well performed by those who are brought into daily contact with their hearers. And as to anything else, when Sir John Coleridge suggests that the fellows should conduct the half yearly examinations, and also improve the boys' minds by lecturing on

general subjects of interest, we cannot help feeling that his mind has entirely wandered from the dull reality in pursuit of a pleasing ideal. Any attempt of this sort would, we think, only make the need of a radical change more keenly felt. When this time of change comes, every respect will be paid—it always is—to vested interests; but we hope that no inopportune reverence for obsolete forms, and the letter of the founder's will, may prevent the utmost being done to make Eton more fit for the glorious work she has undertaken—that of educating the aristocracy of England.

We have not yet spoken of the provost; and we have not indeed much to say about him. The most ruthless reformer could not have the heart to prevent the realisation of the charming picture, which Sir J. Coleridge draws of him; nor need the most conscientious one object to a single sinecure, of this kind, in the gift of the Crown, which might always be so well bestowed. One likes to think of some old diplomatist or statesman, world-worn and longing for retirement, here devoting himself to study, and to the infusion of a new and cheering element into the social life of Eton. There would always be many an old Etonian—perhaps one who, though earnest and talented, had not been thoroughly successful in the great struggle of the world—who would thankfully hail this opportunity of returning to dwell in the lovely and beloved spot, where he might quietly, and without effort, be of so much real service.[1]

There is one more point deserving especial notice. It is the fact, observed with regret by several old Etonians, that the scholastic attainments of the oppidans, as compared with the collegers, have lately so markedly declined. To inquire into the causes of this, and to attempt its removal, would be among the first duties of any revising Commission. The decline is to a great measure only comparative, being due to the improvement effected in the foundation by throwing it open to competitive examination; but it is also positive, we fear, to some extent. Sir J. Coleridge is disposed to attribute it vaguely to general neglect. But two definite causes can be assigned for it: first, the want of any incentive for the oppidans to work, while the collegers have their progress continually tested by successive examinations, up to the time of their leaving the school; secondly, the fact that the concentrating into one body, separate from the rest of the school, talent and application above the average, tends to injure these qualities among the rest, by forming a contrast between talent and application on the one hand, and wealth, rank, and idleness on the other; and this contrast itself, when once formed, tends perpetually to increase. With regard to the first of these causes, two remedies may be suggested: first, the foundation of exhibitions for the oppidans, to be held at school. These exhibitions must evidently be considered merely as honours and rewards of merit, and not at all as charities, or their effect will be neutralised. Next, the prizes for essays, poems, &c. may be made more operative as a stimulus to work, by giving them more publicity, and more *éclat*. A simple method of doing this would be to publish the successful compositions, as is done at the universities, and at some schools. The second cause seems to show that the reforms of the foundation, most commendable in themselves, have not produced unmingled good. It is hard to see how to remedy it thoroughly, except by doing away altogether with "college," as it now exists, *i.e.* by transforming it into a number of scholarships, perfectly open (so that the stigma, to which boys are peculiarly sensitive, of receiving charity, might be removed), and by destroying as much as possible the social separation that now exists between foundationers and non-foundationers. It will of course be said, that it would be wasting the funds of a charity thus to

[1] It is interesting to be told that the saddened and humbled spirit of the fallen Bacon yearned after this office. Had King James granted his request, it would have derived fresh lustre, from the most signal instance on record of fame lost in the forum and won in the closet.

throw them open to the rich; but practically it is found in similar cases, that they are only even apparently wasted to a very slight extent. For, among the educated classes, the poor are so much more numerous than the rich, and work, on the whole, so much harder, that they will always carry off more than nine-tenths of the rewards of talent and application, if impartially given; and the vast advantage accruing both to rich and poor, from this equality and universality of competition, would many times compensate the apparent waste. The parallel case of the universities naturally occurs to the mind. Every university man will feel how much it would neutralise the beneficial effect of a foundation to exclude the rich from it, and how bad a strongly marked social separation between the scholars and commoners of a college would be for both classes. The present system at Eton also fosters the too prevalent notion that the sons of the rich are really sent to school for other reasons, than to learn what the school professes to teach. We cannot imagine a more pernicious belief: especially as the attempt to keep it concealed from the boys themselves is always futile. If the parents look upon the school instruction simply as a means of keeping the boys out of mischief, we may be sure that it will soon become, as such, quite inoperative. We are told that education is not instruction; and no doubt the spectacle of an instructed but uneducated man—what is called a mere scholar—is most lamentable. But instruction—undertaken as a reality and not a farce—is an indispensable element in every education: a truism which fathers who are men of the world, and even the muscular and social among the educators themselves, are sometimes in danger of forgetting. We have heard Eton praised for the democratic spirit that exists among the boys. The praise is perfectly just in a certain sense: but the prevailing tone in Eton, as in other public schools, may be better described as that of a broad-bottomed oligarchy—an oligarchy, of course, paying no respect to the ranks, as such, of the outer world. Whether this oligarchy is based upon right principles or not, is a question of the deepest importance for the school. Let us trust that it may always be so at Eton, and that there physical strength, gymnastic skill, and social talents, may ever yield in influence to real intellectual pre-eminence and deep earnestness of character.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARY IN MAYFAIR.

On the night which our hero spent by the side of the river, with the results detailed in the last chapter, there was a great ball in Brook Street, Mayfair. It was the height of the season; and, of course, balls, concerts, and parties of all kinds were going on in all parts of the Great Babylon, but the entertainment in question was *the* event of that evening. Persons behind the scenes would have told you at once, had you happened to meet them, and enquire on the subject during the previous ten days, that Brook Street was the place in which everybody who went anywhere ought to spend some hours between eleven and three on this particular evening. If you did not happen to be going there, you had better stay quietly at your club, or elsewhere, and not speak of your engagements for that night.

A great awning had sprung up in the course of the day over the pavement in front of the door, and as

the evening closed in, tired lawyers and merchants, on their return from the City, and the riders and drivers on their way home from the park, might have seen Holland's men laying red drugget over the pavement, and Gunter's carts coming and going, and the police "moving on" the street boys and servant-maids, and other curious members of the masses, who paused to stare at the preparations.

Then came the lighting up of the rooms, and the blaze of pure white light from the uncurtained ball-room windows spread into the street, and the musicians passed in with their instruments. Then, after a short pause, the carriages of a few intimate friends, who came early at the hostess's express desire, began to drive up, and the Hansom cabs of the contemporaries of the eldest son, from which issued guardsmen and Foreign-office men, and other dancing-youth of the most approved description. Then the crowd collected again round the door—a sadder crowd now to the eye of any one who has time to look at it; with sallow, haggard-looking men here and there on the skirts of it, and tawdry women joking and pushing to the front, through the powdered footmen, and linkmen in red waistcoats, already clamorous and redolent of gin and beer, and scarcely kept back by the half-dozen constables of the A division, told off for the special duty of attending and keeping order on so important an occasion.

Then comes a rush of carriages, and by eleven o'clock the line stretches away half round Grosvenor Square, and moves at a foot's-pace towards the lights, and the music, and the shouting street. In the middle of the line is the comfortable chariot of our friend, Mr. Porter—the corners occupied by himself and his wife, while Miss Mary sits well forward between them, her white muslin dress looped up with sprigs of heather spread delicately on either side over their knees, and herself in a pleasant tremor of impatience and excitement.

"How very slow Robert is to-day, mamma! we shall never get to the house."

"He cannot get on faster, my dear. The carriages in front of us must set down, you know."

"But I wish they would be quicker. I wonder whether we shall know many people? Do you think I shall get partners?"

Not waiting for her mother's reply, she went on to name some of her acquaintance, whom she knew would be there, and bewailing the hard fate which was keeping her out of the first dances. Mary's excitement and impatience were natural enough. The ball was not like most balls. It was a great battle in the midst of the skirmishes of the season, and she felt the greatness of the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter had for years past dropped into a quiet sort of dinner-giving life, in which they saw few but their own friends and contemporaries. They generally left London before the season was at its height, and had altogether fallen out of the ball-giving and party-going world. Mary's coming out had changed their way of life. For her sake they had spent the winter at Rome, and, now that they were at home again, were picking up the threads of old acquaintance, and encountering the disagreeables of a return into habits long disused and almost forgotten. The giver of the ball was a stirring man in political life, rich, clever, well connected, and much sought after. He was an old schoolfellow of Mr. Porter's, and their intimacy had never been wholly laid aside, notwithstanding the severance of their paths in life. Now that Mary must be taken out, the Brook Street house was one of the first to which the Porters turned, and the invitation to this ball was one of the first consequences.

If the truth must be told, neither her father or mother were in sympathy with Mary as they gradually neared the place of setting down, and would far rather have been going to a much less imposing place, where they could have driven up at once to the door, and would not have been made uncomfortable by the shoutings of their names from servant to

servant. However, after the first plunge, when they had made their bows to their kind and smiling hostess, and had passed on into the already well-filled rooms, their shyness began to wear off, and they could in some sort enjoy the beauty of the sight from a quiet corner. They were not long troubled with Miss Mary. She had not been in the ball-room two minutes before the eldest son of the house had found her out and engaged her for the next waltz. They had met several times already, and were on the best terms; and the freshness and brightness of her look and manner, and the evident enjoyment of her partner, as they laughed and talked together in the intervals of the dance, soon attracted the attention of other young men, who began to ask one another, "Who is Norman dancing with?" and to ejaculate with various strength, according to their several temperaments, as to her face, and figure, and dress.

As they were returning towards Mrs. Porter, Norman was pulled by the sleeve more than once, and begged to be allowed to introduce first one and then another of his friends.

Mary gave herself up to the fascination of the scene. She had never been in rooms so perfectly lighted, with such a floor, such exquisite music, and so many pretty and well-bred looking people, and she gave herself up to enjoy it with all her heart and soul, and danced and laughed and talked herself into the good graces of partner after partner, till she began to attract the notice of some of the ill-natured people who are to be found in every room, and who cannot pardon the pure, and buoyant, and unsuspecting mirth which carries away all but themselves in its bright stream. So Mary passed on from one partner to another, with whom we have no concern, until at last a young lieutenant in the guards, who had just finished his second dance with her, led up a friend whom he begged to introduce. "Miss Porter —Mr. St. Cloud;" and then, after the usual preliminaries, Mary left her mother's side again and stood up by the side of her new partner.

"It is your first season I believe, Miss Porter?"

"Yes, my first in London."

"I thought so; and you have only just come to town?"

"We came back from Rome six weeks ago, and have been in town ever since."

"But I am sure I have not seen you anywhere this season until to-night. You have not been out much yet?"

"Yes, indeed; papa and mamma are very good natured, and go wherever we are asked to a ball, as I am fond of dancing."

"How very odd! and yet I am quite sure I should have remembered it if we had met before in town this year."

"Is it so very odd?" asked Mary, laughing: "London is a very large place. It seems very natural that two people should be able to live in it for a long time without meeting."

"Indeed, you are quite mistaken. You will find out very soon how small London is—at least, how small society is; and you will get to know every face quite well—I mean the face of every one in society."

"You must have a wonderful memory?"

"Yes, I have a good memory for faces, and, by the way, I am sure I have seen you before; but not in town, and I cannot remember where. But it is not at all necessary to have a memory to know everybody in society by sight; you meet every night almost; and altogether there are only two or three hundred faces to remember. And then there is something in the look of people, and the way they come into a room or stand about, which tells you at once whether they are amongst those whom you need trouble yourself about."

"Well, I cannot understand it. I seem to be in a whirl of faces, and can hardly ever remember any of them."

"You will soon get used to it. By the end of the season you will see that I am right. And you ought to make a study of it, or you will never feel at home in London."

"I must make good use of my time

then. I suppose I ought to know everybody here, for instance?"

"Almost everybody."

"And I really do not know the names of a dozen people."

"Will you let me give you a lesson?"

"Oh, yes; I shall be much obliged."

"Then let us stand here, and we will take them as they pass to the supper-room."

So they stood near the door-way of the ball-room, and he ran on, exchanging constant nods and remarks with the passers-by, as the stream flowed to and from the ices and cup, and then rattling on to his partner with the names and short sketches of the characters and peculiarities of his large acquaintance. Mary was very much amused, and had no time to notice the ill nature of most of his remarks; and he had the wit to keep within what he considered the most innocent bounds.

"There, you know him of course," he said, as an elderly soldier-like looking man with a star, passed them.

"Yes; at least, I mean I know him by sight. I saw him at the Commemoration at Oxford last year. They gave him an honorary degree on his return from India."

"At Oxford! Were you at the Grand Commemoration then?"

"Yes. The Commemoration Ball was the first public ball I was ever at."

"Ah! that explains it all. I must have seen you there. I told you we had met before. I was perfectly sure of it."

"What! were you there, then?"

"Yes. I had the honour of being present at your first ball, you see."

"But how curious that you should remember me!"

"Do you really think so? Surely there are some faces which, once seen, one can never forget."

"I am so glad that you know dear Oxford."

"I know it too well, perhaps, to share your enthusiasm."

"How do you mean?"

"I spent nearly three years there."

"What, were you at Oxford last year?"

"Yes; I left before Commemoration: but I went up for the gaieties, and I am glad of it, as I shall have one pleasant memory of the place now."

"Oh, I wonder you don't love it! But what college were you of?"

"Why, you talk like a graduate. I was of St. Ambrose."

"St. Ambrose! That is my college!"

"Indeed! I wish we had been in residence at the same time."

"I mean that we almost lived there at the Commemoration."

"Have you any relation there, then?"

"No, not a relation, only a distant connexion."

"May I ask his name?"

"Brown. Did you know him?"

"Yes. We were not in the same set. He was a boating man, I think?"

She felt that he was watching her narrowly now, and had great difficulty in keeping herself reasonably composed. As it was she could not help showing a little that she felt embarrassed, and looked down; and changed colour slightly, busying herself with her bouquet. She longed to continue the conversation, but somehow the manner of her partner kept her from doing so. She resolved to recur to the subject carelessly, if they met again, when she knew him better. The fact of his having been at St. Ambrose made her wish to know him better, and gave him a good start in her favour. But for the moment she felt that she must change the subject; so, looking up, she fixed on the first people who happened to be passing, and asked who they were.

"Oh, nobody. Constituents, probably, or something of that sort."

"I don't understand."

"Why, you see, we are in a political house to-night. So you may set down the people whom nobody knows, as troublesome ten-pounders, or that kind of thing, who would be disagreeable at the next election, if they were not asked."

"Then you do not include them in society?"

"By no manner of means."

"And I need not take the trouble to remember their faces?"

"Of course not. There is a sediment of rubbish at almost every house. At the parties here it is political rubbish. To-morrow night, at Lady Aubrey's—you will be there, I hope?"

"No, I think not."

"I am sorry for that. Well, there we shall have the scientific rubbish; and at other houses you see queer artists, and writing people. In fact, it is the rarest thing in the world to get a party where there is nothing of the kind, and, after all, it is rather amusing to watch the habits of the different species."

"Well, to me the rubbish, as you call it, seems much like the rest. I am sure those people were ladies and gentlemen."

"Very likely," he said, lifting his eyebrows; "but you may see at a glance that they have not the air of society. Here again, look yourself. You can see that these are constituents."

To the horror of St. Cloud, the advancing constituents made straight for his partner.

"Mary, my dear!" exclaimed the lady, "where have you been? We have lost you ever since the last dance."

"I have been standing here, mamma," she said; and then, slipping from her late partner's arm, she made a demure little bow, and passed into the ball-room with her father and mother.

St. Cloud bit his lip, and swore at himself, under his breath, as he looked after them. "What an infernal idiot I must have been not to know that her people would be sure to turn out something of that sort!" thought he. "By Jove, I'll go after them, and set myself right, before the little minx has time to think it over!" He took a step or two towards the ball-room, but then thought better of it, or his courage failed him. At any rate, he turned round again, and sought the refreshment-room, where he joined a knot of young gentlemen indulging in delicate little raised pies and salads, and liberal potations of iced claret or champagne cup. Amongst them was the guardsman, who had introduced him to Mary, and who received him, as he came up, with—

"Well, St. Cloud, I hope you're alive to your obligations to me."

"For shunting your late partner on to me? Yes, quite."

"You be hanged!" replied the guardsman; "you may pretend what you please now, but you wouldn't let me alone till I had introduced you."

"Are you talking about the girl in white muslin with fern leaves in her hair?" asked another.

"Yes; what do you think of her?"

"Devilish taking, I think. I say, can't you introduce me? They say she has tin."

"I can't say I think much of her looks," said St. Cloud, acting up to his principle of telling a lie sooner than let his real thoughts be seen.

"Don't you?" said the guardsman. "Well, I like her form better than anything out this year. Such a clean stepper! You should just dance with her."

And so they went on, criticizing Mary and others of their partners, exactly as they would have a stud of racers, till they found themselves sufficiently refreshed to encounter new labours, and broke up, returning in twos and threes towards the ball-room.

St. Cloud attached himself to the guardsman, and returned to the charge.

"You seem hit by that girl," he began. "Have you known her long?"

"About a week—I met her once before to-night."

"Do you know her people? Who is her father?"

"A plain-headed old party—you wouldn't think it to look at her—but I hear he is very solvent."

"Any sons?"

"Don't know. I like your talking of my being hit, St. Cloud. There she is; I shall go and try for another waltz."

The guardsman was successful, and carried off Mary from her father and mother, who were standing together watching the dancing. St. Cloud, after looking them well over, sought out the hostess, and begged to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Porter, gleaning, at the

same time, some particulars of who they were. The introduction was effected in a minute, the lady of the house being glad to get any one to talk to the Porters, who were almost strangers amongst her other guests. She managed, before leaving them, to whisper to Mrs. Porter that he was a young man of excellent connexions.

St. Cloud made the most of his time. He exerted himself to the utmost to please, and, being fluent of speech, and thoroughly satisfied with himself, had no shyness or awkwardness to get over, and jumped at once into the good graces of Mary's parents. When she returned after the waltz, she found him, to her no small astonishment, deep in conversation with her mother, who was listening with a pleased expression to his small talk. He pretended not to see her at first, and then begged Mrs. Porter to introduce him formally to her daughter, though he had already had the honour of dancing with her.

Mary put on her shortest and coldest manner, and thought she had never heard of such impertinence. That he should be there talking so familiarly to her mother after the slip he had made to her was almost too much even for her temper. But she went off for another dance, and again returned and found him still there; this time entertaining Mr. Porter with political gossip. The unfavourable impression began to wear off, and she soon resolved not to make up her mind about him without some further knowledge.

In due course he asked her to dance again, and they stood up in a quadrille. She stood by him looking straight before her, and perfectly silent, wondering how he would open the conversation. He did not leave her long in suspense.

"What charming people your father and mother are, Miss Porter!" he said; "I am so glad to have been introduced to them."

"Indeed! You are very kind. We ought to be flattered by your study of us, and I am sure I hope you will find it amusing."

St. Cloud was a little embarrassed by the rejoinder, and was not sorry at the moment to find himself called upon to perform the second figure. By the time he was at her side again he had recovered himself.

"You can't understand what a pleasure it is to meet some one with a little freshness"—he paused to think how he should end his sentence.

"Who has not the air of society," she suggested. "Yes, I quite understand."

"Indeed, you quite mistake me. Surely, you have not taken seriously the nonsense I was talking just now?"

"I am a constituent, you know—I don't understand how to take the talk of society."

"Oh, I see, then, that you are angry at my joke, and will not believe that I knew your father perfectly by sight. You really cannot seriously fancy that I was alluding to any one connected with you;" and then he proceeded to retail the particulars he had picked up from the lady of the house, as if they had been familiar to him for years, and to launch out again into praises of her father and mother. Mary looked straight up in his face, and, though he did not meet her eye, his manner was so composed, that she began to doubt her own senses, and then he suddenly changed the subject to Oxford and the Commemoration, and by the end of the set could flatter himself that he had quite dispelled the cloud which had looked so threatening.

Mary had a great success that evening. She danced every dance, and might have had two or three partners at once, if they would have been of any use to her. When, at last, Mr. Porter insisted that he would keep his horses no longer, St. Cloud and the guardsman accompanied her to the door, and were assiduous in the cloak-room. Young men are pretty much like a drove of sheep; any one who takes a decided line on certain matters, is sure to lead all the rest. The guardsman left the ball in the firm belief, as he himself expressed it, that Mary "had done his business for life;" and, being quite above concealment, persisted in singing her praises over his

cigar at the club, to which many of the dancers adjourned; and from that night she became the fashion with the set in which St. Cloud lived. The more enterprising of them, he amongst the foremost, were soon intimate in Mr. Porter's house, and spoke well of his dinners. Mr. Porter changed his hour of riding in the park at their suggestion, and now he and his daughter were always sure of companions. Invitations multiplied, for Mary's success was so decided, that she floated her astonished parents into a whirl of balls and breakfasts. Mr. Porter and his wife were flattered themselves, and pleased to see their daughter admired and enjoying herself; and in the next six weeks Mary had the opportunity of getting all the good and the bad which a girl of eighteen can extract from a London season.

The test was a severe one. Two months of constant excitement, of pleasure-seeking pure and simple, will not leave people just as they found them; and Mary's habits, and thoughts, and ways of looking at and judging of people and things, were much changed by the time that the gay world melted away from Mayfair and Belgravia, and it was time for all respectable people to pull down the blinds and shut the shutters of their town houses.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHAT CAME OF THE NIGHT-WATCH.

The last knot of the dancers came out of the club, and were strolling up St. James's Street, and stopping to chaff the itinerant coffee vendor, who was preparing his stand at the corner of Piccadilly for his early customers, just about the time that Tom was beginning to rouse himself under the alder tree, and stretch his stiffened limbs, and sniff the morning air. By the time the guardsman had let himself into his lodgings in Mount Street, our hero had undergone his unlooked-for bath, and was sitting in a state of utter bewilderment as to what was next to be said or done, dripping and disconcerted, opposite to the equally dripping, and, to all appearance, equally disconcerted, poacher.

At first he did not look higher than his antagonist's boots and gaiters, and spent a few seconds by the way in considering whether the arrangement of nails on the bottom of Harry's boots was better than his own. He settled that it must be better for wading on slippery stones, and that he would adopt it, and then passed on to wonder whether Harry's boots were as full of water as his own, and whether corduroys, wet through, must not be very uncomfortable so early in the morning, and congratulated himself on being in flannels.

And so he hung back for second after second, playing with any absurd little thought that would come into his head and give him ever so brief a respite from the effort of facing the situation, and hoping that Harry might do or say something to open the ball. This did not happen. He felt that the longer he waited the harder it would be. He must begin himself. So he raised his head gently, and took a sidelong look at Harry's face, to see whether he could not get some hint for starting, from it. But scarcely had he brought his eyes to bear, when they met Harry's, peering dolefully up from under his eyebrows, on which the water was standing unwiped, while a piece of green weed, which he did not seem to have presence of mind enough to remove, trailed over his dripping locks. There was something in the sight which tickled Tom's sense of humour. He had been prepared for sullen black looks and fierce words; instead of which he was irresistibly reminded of schoolboys caught by their master using a crib, or in other like flagrant delict.

Harry lowered his eyes at once, but lifted them the next moment with a look of surprise, as he heard Tom burst into a hearty fit of laughter. After a short struggle to keep serious, he joined in it himself.

"By Jove, though, Harry, it's no laughing matter," Tom said at last, get-

ting on to his legs, and giving himself a shake.

Harry only replied by looking most doleful again, and picking the weed out of his hair, as he, too, got up.

"What in the world's to be done?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Master Tom."

"I'm very much surprised to find you at this work, Harry."

"I'm sure, so be I, to find you, Master Tom."

Tom was not prepared for this line of rejoinder. It seemed to be made with perfect innocence, and yet it put him in a corner at once. He did not care to inquire into the reason of Harry's surprise, or to what work he alluded; so he went off on another tack.

"Let us walk up and down a bit to dry ourselves. Now, Harry, you'll speak to me openly, man to man, as an old friend should—won't you?"

"Ay, Master Tom, and glad to do it."

"How long have you taken to poaching?"

"Since last Michaelmas, when they turned me out o' our cottage, and tuk away my bit o' land, and did all as they could to break me down."

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, Squire Wurley as was then—not this one, but the last—and his lawyer, and Farmer Tester."

"Then it was through spite to them that you took to it?"

"Nay, 'twarn't altogether spite, tho' I won't say but what I might ha' thought o' bein' upsides wi' them."

"What was it then besides spite?"

"Want o' work. I haven't had no more 'n a matter o' six weeks' reg'lar work ever since last fall."

"How's that? Have you tried for it?"

"Well, Master Tom, I won't tell a lie about it. I don't see as I wur bound to go round wi' my cap in my hand a beggin' for a day's work to the likes o' them. They knowed well enough as I wur there, ready and willing to work, and they knowed as I wur able to do as good a day's work as e'er a man in the parish; and ther's been plenty o' work goin', but they thought as I should starve, and have to come and beg for't from one or to'ther on 'em. They would ha' liked to ha' seen me clean broke down, that's wut they would, and in the house," and he paused as if his thoughts were getting a little unmanageable.

"But you might have gone to look for work elsewhere."

"I can't see as I had any call to leave the place where I wur bred up, Master Tom. That wur just wut they wanted. Why should I let 'em drive m'out?"

"Well, Harry, I'm not going to blame you. I only want to know more about what has been happening to you, that I may be able to advise and help you. Did you ever try for work, or go and tell your story, at the rectory?"

"Try for work there! No, I never went arter work there."

Tom went on without noticing the change in Harry's tone and manner—

"Then I think you ought to have gone. I know my cousin, Miss Winter, is so anxious to help any man out of work, and particularly you; for—" The whole story of Patty flashed into his mind, and made him stop short, and stammer, and look anywhere except at Harry. How he could have forgotten it for a moment in that company was the wonder. All his questioning and patronizing powers went out of him, and he felt that their positions were changed, and that he was the culprit. It was clear that Harry knew nothing yet of his own relations with Patty. Did he even suspect them? It must all come out now at any rate, for both their sakes, however it might end. So he turned again, and met Harry's eye, which was now cold and keen, and suspicious.

"You knows all about it, then?"

"Yes; I know that you have been attached to Simon's daughter for a long time, and that he is against it. I wish I could help you with all my heart. In fact, I did feel my way towards speaking to him about it last year, when I was in hopes of getting you the gardener's place there. But I could see that I should do no good."

"I've heard say as you was acquainted with her, when she was away?"

"Yes, I was, when she was with her aunt in Oxford. What then?"

"'Twas there as she larnt her bad ways."

"Bad ways! What do you mean?"

"I means as she larnt to dress fine, and to gee herself airs to them as she'd known from a child, and as'd ha' gone through fire to please her."

"I never saw anything of the kind in her. She was a pleasant, lively girl, and dressed neatly, but never above her station. And I'm sure she has too good a heart to hurt an old friend."

"Wut made her keep shut up in the house when she cum back? ah, for weeks and weeks;—and arter that, wut made her so flighty and fickle? carryin' of herself as proud as a lady, a mincin' and a trapesin' along, wi' all the young farmers a follerin' her, like a fine gentleman's miss."

"Come, Harry, I won't listen to that. You don't believe what you're saying, you know her better."

"You knows her well enough by all seeming."

"I know her too well to believe any harm of her."

"What call have you and the likes o' you wi' her? 'Tis no good comes o' such company keepin'."

"I tell you again, no harm has come of it to her."

"Whose hair does she carry about then in that gold thing as she hangs round her neck?"

Tom blushed scarlet, and lowered his eyes without answering.

"Dost know? 'Tis thine, by —." The words came hissing out between his set teeth. Tom put his hands behind him, expecting to be struck, as he lifted his eyes, and said,—

"Yes, it is mine; and, I tell you again, no harm has come of it."

"'Tis a lie. I knowed how 'twas, and 'tis thou hast done it."

Tom's blood tingled in his veins, and wild words rushed to his tongue, as he stood opposite the man who had just given him the lie, and who waited his reply with clenched hands, and labouring breast, and fierce eye. But the discipline of the last year stood him in good stead. He stood for a moment or two crushing his hands together behind his back, drew a long breath, and answered,—

"Will you believe my oath then? I stood by your side at your mother's grave. A man who did that won't lie to you, Harry. I swear to you there's no wrong between me and her. There never was fault on her side. I sought her. She never cared for me, she doesn't care for me. As for that locket, I forced it on her. I own I have wronged her, and wronged you. I have repented it bitterly. I ask your forgiveness, Harry; for the sake of old times, for the sake of your mother!" He spoke from the heart, and saw that his words went home. "Come, Harry," he went on, "you won't turn from an old playfellow, who owns the wrong he has done, and will do all he can to make up for it. You'll shake hands, and say you forgive me."

Tom paused, and held out his hand.

The poacher's face worked violently for a moment or two, and he seemed to struggle once or twice to get his hand out in vain. At last he struck it suddenly into Tom's, turning his head away at the same time. "'Tis what mother would ha' done," he said, "thou cassn't say more. There 'tis then, though I never thought to do't."

The curious and unexpected explanation brought thus to a happy issue, put Tom into high spirits, and at once roused the castle-building power within him which was always ready enough to wake up.

His first care was to persuade Harry that he had better give up poaching, and in this he had much less difficulty than he expected. Harry owned himself sick of the life he was leading already. He admitted that some of the men with whom he had been associating more or less for the last year were the greatest blackguards in the neighbourhood. He asked nothing better than to get out of it. But how?

This was all Tom wanted. He would see to that; nothing could be easier.

"I shall go with you back to Englebourn this morning. I'll just leave a note for Wurley to say that I'll be back some time in the day to explain matters to him, and then we will be off at once. We shall be at the rectory by breakfast time. Ah, I forgot;—well, you can stop at David's while I go and speak to my uncle and to Miss Winter."

Harry didn't seem to see what would be the good of this; and David, he said, was not so friendly to him as he had been.

"Then you must wait at the Red Lion. Don't see the good of it! Why, of course, the good of it is that you must be set right with the Englebourn people—that's the first thing to do. I shall explain how the case stands to my uncle, and I know I can get him to let you have your land again if you stay in the parish, even if he can't give you work himself. But what he must do is, to take you up, to show people that he is your friend, Harry. Well then, if you can get good work—mind it must be real, good, regular work—at farmer Grove's, or one of the best farmers, stop here by all means, and I will take myself the first cottage which falls vacant and let you have it, and meantime you must lodge with old David. Oh, I'll go and talk him round, never fear. But if you can't get regular work here, why you go off with flying colours; no sneaking off under a cloud and leaving no address. You'll go off with me, as my servant, if you like. But just as you please about that. At any rate, you'll go with me, and I'll take care that it shall be known that I consider you as an old friend. My father has always got plenty of work and will take you on. And then, Harry, after a bit you may be sure all will go right, and I shall be your best man, and dance at your wedding before a year's out."

There is something in this kind of thing which is contagious and irresistible. Tom thoroughly believed all that he was saying; and faith, even of such a poor kind as believing in one's own castles, has its reward. Common sense in vain suggested to Harry that all the clouds which had been gathering round him for a year were not likely to melt away in a morning. Prudence suggested that the sooner he got away the better; which suggestion, indeed, he handed on for what it was worth. But Tom treated prudence with sublime contempt. They would go together, he said, as soon as any one was up at the house, just to let him in to change his things and write a note. Harry needn't fear any unpleasant consequences. Wurley wasn't an ill-natured fellow at bottom, and wouldn't mind a few fish. Talking of fish, where was the one he had heard kicking just now as Harry hauled in the line. They went to the place, and, looking in the long grass, soon found the dead trout, still on the night line, of which the other end remained in the water. Tom seized hold of it, and, pulling it carefully in, landed another fine trout, while Harry stood by, looking rather sheepish. Tom inspected the method of the lines, which was simple but awfully destructive. The line was long enough to reach across the stream. At one end was a heavy stone, at the other a short stake cut sharp, and driven into the bank well under the water. At intervals of four feet along the line short pieces of fine gimp were fastened, ending in hooks baited alternately with lobworms and gudgeon. Tom complimented his companion on the killing nature of his cross-line.

"Where are your other lines, Harry?" he asked; "we may as well go and take them up."

"A bit higher up stream, Master Tom;" and so they walked up stream and took up the other lines.

"They'll have the finest dish of fish they've seen this long time at the house to-day," said Tom, as each line came out with two or three fine thick-shouldered fish on it; "I'll tell you what, Harry, they're deuced well set, these lines of yours, and do you credit. They do; I'm not complimenting you."

"I should rather like to be off, Master Tom, if you don't object. The mornin's

'gettin' on, and the men'll be about. 'Twould be unked for I to be caught."

"Well, Harry, if you're so set on it off with you, but"——

"'Tis too late now; here's keper."

Tom turned sharp round, and, sure enough, there was the keeper coming down the bank towards them, and not a couple of hundred yards off.

"So it is," said Tom; "well, only hold your tongue, and do just what I tell you."

The keeper came up quickly, and, touching his hat to Tom, looked enquiringly at him, and then at Harry. Tom nodded to him, as if everything were just as it should be. He was taking a two-pound fish off the last line; having finished which feat, he threw it on the ground by the rest. "There, keeper," he said, "there's a fine dish of fish. Now, pick 'em up and come along."

Never was keeper more puzzled. He looked from one to the other, lifting the little short hat from the back of his head, and scratching that somewhat thick skull of his, as his habit was when engaged in what he called thinking, conscious that somebody ought to be tackled, and that he, the keeper, was being mystified, but quite at sea as to how he was to set himself straight.

"Wet, bain't 'ee, sir?" he said at last, nodding at Tom's clothes.

"Dampish, keeper," answered Tom; "I may as well go and change, the servants will be up at the house by this time. Pick up the fish and come along. You do up the lines, Harry."

The keeper and Harry performed their tasks, looking at one another out of the corners of their eyes, like the terriers of rival butchers when the carts happen to stop suddenly in the street close to one another. Tom watched them, mischievously delighted with the fun, and then led the way up to the house. When they came to the stable-yard he turned to Harry, and said, "Stop here; I shan't be ten minutes;" adding, in an under tone, "Hold your tongue now;" and then vanished through the back door, and, hurrying up to his room, changed as quickly as he could.

He was within the ten minutes, but, as he descended the back stairs in his dry things, became aware that his stay had been too long. Noise and laughter came up from the stable-yard, and shouts of "Go it keper," "Keper's down," "No, he bain't," greeted his astonished ears. He sprang down the last steps and rushed into the stable-yard, where he found Harry at his second wrestling match for the day, while two or three stablemen, and a footman, and the gardener, looked on and cheered the combatants with the remarks he had heard on his way down.

Tom made straight to them, and, tapping Harry on the shoulder, said—

"Now then, come along, I'm ready."

Whereupon the keeper and Harry disengaged, and the latter picked up his cap.

"You bain't goin', sir?" said the keeper.

"Yes, keeper."

"Not along wi' he?"

"Yes, keeper."

"What, bain't I to take un?"

"Take him! No, what for?"

"For night poachin', look at all them fish," said the keeper indignantly, pointing to the shining heap.

"No, no, keeper, you've nothing to do with it. You may give him the lines though, Harry. I've left a note for your master on my dressing-table," Tom said, turning to the footman, "let him have it at breakfast. I'm responsible for him," nodding at Harry. "I shall be back in a few hours, and now come along."

And, to the keeper's astonishment, Tom left the stable-yard, accompanied by Harry.

They were scarcely out of hearing before the stable-yard broke out into uproarious laughter at the keeper's expense, and much rude banter was inflicted on him for letting the poacher go. But the keeper's mind for the moment was full of other things. Disregarding their remarks, he went on scratching his head, and burst out at last with,

"Dang un; I knows I should ha' drowed un."

"Drow your grandmother," politely remarked one of the stablemen, an acquaintance of Harry Winburn, who knew his repute as a wrestler.

"I should, I tell 'ee," said the keeper as he stooped to gather up the fish, "and to think as he should ha' gone off. Master 'll be like any wild beast when he hears on't. Hows'mever, 'tis Mr. Brown's doin's. 'Tis a queer start for a gen'l'man like he to be goin' off wi' a poacher chap, and callin' of un Harry. 'Tis past me altogether. But I s'pose he bain't right in 's 'ead;" and, so soliloquizing, he carried off the fish to the kitchen.

Meantime, on their walk to Englebourn, Harry, in answer to Tom's inquiries, explained that in his absence the stable-man, his acquaintance, had come up and begun to talk. The keeper had joined in and accused him point blank of being the man who had thrown him into the furze bush. The story of the keeper's discomfiture on that occasion being well known, a laugh had been raised in which Harry had joined. This brought on a challenge to try a fall then and there, which Harry had accepted, notwithstanding his long morning's work and the ducking he had had. They laughed over the story, though Harry could not help expressing his fears as to how it might all end. They reached Englebourn in time for breakfast. Tom appeared at the rectory, and soon he and Katie were on their old terms. She was delighted to find that he had had an explanation with Harry Winburn, and that there was some chance of bringing that sturdy offender once more back into decent ways;—more delighted perhaps to hear the way in which he spoke of Patty, to whom after breakfast she paid a visit, and returned in due time with the unfortunate locket.

Tom felt as if another coil of the chain he had tied about himself had fallen off. He went out into the village, consulted again with Harry, and returned to the rectory to consider what steps were to be taken to get him work. Katie entered into the matter heartily, though foreseeing the difficulties of the case. At luncheon the rector was to be sounded on the subject of the allotments. But in the middle of their plans they were startled by the news that a magistrate's warrant had arrived in the village for the arrest of Harry as a night poacher.

Tom returned to the Grange furious, and before night had had a worse quarrel with young Wurley than with his uncle before him. Had duelling been in fashion still in England they would probably have fought in a quiet corner of the park before night. As it was they only said bitter things, and parted, agreeing not to know one another in future.

Three days afterwards, at petty sessions, where Tom brought upon himself the severe censure of the bench for his conduct on the trial, Harry Winburn was committed to Reading gaol for three months.

Readers who will take the trouble to remember the picture of our hero's mental growth during the past year, attempted to be given in a late chapter, and the state of restless dissatisfaction into which his experiences and thoughts and readings had thrown him by the time long vacation had come round again, will perhaps be prepared for the catastrophe which ensued on the conviction and sentence of Harry Winburn at petty sessions.

Hitherto, notwithstanding the strength of the new and revolutionary forces which were mustering round it, there had always been a citadel holding out in his mind, garrisoned by all that was best in the toryism in which he had been brought up—by loyalty, reverence for established order and established institutions; by family traditions, and the pride of an inherited good name. But now the walls of that citadel went down with a crash, the garrison being put to the sword, or making a way to hide in out of the way corners, and wait for a reaction.

It was much easier for a youngster, whose attention was once turned to such subjects as had been occupying Tom, to get hold of wild and violent beliefs and

notions in those days than now. The state of Europe generally was far more dead and hopeless. There were no wars, certainly, and no expectations of wars. But there was a dull, beaten-down, pent-up feeling abroad, as if the lid were screwed down on the nations, and the thing which had been, however cruel and heavy and mean, was that which was to remain to the end. England was better off than her neighbours, but yet in bad case. In the south and west particularly, several causes had combined to spread a very bitter feeling abroad amongst the agricultural poor. First amongst these stood the new poor law, the provisions of which were rigorously carried out in most districts. The poor had as yet felt the harshness only of the new system. Then the land was in many places in the hands of men on their last legs, the old sporting farmers, who had begun business as young men while the great war was going on, had made money hand over hand for a few years out of the war prices, and had tried to go on living with greyhounds and yeomanry uniforms —horse to ride and weapon to wear— through the hard years which had followed. These were bad masters in every way, unthrifty, profligate, needy, and narrow-minded. The younger men who were supplanting them were introducing machinery, threshing machines and winnowing machines, to take the little bread which a poor man was still able to earn out of the mouths of his wife and children—so at least the poor thought and muttered to one another; and the mutterings broke out every now and then in the long nights of the winter months in blazing ricks and broken machines. Game preserving was on the increase. Australia and America had not yet become familiar words in every English village, and the labour market was everywhere overstocked; and last, but not least, the corn laws were still in force, and the bitter and exasperating strife in which they went out was at its height. And while Swing and his myrmidons were abroad in the counties, and could scarcely be kept down by yeomanry and poor law guardians, the great towns were in almost worst case. Here too emigration had not yet set in to thin the labour market; wages were falling, and prices rising; the corn law struggle was better understood and far keener than in the country; and Chartism was gaining force every day, and rising into a huge threatening giant, waiting to put forth his strength, and eager for the occasion which seemed at hand.

You generation of young Englishmen, who were too young then to be troubled with such matters, and have grown into manhood since, you little know— may you never know!—what it is to be living the citizens of a divided and distracted nation. For the time that danger is past. In a happy hour, and so far as man can judge, in time, and only just in time, came the repeal of the corn laws, and the great cause of strife and the sense of injustice passed away out of men's minds. The nation was roused by the Irish famine, and the fearful distress in other parts of the country, to begin looking steadily and seriously at some of the sores which were festering in its body, and undermining health and life. And so the tide had turned, and England had already passed the critical point, when 1848 came upon Christendom, and the whole of Europe leapt up into a wild blaze of revolution.

Is any one still inclined to make light of the danger that threatened England in that year, to sneer at the 10th of April, and the monster petition, and the monster meetings on Kennington and other commons? Well, if there be such persons amongst my readers, I can only say that they can have known nothing of what was going on around them and below them, at that time, and I earnestly hope that their vision has become clearer since then, and that they are not looking with the same eyes that see nothing, at the signs of to-day. For that there are questions still to be solved by us in England, in this current half-century, quite as likely to tear the nation in pieces as the corn laws, no man with half an eye in his head can

doubt. They may seem little clouds like a man's hand on the horizon just now, but they will darken the whole heaven before long unless we can find wisdom enough amongst us to take the little clouds in hand in time, and make them descend in soft rain.

But such matters need not be spoken of here. All I want to do is to put my younger readers in a position to understand how it was that our hero fell away into beliefs and notions, at which Mrs. Grundy and all decent people could only lift up eyes and hands in pious and respectable horror, and became, soon after the incarceration of his friend for night poaching, little better than a physical force Chartist at the age of twenty-one. In which unhappy condition we shall now have to take a look or two at him in future numbers.

To be continued.

TRADE SOCIETIES AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.[1]

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

PART FIRST.

I SUPPOSE there is no subject on which it is so easy to find equally sincere and able men holding diametrically opposite opinions,—none on which it is so easy for the same men sincerely to pass from one extreme of opinion to the other,—as that of trade societies. No doubt opinion runs on such a subject in great measure according to class, and varies according to position. The workman is in favour of trade societies, the employer is adverse to them; the strong trades-unionist who merges into the rank of an employer—witness Lovejoy the bookbinder in Mr. Dunning's interesting account of the Bookbinder's Trade Society (*Report*, p. 83.)—often becomes in turn the strongest of anti-unionists; and probably, if the passage from the position of employer to that of journeyman were not as rare as the inverse transformation is frequent, the anti-unionist employer of to-day would, if reduced to weekly wages, deem many an argument on behalf of trade societies weighty which he now holds worthless. But class interests are far from accounting for the diversity of opinion which exists. There are employers who deem trade societies beneficial; there are working men who combat them with all their might.

The fact is, I take it, that trade societies will be found, at some one place or time or the other, to have justified almost every most opposite opinion which has been held respecting them. They have been schools of assassination; they have been schools of morality. They have promoted drunkenness; they have vigorously checked it. They have encouraged laziness and bad work; they have strenuously battled for solidity and honest workmanship. They have been composed of the dregs of the trade; they have gathered together the pick of it. They have been led by selfish and designing spouters; they have had for leaders the most virtuous men of the class. They have thwarted the most benevolent employers; they have been their best of friends, their main support against the unprincipled. They have promoted and organized strikes; they have kept the trade free from them during the life-time of a generation.

And who, that knows what the working classes of this country are to the present day—how various in intelligence, education, morality, manliness, from trade to trade, from district to district, from town to town,—ay, from one end of a large town to the other—will wonder

[1] Trade Societies and Strikes. Report of the Committee on Trade Societies, appointed by the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, presented to the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Association, at Glasgow, September, 1860. (J. W. Parker & Son.)

at these diversities? Looked at in the simplest point of view, trade societies are nothing but the effort of the wages-receiving class to realize, trade by trade, a corporate existence. What wonder that they should be what the wages-receivers are themselves? that they should vary in character with the working men who compose them?

To form an opinion, therefore, as to the tendencies of trade societies in general, it is absolutely necessary to discard those accidentals which belong, not to the instrument, but to the material out of which it has to be wrought; just as it is absolutely necessary, judging of the value of any particular trade society, to bear those accidentals in mind. Now the mischief is, that the very reverse process is generally followed. Trade societies in general are condemned, because some "Edinburgh Reviewer" has brought together half a dozen raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories against a few particular sets of trades-unionists; an unjust and injudicious strike by a trade society is supported by workmen of other trades, because they know their own society to be moderate and beneficial. For myself, I confess, so thick are the clouds of prejudice, arising from their own narrow experience, which I find generally to dim the sight of so-called practical men especially, that I mostly remain quite satisfied when a man comes simply to the negative conclusion, that "there is a great deal to be said on both sides," especially if coupled with a firm determination never again to take on trust any rhetoric of *Times'* or other "able editors" on the subject of any strike or society, but carefully to examine the facts for himself.

It is not, indeed, for want of inquiry that such ignorance continues to prevail. Parliamentary committees on trade combinations have sat and reported in 1824, in 1825, in 1838; not to speak of the evidence bearing on the subject which has incidentally been received by other committees, such as that of last year on Mr. Mackinnon's bill for councils of arbitration. Parliamentary inquiries again have been followed by a voluntary one on the part of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, whose council appointed in 1858 a Committee to consider the subject. This Committee, whose report appeared last autumn, and of which I had the honour to be a member, comprised amongst its members Sir James Shuttleworth, Lord Radstock, Lord Robert Montagu and Messrs. Buxton and Freeland, M.P.s, Mr. John Ball, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Mr. E. Akroyd, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. H. Fawcett, Mr. T. Hughes, Dr. Farr, and other well-known names, ranging, it may be said, through all the compass of political and social, and, in great measure, of religious opinion. The papers annexed to the report comprise ten accounts of strikes or lock-outs, two accounts of trade combinations in particular towns, one account of a particular trade society, abstracts of Parliamentary papers relating to trade combinations, and other documents. And, believing as I do that there is some definite conclusion to be come to on the subject of trade societies, I venture to hope that the volume in question may help a few to such a conclusion. Scarcely, however, by the report which heads the volume—never, indeed, in its ultimate shape, even submitted to the Committee, although practically it no doubt expresses "on the whole the views of a majority" of that Committee, but which, like any other report purporting to represent the opinions of a mixed body, can never in fact be much more than a string of successive *minimums* of disagreement;—rather by the mass of materials which the Committee has brought together, in somewhat handier shape, and in something more of order, than a Blue-book would probably have afforded. No doubt that mass of materials exhibits all the discordance of which I have spoken,—proving thereby, indeed, its value as a mirror of the facts;—no doubt prejudice and bad faith will be able to use it as an arsenal for the support of the most opposite views. But, for the thoughtful and candid, the very juxta-position of so many jarring elements will induce the effort to reduce them to unity,—like a

Babel clangour of strange tongues, suggesting the need of some deeper union than that of words.

Looking, therefore, from a higher point of view, the first question that offers itself is this :—Is it requisite, is it advantageous that the operative classes should thus seek to realize for themselves a distinct corporate or quasi-corporate class existence? From the point of view of the old guild system, the answer must decidedly be a negative one. The principle of that system is, that the distinction between master and journeyman should be simply one of degree. We have so long outgrown that system, that we use the one remnant of it which still lives in our language—the word "masterpiece"—without, for the most part, a thought of its real meaning, and of the vastly different sphere of commercial ideas and practices from those of the present day to which it bears witness; so that, indeed, for most of us, it is only by way of Germany, where that system, though effete, still lingers, that we realize the meaning of the term. But at a time when the difference between master and workman was not that the one had capital and the other only labour, but that the one had a skill and experience which the other had not yet attained to, and of which the last tangible demonstration was required to be some work of peculiar excellence in the common calling, there were properly speaking no *classes* of masters and workmen; and a society embodying the class interests of either would have been simply out of place. The class was the trade—tailors, coopers, weavers, or the like; in the guild which embodied it, the master-tailors, master-coopers, master-weavers, had the natural pre-eminence of skill and seniority; if they were privileged to employ others, it was simply by virtue of that pre-eminence, and of the acknowledged right which it gave them to direct and instruct the less able and less experienced.

But such a state of things can never last long in its efficiency. It has for sure dissolvent the accumulation of capital, which the progress of society at once calls into being and renders necessary, and of which the inevitable result is to change the conditions of mastership, and to transfer the privilege of employing others in a given labour from the skilled man to the moneyed one. From the moment that, to establish a given business, more capital is required than a journeyman can easily accumulate within a few years, guild-mastership—the mastership of the masterpiece—becomes little more than a name. The attempt to keep up the strictness of its conditions becomes only an additional weight on the poorer members of the trade; skill alone is valueless, and is soon compelled to hire itself out to capital. The revolution is now complete; the capitalist is the true master, whether he calls himself such or not; the labourer, skilled or unskilled, be he called master or journeyman, is but the servant of the former. Now begins the opposition of interest between employers and employed; now the latter begin to group themselves together; now rises the trade society.

From Mr. F. D. Longe's sketch of the "History of Legislation in England relating to Combinations of Workmen," reprinted in the volume I have referred to, it will be seen that the beginning of this great social revolution may be traced back somewhat over five centuries, and that as early as the reign of Edward III. our building operatives were at work combining to raise wages. Mr. Longe quotes the 34th Edward III. c. 9, to show us the legislature forbidding "all alliances and covines of masons and "carpenters, and congregations, chapters, "ordinances, and oaths betwixt them." The statute is remarkable as showing the co-existence of the two masterships, that of skill and of capital; thus, the "*chief masters* of carpenters and masons" are to receive fourpence a day, and the others threepence or twopence according as they be worth; but every mason and carpenter, "of whatever condition he be," is to be compelled by "*his master whom he serves*" to do every work that pertains to him,—where, as it seems to me, the guild-masters are designated by the former expression, and the capitalist-

masters by the latter. It may comfort some readers to find that the struggle between capitalist and labourer, which embodies itself in trade societies and employers' associations, and has its battle-fields in strikes, has thus lasted in English society without destroying it for half a millennium; it may sadden others to think that half a millennium has been worn away in that struggle, without finding as yet a solution to it.

But there is another important conclusion to be drawn from the statute which I have just referred to, as confirming what reflection would naturally suggest as the historical development of the subject. Evidently, from the moment that the element of capitalist-mastership came in, it was one which not only claimed supremacy over that of skill-mastership, but which tended to reduce the whole idea and system of the guild to a lower level, and to confine it to the operative class, so that the guild would necessarily merge in the trade society. And this is precisely what the statute exhibits to us. The statute is directed against the requiring of weekly wages, and of too high an amount; it enacts that they shall be paid by the day, and fixes the rate of them; and for this purpose it endeavours to break up the machinery of the wages-receiving class for insisting on other conditions. Now the attempt, on the part of the wages-receivers, to fix the conditions of labour and the amount of its remuneration, is precisely the work of a modern trade society. But when we notice that the wages of *master*-masons and carpenters are sought to be fixed,—when we pay attention to the "congregations, chapters, ordinances, and oaths" which are forbidden, it is impossible, I think, to mistake the fact, that we have before us precisely such an instance as I have sketched out, of guilds sinking to a lower level; forced, after embodying the collective interests of the whole trade, to embody henceforth only those of the operative portion of it, yet naturally carrying with them, and seeking to retain and exercise, those habits of regulation and authority which were formerly their natural privilege.

Much light is, I think, thrown upon the subject, when we thus see that the trade society of our days is but the lop-sided representative of the old guild, its dwarfed but lawful heir. The historical pertinacity of its struggle against statutory prohibition,—its assumptions of authority,—are thus in great measure explained. It has fought the law on the ground of a prior title; it has dictated to the masters in the name of the shadow of a past corporation. No doubt, when it had once assumed its present character, organizations for the same purpose would spring up, entirely destitute of any historical filiation. But whoever reflects on many common terms of the workman's language,—the word "trade," as signifying the collective operative portion of the trade, the word "tradesman," as synonymous with the workman in a trade,—will see in them additional evidences of the connexion between the old guild and the modern trade society. In some cases, indeed, there is historical proof of the identity between the two; as will be seen in Mr. F. H. Hill's very valuable "Account of Trade Combinations at Sheffield," in which the filiation of the modern trade societies of that town from the "Fellowship of Cutlers in Hallamshire" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth is clearly shown.

Of course the claim of the wages-receivers, when, through the introduction of capitalist-mastership, they represented only a portion of the trade, to act in the name and with the authority of the old guild, when it embodied the whole, was one perfectly untenable. If workingmen's combinations were to stand, they must stand upon some other ground than that of representing a paramount collective authority. But the scission of interests between the capitalist-employer and his workmen at once afforded such a ground. Putting the subject of wages for the present entirely out of the question, it is evident that the whole burthen of the charitable purposes flowing out of the guild system must henceforth fall mainly, if not exclusively, on the wages-receivers. The capitalist-employer, even if nominally still a member

of the guild or fellowship, owed nothing to it but the strictest legal dues. The higher wages he paid, the less he would deem himself bound to provide for the maintenance of the aged or infirm journeyman, for his decent interment, for his widow and children. Yet working-men saw every day their fellows helpless with age and infirmities, their families reduced to beggary. All right-feeling men would seek to preserve the guild organization for such purposes; where it had perished, all right-feeling men would seek to form some new one with the like view. And I cannot help thinking that many of the stringent trade-society regulations as to apprenticeship, which are inveighed against as deep-laid plots against economic principles, are originally the simple expression of parental providence on the part of the working-man. At a time when book-education, so to speak, did not exist — when facilities of locomotion were small—when every trade, even if not regulated from within, was regulated more or less by Act of Parliament from without, — what education could the father give to the son, except in his own trade? Of what avail would that education be, unless a field were provided for its exercise? This, I think, comes out very clearly in the "Acts and Ordinances" of the Hallamshire cutlers, as quoted by Mr. Hill (see p. 523 of the volume), where it will be seen that every restriction against the exercise of the trade falls before those who have been "taught by their fathers."

Be this as it may, it will easily be seen how, apart from those trade societies which are directly descended from the old guilds or fellowships, another class must have arisen from the need of providing amongst working-men for those purposes which were formerly embraced in those of the guild, which are now mostly reached by the machinery of the Friendly Societies' Acts. Accordingly, the Committee's volume affords several instances of trade societies which began by being benefit societies. In discussing the question of the advantage of a connexion between benefit societies and trade societies, the Committee appear to me to have overlooked this fact, which is nevertheless not without importance. Friendly societies having been only endowed with legal existence in the latter half of the last century, it is obvious that during 400 out of the 500 years during which the trade societies' struggle has lasted, it was only by means of a trade society organization that the workers in a given trade—other than such as might here and there have retained some old legal corporate privileges—could compass the purposes of a benefit society. The connexion between the two is, therefore, historically not an external accident; it flows, on the contrary, primarily from the mere effort to band the workers together for purposes of common benefit. The accident, on the contrary, has been the enactment of the Friendly Societies' Acts, which, by affording peculiar facilities for securing certain benefits by combination, has disconnected those purposes from the others, and raised the question of disconnecting also the machineries for attaining them.

Of the extent to which trade societies, so called, which are also benefit societies, dispense relief for what are strictly benefit society purposes, few who have not examined into the fact can have any idea. I take up the volume of the yearly reports of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and I find that it spent in 1853 for sick, superannuation, funeral, and accident benefit, 6,054*l.*, making 11*s.* 3*d.* per member; in 1854, 6,145*l.*, making 10*s.* 7*d.* per member; in 1855, 7,230*l.*, making 11*s.* 6½*d.*; in 1856, 8,017*l.*, making 11*s.* 11½*d.*; in 1857, 9,821*l.*, making 13*s.* 5½*d.*; in all, for the five years, upwards of 37,000*l.*, which one must hold to have been directly saved to the public in the shape of poor-law relief or charity, by the providence of these much-abused agitators.

But there is one mischance to which the worker is subject, more dreaded, more frequent, more constantly recurrent than sickness, disabling accident, or any other evil attendant upon his calling,—

want of work. Continuous employment is the lot but of a very small minority in any trade. There is scarcely any but has its slacks or dead seasons, amounting generally to at least a month, sometimes extending to three or four in the year. How is the worker to provide against this? By individual saving? The requirement implies at least, be it observed, that the wages of eleven months' work, of ten, of nine, of eight, shall be sufficient for the year's maintenance; but, without following out this remark into its ultimate consequences, let it be noticed at once how hardly such a requirement bears upon the young man, before he has begun to save, and with all the impulses of youth upon him, all its temptations about him. Evidently, the mere need of providing for the event of want of work, for the labour of proceeding in search of it, begets the idea of forming a common purse, of securing against individual imprudence by collective organization. Hence another ground for the trade society, which indeed was insisted on by the minority of the Sub-Committee by which the conclusions of the Report were drawn up. I am myself unable to see why the chances of want of work (for any cause exclusive of strikes) should not be quite as capable of being reduced to an average, and should not supply a purpose quite as worthy to be included amongst those of legalized Friendly Societies, as those of sickness, old age &c.; and I consider it a serious blot in our Friendly Societies' Acts, that they do not so include it. At any rate the purpose is one which must be provided for by every working man, and, by all but the most exemplary, cannot be sufficiently compassed except by means of a collective organization. To require them therefore to separate the relief of the unemployed from the relief of other social needs in the trade is really to call upon them to maintain two separate organizations, where one would otherwise suffice.

Now this function of trade societies, in maintaining the unemployed, and equalizing the pressure on the labour market by supplying them with the means of travel, is one of enormous importance to themselves, and it is only by dwelling upon it that we can understand the totally opposite points of view from which trade societies are looked at by the working classes, and by the general public. The general public practically never sees them but through the heated and distorting medium of a strike atmosphere; or, to use a different image, the strike is the sole point of contact between the one sphere and the other. For the working man on the contrary, it can never be too often repeated that the strike is but an accident in the history of his trade society.[1] He looks to it above all as a hand stretched out to him in all his needs. In such a year the firm that employed him failed, and he received donation during so many weeks. In such another year trade was very slack in the neighbourhood where he was employed, and he received tramp allowance to go to a distant county. In such another he fell sick; in such another he was temporarily disabled by accident, and still from the same source flowed the aid which he received. He knows that, if he reaches a certain age, he will receive his superannuation allowance; he knows that, if he be called away by death, his widow will not have to ruin herself in giving him decent burial, and will herself receive something towards her support. True, there was that disastrous strike in the year 18— when the society's full purse got drained, and none but the most urgent cases of sickness were helped, and sore were his own privations. But what of that once in a life-time? Contributions flowed in all the more abundantly the very next year after the strike. His society does not exist for that; it exists to enable working men to make the best of their earnings, and live and die comfortable. What do you mean by talking about trade societies as mere hotbeds of agitation? He only knows that he would have had to

[1] I cannot help regretting the multiplication in the Committee's volume of accounts of strikes, as compared with those of trade combinations in themselves, as being likely to foster the error which I am combating..

go to the poor house many a time, but for his society. Most truly is it said by Mr. Hill, "The efficiency of trades "societies in saving their unemployed "workmen, not always thrown out of "employment by a strike or dispute "with their masters, from destitution "and the degradation of parish relief, is "a point which is much insisted on by "the members of those societies. They "are, to a great extent, designed, whether "wisely or not, for the relief and "commodity of the poorer sort of their "respective fellowships." Accordingly, we find that in general the largest individual item in the expenditure of the funds of a trade society is that of relief to the unemployed, quite irrespective of strikes. Thus—to refer still to the Amalgamated Society,—the amount of "donation benefit" dispensed by that body is generally double that of "sick benefit."

We have thus three classes of trade societies already—trade societies lineally descended from the old guilds,—trade societies formed for general purposes of mutual relief,—trade societies formed originally, or mainly existing, for that purpose of mutual relief which the Friendly Societies' Acts do not recognize, viz. the maintenance of the unemployed. All these three forms, it will be observed, have in them nothing aggressive, nothing militant. There remains to examine the fourth form, that which rests upon or is developed out of the actual antagonism between capital and labour.

I say the antagonism between capital and labour. There are writers and speakers, who talk glibly of political economy, and yet complacently assert that there is no such antagonism. Such men either never have read political economy—I speak simply of the present plutonomic school—or are incapable of understanding it, or seek to befool their hearers. If there is one thing which, while plain to the child, is patent to any student of Ricardo or Mill, it is that the interest of the buyer of labour is to buy cheap, that of the seller to sell dear; or, to speak in Mr. Mill's more imposing language, that "the rate of profit and "the cost of labour vary inversely as one "another." The fact of capitalist-mastership, therefore, in constituting an employer-class interested, for the sake of their own profits, in buying labour cheap, developed necessarily in the wages-receiving class a counter-interest in selling their labour dear, and tended to organize the latter on the ground of that common interest. Hence the latest, most characteristic form of trade society—that which aims at regulating the conditions of the sale of labour, from the sole point of view of the interest of the labourer. The four chief fields of operation for such a society are obviously: 1st. The hours of labour; 2nd. The admission of workers to the market; 3d. The rate of wages; 4th. The methods of work.

Now, so long as the capitalist-class as such subsists,—so long as it claims to act in the bargain of labour upon the dictates of its class interest,—it is insulting to common sense to say, not only that the workers have no right to combine against it on the ground of their class interest, but that they are not likely to be benefited by such combination. If they are not, then Æsop was an idiot, and the fable of the bundle of sticks is a madman's raving and not the teaching of the commonest experience, and Mr. Mill's or Mr. Wakefield's paragraphs on the subject of "co-operation, "or the combination of labour," must be consigned to the flames. For what is, to begin with, any capitalist-employer towards the workers, but as many employers rolled up in one as there are workers whom he seeks to employ; employers bound together into a harmony, and power, and fixity of purpose such as no sworn brotherhood of assassins could attain to? Suppose he has employment for three hundred men; suppose no more than that number apply to him, but singly and without previous concert. He has practically the pick of all their several necessities and weaknesses, through which to obtain in every case those minimum wages which best suit his interests—his immediate interests at least—as a profit-maker. The wariest and boldest of them have no such chance

against him ; and each concession by a needier or weaker fellow-workman diminishes their power of resistance. Isolate that struggle, and I say that, so long as there is no combination amongst the workmen, and no appeal to physical force, the necessary result will be that the capitalist employer, by sheer force of unity of interest and will, will end by reducing the 300 men, through the mere processes of the bargain and sale of labour, to as abject a state of slavery —as he may think consistent with his profits.

I am not, of course, drawing from nature. I am supposing a cast-iron employer—a pattern plutonomist—entirely occupied with the problem of reducing his cost of production so as to enhance his profit, and ready to descend to any meanness for the purpose. I am supposing a set of operatives—the model men of newspaper-writers and master builders' associations—entirely devoted to the assertion of the "right" of the employed "individually to make any "trade-engagements on which they may "choose to agree." I know well enough that in our factory districts especially the process is far other ; that the preponderance of capital asserts itself there in quite an opposite shape, the mill-owner rather taking a pride in not descending into particulars in fixing a rate of wages which the operatives may take or not as they please. I know indeed also that, extreme as the case is, it could be very nearly paralleled in several instances taken from those employments where machinery has not been introduced, especially those which are carried on by home labour. It has happened repeatedly, it may happen to this day—in the various trades connected with clothing particularly, but also in others, the cheap East-end gilding-trade, for instance —that workers have been brought together on a placarded offer of employment, with the direct purpose of extracting from the miseries of the neediest, and then imposing, if practicable, upon the others, the lowest obtainable rate of wages.

At any rate, the abstract possibility of the process is sufficient to show that, when the bargain and sale of labour is treated, upon the principles of modern political economy, as a struggle between adverse interests, the interest of the worker cannot be adequately supported against the interest of the employer, except by a combination of as many men as the employer is ready to employ. Many sincere and well-meaning employers stop at this point. They are willing to admit, in the fullest manner, the right of their own workmen to associate together, and to deal with them as a quasi-corporate body ; they deny the right of their workers to associate themselves with any strangers from without the mill or factory. Such persons forget, in the first instance, that mighty overweight which I have pointed out on the master's side, of his singleness of will and continuity of purpose. But the master has generally various other advantages. To say nothing of superior intellect and education,—in all the less paid trades, where wages scarcely, if at all, above the minimum requisite for the support of life, by no means imply a rate of profit below the average, he has often a power of reduction of personal expenditure, till it reach that minimum, sufficient to countervail the collective retrenchments of very many of his operatives. If his firm be a well-established one, he has, moreover, generally "something to the good,"—a nest-egg in the funds, in railway shares or debentures, gas shares, mortgages, land, &c.,—constituting an additional reserve-power, which may easily be more than equivalent to the collective savings of all his workpeople. Lastly, if, before even he has saved anything out of profits, he is known to be prosperous, or deemed capable of prospering, he possesses, in the shape of credit, reckoned not only upon his business capital, which is supposed an equivalent force to the labour it could employ, but upon his fixed capital, and upon any other resources which he may be presumed to have, a further power, against which his workmen have nothing to set off but the collective amounts of the slender credit of

each, with landlord (supposing landlord and employer to be two), baker, grocer, &c. Taking all these into account, I think it will be seen that, as a general rule, the combination power of the workmen of a given establishment represents —in "the haggling of the labour-market" —a power greatly inferior to that of the employer; that those workmen are fully justified, for the defence of their own class interest, in extending their combinations to much greater numbers of their fellows.

No doubt the scale weighs often the other way. There may be peculiarities in the manufacture, which render the labour required a practical monopoly. The employer, instead of having money saved, may be trading upon borrowed capital, in mortgaged mills, with mortgaged machinery; or he may be simply young and inexperienced in the face of an old and well-disciplined trade society. But, beyond himself, the employer—unless quite exceptionally unpopular—is sure to find support in that "tacit but constant and uniform combination" of masters, spoken of by Adam Smith, which, indeed, full often now-a-days takes the form of an organized society. The inexperience or imprudence of one employer is therefore made up for by the experience and shrewdness of others, and it may safely be said that seldom can the workmen of a single employer engage in a contest with him one day, without having to face the chance of seeing the whole employer-class (in their department) of the town or district arrayed against them on the morrow. I forbear to push the hypothesis any further; but any one who studies the history of the late London building strike, for instance, will see that the indirect assistance from without the trade afforded to the master builders, in the shape of forbearance to enforce contracts, can scarcely have been less, if at all, than the direct assistance supplied in money subscriptions from without to the building operatives.

As a mere question, therefore, of the ponderation of forces in the bargain of labour, I do not see how any dispassionate man can fix a limit beyond which trade combinations of workmen are not justified in defence of their class interest. I do not pretend for a moment to say that, by means of such combinations, the class interest of the worker may not preponderate. However it may suit some employers to gloss over the fact that trade societies often have the better of them, the number of successful strikes which take place is surprising, when the question is looked into; the number of concessions to the fear of a strike may be surmised, but cannot be reckoned. Sometimes the inferiority of the employers is patent and avowed; as may be seen in the history of the Padiham strike, from the circular of the "Committee of the Lancashire Master Spinners and Manufacturers Defence Society" (see pp. 447-8), which declares that "the "Padiham masters could not have made head" against the men's union without the support of the masters of other towns; or, again, in the history of Shipwrights' Trade Combinations in Liverpool, which shows us the Liverpool shipwrights practically masters, not only of their own employers, but of the town itself for a series of years. But these instances—most of which indeed are explainable by peculiarity of circumstances—do not in the least impair the worker's plea for combination, as his main safeguard against the overweight of capital in the bargain of labour.

Newspaper political economists, indeed, never tire of teaching the working man that wages depend on demand and supply, and, therefore, that trade societies cannot affect them. Why, it is precisely because they depend upon demand and supply—the demand of living men's capital, the supply of living men's labour—that trade societies *can* affect them. A leading defect in the science of political economy, as taught by the plutonomic school, is its frequent —not indeed constant—forgetfulness of the human will, as an economic force. It generally strives to drag man and his actions from the sphere of spontaneousness down into that of fatality; to treat him as a blind creature led by

fixed instincts, and not as one endowed with free-will, capable of all degradation, capable of all self-devotion. Now in the bargain and sale of labour, the will of man plays on either side a part which it suits the plutonomist to overlook, but which is most real; and it is precisely that play of human wills which limits the realm within which all trade organizations of masters and men have their appointed work. The cases are, indeed, comparatively rare in which will does not form an element of price. The well-to-do classes in any country always could pay much higher for the necessaries of life than in ordinary times they do; but they do not choose to do so; their will limits the price they pay to the standard fixed by others, though, perhaps, oftener than they think, a little enhanced for them. Conversely, our best plutonomists themselves, such as Mr. Mill, recognize the enhancing effect of the will upon price in the case of domestic servants; since, as he truly says, "most "persons who can afford it, pay to their "domestic servants higher wages than "would purchase in the market the "labour of persons fully as competent "to the work required." To this influence of the will must be traced in great measure the differences in price between one part of a town and another, between one shop and another, and even between town and town. In the daily experience of life, we know perfectly that we can get a given article at a lower price in one place than we can in another, the difference in locality being sometimes not more than the width of a street, the breadth of a bazaar. We know perfectly that the reason of such difference is simply, that the one man chooses to sell lower than another; it is only when one comes to speak of wages that "the "inexorable laws of supply and demand" are treated as some almighty power whose fiats alone rule the world of labour. Now, the working man in combining does not mean in the least to deny that there are such laws; he simply claims to master and use them, just as we master and use the laws of heat and electricity. On the demand for labour he cannot much operate, but he can operate upon its supply.

It is extremely well put by Mr. Dunning, in his pamphlet on "Trades Unions and Strikes," that although, when the supply of labour "permanently much exceeds its demand, "nothing can prevent the reduction of "wages; and conversely when the demand for it permanently much exceeds "its supply, nothing can prevent their "rise,"[1] so that "at these two extreme "points all contention is hopeless;" it is "the intermediate states that admit the "operation of trade societies." For the so-called "artificial," but more properly spontaneous scarcity of labour which they tend to produce is, in fact, as real whilst it lasts, as the fatal one arising from the non-existence of workers. A man who *will* not work, whilst he will not, is as complete a zero in the labour supply as if he were dead, or had never come into the world. It is simply their trust in the fragility of the human will which inspires employers ever to resist a strike, otherwise than by the mere importation of labour from without. If they in turn had to deal with cast-iron men, men whom they knew ready for actual suicidal starvation in preference to concession, they would feel at once that the scarcity of labour was as much an absolute one, as if the earth had swallowed the working men who resist them. The real grievance of such employers against trade societies is, that by disciplining the will of the working man, they tend to harden the spontaneous scarcity of labour which they produce or regulate into a rigidity more and more approaching to the absoluteness of a fatal scarcity.

Do you blame the working man for this? Erase then first from your volumes of plutonomic oracles, all those pages and

[1] There is something quite childish in the way in which would-be instructors of the working classes incessantly point them to the rise of wages, among classes in which no trade societies exist, in proof that such societies are superfluous. Of course Mr. Dunning, and all other society men not wholly idiotic, as fully recognize the fact as they distinctly deny the conclusion.

pages which inculcate upon the labouring classes the necessity of the "prudential" check upon population. What! you bid the working man, by disciplining his will, by the severest self-restraint, for the sake of rendering his labour scarce, and, therefore, of gaining a higher price for it; you bid him, I say, bind down those family instincts which are, in one view, the very safety-valves of society; and you would fain discourage him from endeavouring, by every means which the like discipline and self-restraint can afford, to wring by combination the highest price for his labour without stifling those instincts! You insist upon the action of the will as the last and supreme resort in diminishing the supply of labour; yet, when it comes to a question of immediate demand, you afford him scarcely a glimpse of that action! Nay, you go further than this,—you make it almost a crime for him to bring into the world other men made in God's image, lest they should compete for the price of labour with himself and his fellows,—but when do you ever let fall a word of blame upon those who bring into the world to compete with him—fatally, inexorably to elbow him out—men of iron, and steel, and brass—cheap feeders upon water, and grease, and oil? They are no brethren of his, and yet you expect him to treat them tenderly when they are dashing the bread from his children's mouths; you punish him if he dare molest them; you lift up eyes and hands in scientific horror because he does not appreciate "the blessings of machinery." Of all hypocrisies which this century has seen go forth under high heaven, I know none more insolent than that of modern plutonomy, inculcating "the prudential "check" upon the working man, and advocating the unlimited, unregulated, introduction of machinery. Evidently, the will of the capitalist has at least as much to do with the begetting of the one class of competitors, as the will of the labourer with that of the other. If there is a morality of the one action, there is also of the other; if the one current of production is to go on unrestrained at the hands of the one class, why not the other too? But, above all, if the capitalist is to be allowed, for the sake of increasing his own profit, and contracting his demand for human labour, to flood the market with iron men in the shape of material machinery, why is not the labourer, for the sake of increasing his own earnings, and contracting the supply of human labour, to narrow the labour-market by any moral machinery which combination can afford to him?—I need hardly observe that I am not speaking here of the ultimate effects of machinery, which I believe to be beneficial, but simply of its immediate effects, which, with Ricardo and Mill, I believe to be often seriously detrimental to the working classes.

It is often objected, that whilst the endeavour to narrow the labour-market by combination may be successful in a given trade, yet it does not benefit the working-classes at large; that the limiting the number of competitors in one trade only tends to cause an overflow in others; that the high wages of the few only cause the low wages of the many; and writers and speakers on the subject, who deal in moralities, thereupon proceed to lecture trade societies on their selfishness. The trade society may well retort: Address your lecturing to your own class, first of all. Bid the merchant, the manufacturer, be content with the most moderate profits, lest by taking too much, he should depress the money demand for his neighbours' goods and wares; bid him abstain from enlarging his own establishment, lest by driving weaker men out of his own trade he should only be increasing the number of competitors in another. In your let-alone political economy,—in your gospel of buy-cheap-and-sell-dear,—there is no room for such moralities as you attempt to foist upon us, whilst you never recollect to quote them to our employers.

But apart from such *tu quoque* argumentation, I venture to say that, even if it were true that trade combinations, to use Mr. Mill's words, are to be "looked "upon as simply intrenching round a

"particular spot against the inroads of "over-population," they would yet be beneficial. For it is not the same thing to the country that the same sum of 15*l.* should be received in wages by ten well-to-do workmen at thirty shillings, or by thirty starvelings, at ten shillings. The higher wants of the former give a stronger impulse to the circulation of capital, secure its healthier and more beneficial employment, than the abject necessities of the latter, which throw them upon inferior and often unwholesome food, inferior and insufficient clothing, and such shelter as can be but a nursery of disease and infirmity. So strongly am I convinced of this fact that, much as I loathe slavery, I consider that there is a worse social state even than that robbery of the many by the few which slavery represents,—a state of absolute universal wretchedness, in which self-sacrifice itself becomes impossible. But indeed it is obvious on a little reflection that the position, that trade combinations merely shift locally the rate of wages without being able to raise it generally, is a mere petition of principle. For it assumes that the circulating capital employed in the purchase of home labour is all that can be so employed; that the rate of profit has reached its minimum. Our enormous investments of capital in foreign funds, railways, &c. are as sufficient a practical answer to such an assumption, as the speculations of economists "on the *tendency* of profits to a minimum"—evidently not supposed to have been reached,—are a sufficient theoretical one. So long as there is accumulated capital to spend upon anything beyond labour, so long as there is profit realized in any trade beyond the minimum out of which to renew such accumulations,—the trade society of that trade have the right to repel any accusation of selfishness towards their class at large, for seeking to raise their wages, their condition generally, at the expense of the profit-maker. No doubt the interest of one particular trade may often be opposed to that of another; thus, the interest of the working engineers, as machine-makers, is *primâ facie* antagonistic to that of most at least of their fellow craftsmen, and it is logically absurd for the Amalgamated Society to make grants, as it has done, for the support of a strike against machinery. But the working men have a full right to say that the question is one that regards themselves, and to claim to meet it simply by a further application of their own machinery of combination. The "National Association of United Trades"—a body now very much dwindled from the importance it once possessed, but which still numbers some 6,000 affiliated members in various trades—represented an important step in this direction; other local ones are indicated by the Trades Committees of Glasgow and Liverpool, formed of delegates from the various trade-societies of their respective towns, from both of which the Committee of the Social Science Association received hearty and intelligent assistance.

The sticks, in short, claim the right to be bundled together as they please, without limit as to number, as to the shape of the bundles, or as to the tightness of the ligature. The working man claims to fix for himself by combination, from trade to trade or in any number of trades, the conditions which he shall demand, and, if he can do so, obtain for the sale of his labour. He does so at the bidding of that political economy, which teaches him to look upon wealth as the ground and subject matter of a nation's οικο-νομια or house-law; to look upon the relation of employer and employed as the mere result of a struggle between hostile interests; to recognize, in his employer's "rate of profit," the rival force which is always endeavouring to outweigh that of the "cost" of his own "production;" to recognize the dependence of "price" on the relation of demand and supply; to study the effects of a scarcity of labour in raising its price; and in the effects of a combination of labour to note the means of increasing its productiveness. In other words, that political economy teaches him that his class-life is a bat-

tle: he accepts that battle, and seeks to discipline his forces, so that there shall be no cross-firing between man and man, or between corps and corps, so that every shot shall tell against that which your science teaches him is the common enemy—not capital,—but profit. To tell him that he will fight with more success by breaking up his ranks, forgetting his discipline, and dismissing his commissariat, is pure mockery.

To be continued.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A bed for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call, when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina G. Rossetti.

THE GHOST HE DIDN'T SEE.

I was rather disappointed, if the truth must be told—so indeed we all were at home—at his scanty flow of words, when he returned to us from that grim Crimean campaign.

As for the general story of the war, we did not want that from him, as they might have done whose kinsman should have returned to them from so distant a scene of warfare in the old days when electric telegraph and express trains and steamers were not, and when the *Times* had not invented its "Own Correspondent." We used to send him that general story, in comprehensive chapters on that journal's broad sheet, and with the pictorial panoramas of the *London Illustrated News*. He and his comrades read it thus, so I have heard him say, with curious, eager, and intense delight. I think his heart must have beat quick one day upon reading, in one of its very noblest chapters, his own name, scored under by my pen as I had read it proudly, before sending him that paper.

But what we wanted were particulars of what had personally befallen him; for we knew that, though it was hard, indeed, to be preeminent in discharge of duty or daring of danger amidst that flower of the world's soldierhood, he had been noted as noteworthy, even among such, by those who had the best means of appreciating his courage and his industry. In explanation of the latter word, I may remark that his arm of the service was one of those which our then allies designate as "Armes savantes," or "Scientific Arms."

I have found this modest manly silence, touching personal exposure and achievement, an almost invariable characteristic of our noble fighting men. My reader will, therefore, kindly bear it in mind that the detailed and continuous narrative I put under his eyes here is of my writing rather than of his telling, short as it is. But I have interwoven in it, so far as I know, nothing but authentic threads of recollection. I picked

the matter for the spinning of them bit by bit out of his conversation, as an old woman might pick out of a long hedgerow, at great intervals, wool enough to furnish worsted for her knitting needles to work up into a stocking or a pair of mits.

He had been under fire continuously, for seven hours and more, on one of the most hard-fought days of all that hard-fought struggle, and, as he rode away at evening towards the camp, rode bare-headed, in reverent acknowledgment to Heaven for the marvel that he was riding out of that hail of iron himself unhurt.

As for the unobserved incidents of that day's danger, from which so merciful a preservation had been vouchsafed, they would be hard to reckon; but upon three several occasions during those seven exposed hours, it really seemed that the messengers of death avoided him, as in some legend they turn aside from the man who bears a charmed life. There was a six-pound shot, which he saw distinctly coming, as a cricketer eyes the projectile which threatens his middle wicket. It pitched right in front of him, and rose as a cricket-ball when the turf is parched and baked, bounding clean up into the air, and so passing right over his untouched head. It fell behind him, and he looked at it more than once that day, and, but for its inconvenient bulk, thought of carrying it away for a memento. There was a four-and-twenty-pound shot next, a sort of twin-brother to that which, some three weeks before, had actually torn his forage-cap from off his head; but it came too quick for sight. He was at that moment backing towards the shafts of an ammunition cart a horse, whose reins he held close to its jaw, as he spurred on his own to make it give way in the right direction. Smash! came the great globe of iron, and as the bones and blood and brains bespattered him, he almost himself fell forward; for the poor brute was restive no longer: headless horses don't strain against the bit, although 'tis just as hard as ever to back them into the shafts.

Then there was a moment, one of those of direst confusion, of what other than such soldiers as fought that fight would have reckoned a moment of dismay,—a moment wherein regimental order itself was in part broken and confused; guardsmen mingled with linesmen, linesmen with blue-coated artillery.

There had been fearful havoc among those noble servants of the deep-voiced cannon, and men were wanted to hand out the shells from a cart he had himself brought up, replenished, to a breastwork. He called in some of the linesmen. One of them stood by him foot to foot, almost or actually in contact. They were handing ammunition, from one to other, as men do fire-buckets when fires are blazing in a street. He leant in one direction to pass on the load he had just taken from the soldier's hand; the soldier was bending towards the next man in the chain; a Russian shell came bounding with a whirr, then burst and scattered its deadly fragments with terrific force. One of its great iron shreds passed—there was just room for it—between his leg and the soldier's that stood next him. They looked each other in the face.

"A near shave that, sir!" said the man, "Nearer than you think for, perhaps," he answered; for he had felt the rounder surface of the fragment actually bruise him as it passed, whereas its ragged edge had shaven, with a marvellous neatness, from his trouser, part of the broad red stripe upon the outer seam.

I venture to give these minute details, because they may help other civilians, as they helped me, to "realise," as they call it now-a-days, more vividly the risks of a day of battle, and the large drafts they draw upon a man's fund of nerve and composure, just as he stands, without coming into any close encounter.

But at last the firing was done; and, bareheaded, as I have said, he turned and rode back towards the camp.

It was before the famine period there, and though there was no superfluity of food, there was food to be had, and that

long day's fighting-men were in sore need of it.

It was dusk, and he was lighting a candle to sit down to his meal, when the voice of a French soldier called something like his name from the outside. He was himself a perfect master of that language, as the "Soldat-du-train" who stood outside found to his great relief upon his first utterance of inquiry.

The Frenchman held a mule by the bridle, and across the creature's back lay something which looked like a heavily filled parti-coloured sack. It was a far otherwise ghastly burden. The body of an officer, stripped bare all but the trousers, the dark clothed legs hanging one way, the fair skinned naked shoulders and arms the other, the face towards the ground.

"I was directed, mon officier, to bring this poor gentleman's corpse to you. They say you were a friend of his—his name is Captain X——"

Even at that early stage of the campaign such shocks had lost the startling effect of novelty; nevertheless, there were few names among those of his friends and comrades which it could shock and grieve him more to hear pronounced under such circumstances. The light was fetched. He raised the poor body; then, with a sigh, let it once more gently down. There was a small round hole in the very centre of the forehead, whereat the rifle ball had darted into the brain of his hapless friend.

He called an orderly, and directed him to accompany the Frenchman to the dead man's tent. He would himself soon follow and see to his receiving a soldier's obsequies. His weariness and exhaustion were such as to render it imperatively necessary that he should first take his food, to which he returned, with what increased weight at heart, who shall rightly tell? It needs not that the tension of a man's nerves should have been strung tight by the hand of battle, for him to know, from his own experience, what is the strange, and awful, and weird feeling of the first relaxation of them in the early after-hours of responsibility, danger, or important crisis of decision. If apparitions and visions of things unearthy be indeed mere fictions of men's brain, such after-hours are just those wherein the mind is readiest to yield to the power of illusion. Illusion or reality more startling, more unaccountable by far than it? Whether of the two was this?

There entered at the curtain of his tent the dead man, towards whom, in some few minutes more, he should have been showing the last sad kindnesses. The light fell full and clear upon his face. He took off his forage-cap as he came in. The broad white forehead showed no longer any trace of the murderous incrash of the ball which had slain him. Into the poor dull glazed eyes the gleam had returned—could it indeed be the gleam of returned life? Or do the eyes of ghosts gleam life-like so?

"What made you send that Frenchman with my corpse to me? At least, he would insist that it was mine."

"X——! Good heaven! Can it be you, indeed?"

"Who should it be? What ails you, man? Why do you stare at me so?"

"I cannot say what ails me; but I am surely under some strange delusion. It is not half an hour surely, since I saw you stretched lifeless across a mule's back, with a rifle bullet between your eyes. What can this mean? You are not even wounded."

"No, thank God! nothing has touched me for this once; but that French soldier—did you then send him up, indeed?"

"Indeed I did."

Hideous comico-tragic episode in the awful drama of war! They discovered by-and-by that their slain brother soldier was no comrade of their own corps, but a brave officer of another arm. Neither of them had known him personally, nor had they heard before that between him and X—— existed, in his lifetime, the most *remarkable* and *close* resemblance—such an identity of feature as is rarely seen save in twin-brothers. Now, it has struck me sometimes as I have turned over in my mind this strange but true

story, that there may have been among that wearied host that night men to whom indeed what happened appeared a demonstration of the truth concerning ghostly visitants; men who may have known only the gallant man that fell, as my kinsman only knew the man for whom he was mistaken; they may have seen him fall, or have known of his fatal misadventure; and then they, too, may have seen his perfect image, his very self—as they needs must have reckoned it—pass by them, in the gleam of their tent's lantern, through that November mist;—pass by them, though they had been dear friends and comrades, without a word, a nod, a sign of recognition;—pass by them upon some unearthly errand, on his way back, perhaps, to answer, in the ghost-world, to the roll-call of the dead.

NEW ZEALAND.

A CAREFUL study of the colonial history of the British Empire would suggest many grave and strange reflections. For a period of more than three centuries we have been a colonizing nation; yet, until Sir William Molesworth and various political writers who may be said to have been connected with the party in politics and literature that looked up to that gentleman as its leader, forced the question upon public attention, the most profound ignorance prevailed amongst our statesmen in reference to colonization upon systematic principles. It was not alone the Tudors and Stuarts who neglected this great question, but even the present family, until a recent period, are liable to the same charge; and the obstinate pertinacy of the third George, in oppressing the finest colonial dependency ever possessed by any nation in modern times, lost it to Britain, and completely divided the Anglo-Saxon race, thereby materially weakening the influence it would have had as one great united power. Now, colonization has come to be considered one of the great social and political questions of the day; in those great trans-Pacific colonies which have recently been planted, our statesmen have treated their compatriots who have settled in them with frank and candid consideration; and Australia and New Zealand are upon the whole contented under British rule, and promise to become a colonial dominion scarcely second to that so foolishly lost by the ministers of George III. Indeed, the countries named are already far more important than America at the period she declared herself independent. The whole exports of that country at the period named were under a million, while those of one of our Australian colonies alone (Victoria) amount to fifteen millions. In 1790 Boston, the metropolitan city of the American colonies, numbered no more than 18,000 citizens, while Melbourne with its suburbs contains above 100,000 inhabitants, or considerably more than five times the number that the city of the pilgrim fathers could boast at the revolution. We shall very soon have many great and populous communities starting into existence over the whole of Australia and the adjoining islands of Tasmania and New Zealand. The Imperial authorities have now wisely allowed the colonists a fair share of self-government, and the indomitable perseverance and energy of the Anglo-Saxon are fast covering those great lands with the appliances of civilized life. The South Seas, long silent and solitary, are now traversed by busy merchantmen, carrying away the treasures of those new but wealthy communities recently planted in Australia and California.

Many persons are disposed to think that the serious disturbances amongst the New Zealand natives will seriously impede the progress of the new settlements in the south. They have

naturally excited considerable attention amongst those who take an interest in colonization; and they also deeply concern the large class of persons who have friends or relations settled in Australia and New Zealand. These troubles have originated in the peculiar circumstances under which New Zealand was taken possession of and colonized by Britain, and are of a peculiar character, such as never has been experienced, and, in fact, could never occur in Australia or any of our other colonies.

Previous to any effort at colonization in New Zealand, at the period when there had been a threat to seize it for France, we acknowledged its independence under the chiefs of the tribes. The latter merely looked up to Britain as the parent of their little state, and its protector from all attempts upon its independence. The Committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1836, perceived the difficulties of colonizing under such circumstances, and reported that the increase of national power and wealth promised by the acquisition of New Zealand would be a most inadequate compensation for the injury which must be reflected upon the kingdom by embarking in a measure essentially unjust, and but too certainly fraught with calamity to an inoffensive people, whose title to the soil and general title was not only indisputable, but had been solemnly recognized by the British nation. In 1839, however, our Government was induced to send Captain Hobson to the country in the two-fold character of Consul and Lieutenant-Governor. Many Englishmen had, by this time, purchased large tracts of land of the natives; such sales as had been made at an unduly low rate were declared void; and a commissioner was sent to the country to ascertain what amount of land was held in New Zealand by British subjects under grants from natives; how far such grants were lawfully acquired and ought to be respected, and what might have been the price or other valuable consideration given for them. It was ultimately to be decided by the Governor of New South Wales, Sir George Gipps, how far the claimants, or any of them, might be entitled to confirmatory grants, and on what terms such confirmations ought to be made.

Had the New Zealanders been a poor, ignorant race, like the aborigines of Australia, they would soon have been driven to the wall in the bustle of settling the new colonies there; but the Maories were found to be alive to their interests, and they have defended their supposed rights inch by inch with the British settlers. They have never even hesitated to resort to arms in cases where they deemed themselves aggrieved. The majority of the Maories have viewed with extreme dissatisfaction the increase of European population; and, although the authorities have strictly adhered to the principle of purchasing every foot of ground from the legitimate owners before allowing it to be used for the purposes of colonization, yet the native chiefs have felt keenly the alienation of so vast a portion of the lands of their ancestors. Many of the larger tracts of land had been disposed of before the Maories had begun to realize the fact that it would be occupied by a race superior to them in civilization. They were well disposed to the British so long as they were but a few scattered settlers dependent upon them; but they had never conceived it possible that the time would come when they would cease to be the dominant race. The growing jealousy of the European people has exhibited itself upon various occasions, the ostensible cause of quarrel being the right of the purchasers to the land which had been bought from time to time. The Land Commissioners, having found that many of the purchases made by private persons from Maories had been obtained by improper representations and for inadequate prices, declared them void; and great doubts existed for many years about the legality of all the titles to the land, not excepting that of the New Zealand Company which encouraged the native chiefs to maintain claims over territory that had been fairly sold.

Before we consider the present unfortunate disturbances, it may be inter-

esting to glance at previous outbreaks amongst the New Zealanders during our occupation of the country.

A lamentable tragedy occurred in June, 1843, at Cloudy Bay, in Cook's Straits. It arose out of a disputed claim to land on either side of Cook's Strait, and we fear the New Zealand Company were quite as much to blame as the natives in raising and exciting the collision. A party of surveyors were sent to Wairow to portion the land out into allotments. They erected a couple of rush huts on the ground. Two native chiefs, Ranparaha, and his son-in-law, Rangihaiata, burnt them down, in consequence of the dispute then pending. The natives, however, wished the matter in question referred to Mr. Spain, the Land Commissioner of the country, whose conscientious decisions had inspired them with great confidence. Unfortunately, however, instead of waiting for the arrival of Mr. Commissioner Spain, Mr. Thompson, a civil servant of the Government, who held the post of Judge of the County Court and Prosecutor of the Aborigines, at the solicitation of Captain Wakefield, the chief agent of the New Zealand Company at Nelson, issued an order to apprehend the two chiefs. The British party, numbering forty-six persons, under the command of Captain Wakefield and Captain England, of H.M. 12th regiment, advanced upon the native encampment to enforce Mr. Thompson's order. The nature of the warrant having been explained to the natives by means of an interpreter, the chiefs set their party at defiance, and Thompson, who was, it appeared, a very excitable man, ordered an advance. The chiefs were posted upon a highly advantageous position, near the source of the Wairow, and the British had to pass a rivulet in their front in a canoe, under a heavy fire. They were thrown into confusion, but were rallied by Captains England and Wakefield, and made a stand on the brow of a hill close by, where they were attacked by the chiefs and dispersed. Some escaped, and others put forth a flag of truce and surrendered to Ranparaha. The latter were butchered in cold blood. In this collision, there fell Captain Wakefield, the agent of the Company; Captain England, 12th regiment; Mr. Thompson, Local Judge; Mr. Howard, the Company's storekeeper; Mr. Packett, merchant; Mr. Cotterel, surveyor; and about twenty other British emigrants. There were eleven of the party who fortunately reached a small vessel and got out of reach of the natives. It has been urged, with what degree of truth we do not know, that the wife of Rangihaiata, and daughter of Ranparaha, had been killed by a random ball, and that this circumstance had irritated those two chiefs, and excited them to perpetrate the cold-blooded massacre of those who had surrendered. There appears to be little doubt that the proceedings of the Company's servants were most injudicious, and it has been generally supposed that they expected to intimidate the natives into giving up the land without any appeal to Mr. Commissioner Spain, which they did not by any means desire.

In the year 1845 Honi, Heki, and various other chiefs began to be very troublesome to the settlers; and a severe collision took place on the 11th March, the natives attacking Kororarika, in the Bay of Islands, the oldest town in the colony, which they completely destroyed, driving out the military and a party of sailors and marines of H.M.S. *Hazard* after a brave resistance by the latter, who had the misfortune to have their commander severely wounded early in the action. This disaster was chiefly caused by the behaviour of the military officer in charge of the block house; who, on hearing guns fired, quitted that fortification, the key of the position of the Europeans, to proceed towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded; and thus this most important post fell into the hands of the natives. In this encounter there were thirteen Europeans killed and eighteen wounded; of the New Zealanders fifty were killed and a large number wounded. At a public meeting held in Auckland a resolution was passed by acclamation, giving Com-

mander Robertson and the men of the *Hazard* the greatest credit for their gallantry in defending the place at such dreadful odds. Indeed, they did not abandon the town until the magazine in the stockade blew up and the ammunition failed, when the order was given for the troops and inhabitants to embark. The native chief who commanded on this occasion, Ehara, murdered nine English people who fell into his hands after the embarkation had been effected.

Much alarm was caused by the annihilation of our settlement at the Bay of Islands—not so much to be deplored for the sacrifice and the destruction of property as for the loss of *prestige* that had now for the first time really fallen on the British power; and great fears were entertained that the excited aborigines would everywhere rise and massacre our defenceless fellow-countrymen, scattered up and down from the North to the South Cape. It was deemed necessary to enrol the white inhabitants and drill them daily. It was known that Heki had fortified a new pah which he had six guns to defend, while in his rear was an interminable forest to fall back upon if driven from his stockade; the natives throughout the country were quietly waiting the result of the attack of the British on the prime mover in this insurrection, and ready, if Heki were successful, to rise everywhere and expel the colonists from the country. The stronghold of this predatory chief was attacked on the 1st July, and our troops were repulsed with heavy loss, one-third of them having fallen before the order to retreat was given. The British had no guns that could be of service; and, although they repeatedly pulled down portions of the outer stockade or pah, yet there was an inner stockade lined with men firing through loopholes which resisted all their efforts. Having obtained some guns and ammunition from the *Hazard*, our troops conveyed them to the top of a hill which commanded the pah, which was then abandoned by the natives in the night.

At this time Governor Fitzroy was recalled, and his successor tried to soothe the natives. Heki, however, continued for nearly two years to disturb the peace of the country—the affair at Wanganai being the last of these outbreaks. So expensive, however, had been the operations of Government for exterminating this spirit of rebellion against British authority and protecting the English residents, that it was calculated their safety cost the Empire at the rate of 15*l.* a-head per annum.

The present contest between the British Government and the national or Maori party is clearly to be traced to the jealousy of the latter of the power of the English settlers. The avowed objects of the confederation of native chiefs who acknowledge the Waikato prince, Te Whero Whero (or, as he is more generally named, Potatan) as king of the northern island of New Zealand, are the subversion of the authority of Queen Victoria, and the prohibition of further alienation of territory to the Crown for purposes of colonization. The present Taranki war has been caused by the native king movement, and the real issue is, whether Victoria or Potatan shall be the future sovereign of New Zealand. The settlement of New Plymouth, where the present outbreak has taken place, was founded in 1841, by the Plymouth Company of New Zealand, who had purchased a large tract of land, of the extent of 60,000 acres, from the only natives then resident in the district. These were Waikatos, who had conquered it from another tribe named Ngatiaws, the great majority of whom had been enslaved by the victorious tribe, who now ceded their right to the British. The title of the Company was investigated by Mr. Spain, the Commissioner for the purpose, who reported in favour of the Company's claim; but Governor Fitzroy, instigated by some of the missionaries of the district, refused to confirm their title, holding that the enslaved tribe of Ngatiaws had the real property in the soil. The European population at the settlement were consequently confined to a block of 3,500 acres, which they had purchased from the returned natives, and to a few other

blocks which they were afterwards able to purchase. It was from one of those transactions that the present disturbance arose, and it occurred in this way :—In March, 1859, the governor of the colony, being at New Plymouth, offered to purchase land to extend the settlement, in a proclamation or notice to the effect that he thought the Maories would be wise to sell land they did not require, as it would enhance the value of what they retained ; he would buy no man's land without his consent, and he would require an undisputed title. In reply to this notice a Waitara chief offered to sell a block of land. No person disputed his right to sell the property, with the exception of one native, named Paora, who said he would not allow the sale; the land was in his hands, and he would not give it up. This chief, however, did not deny that the right to sell the land belonged to the native who had offered it; but said he would not let him sell it, pretending that his position as a chief gave him power to veto the transaction, and forgetting the conquest of the country by the Waikatos, who had transfered their rights to the Crown in 1842; for, although Governor Fitzroy had refused to act upon this, and reversed the decision of the Land-Court, his act has been deemed an error by all his successors, and by those competent to give an opinion on the question. It is necessary here to mention that, in 1853, there arose a new contest about the land at New Plymouth amongst the Ngatiaws themselves, as to what portions of it belonged to the different chiefs of the tribe. In 1854 a chief, Rawri, was murdered, for offering to sell a portion of land to the government, by Katatore, a leader of the anti-selling land league. This feud has been at work since then, and so much afraid have the natives become of Katatore and of his successor William King that no attempt was made, from this occurrence in 1854 up to 1859, to dispose of land to the government; notwithstanding that there are in that fine province 3,000,000 acres which about 3,000 natives profess to own, only cultivating a few patches here and there along the coast. Backed by the so-named native king-party and the native anti-selling land league and some of the missionaries, William King insolently defied the Crown, and, rather than allow another native chief to sell his land, took up arms, and, having been joined by all the disaffected natives, openly resisted the government. It has become a fight for British supremacy in this island; and, surely, our nation could never abandon 90,000 of our compatriots, who have successfully colonized and civilized it. At the period of the outbreak there were said to be 5,000 Maories in arms, and they have been able to set the British authority at defiance for several months. The first severe skirmish arose out of an expedition sent to bring in some British settlers who had clung too long to their homes, and had been cut off by the natives from communication with their friends at head-quarters. The brunt of the engagement was chiefly born by the civilians, and the military took very little share in the struggle. The fight took place at the mouth of the Waireka, amongst the flax gullies, where the Maories were posted at the bottom of the ridge on which their pah was erected, in order to oppose the passing of our men. The soldiers remained at long range, a small party only being detached to support the civilians. So vastly did the Maories outnumber their foe that they swarmed the Waireka gully, enclosing our militia and volunteers on the right and rear; and, the detached party of sixty-five having been recalled, the British were hemmed in on every side, except on the flank toward the beach. Their ammunition having become spent, their position was very critical ; but here, as at Kororarika, the blue-jackets saved them from ruin. The men of the *Niger* came up at the critical moment, headed by Captain Cracroft, and rushed on the natives with cutlass, bayonet, and revolver, and, having carried the pah, extricated the troops, with whom they returned to head-quarters.

The military rendered but little

assistance in this affair; and, without professing to throw any blame on the officers in command, we may say that it was unfortunate that the rebellious natives were not better enlightened upon this occasion as to the power and efficiency of our troops. The result was, that they treated us with scanty respect, and the disaffection still spread amongst the various tribes in the northern island. The officer in command at this period did not seem to possess any great amount of energy, and little was attempted by him beyond holding his position. The arrival of Major-General Pratt, who held the office of commander of the forces in Australia, with large reinforcements, put it in the power of the British to assume offensive operations; and we are very happy to learn by the last mail that a complete victory had been obtained over a portion of the rebels on the 6th November, at a place named Mahoetahi, and that their leader Wetini had been slain. The engagement is reported to have been very severe, the Maories fighting, as they generally appear to do, with great courage and resolution, while the conduct of our officers and men was beyond praise. The natives have been accustomed hitherto to undervalue British prowess, and it is to be hoped that they have now received a salutary lesson, which will not fail of restoring our prestige. Our ultimate triumph cannot be doubted, but in the mean time many colonists are suffering severely in consequence of the risks and losses which this disturbance has brought upon them; and it is absolutely necessary that the outbreak should be quelled and peace restored as quickly as possible.

T. McC.

METROPOLITAN DISTRESS.

BY THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

The distress of the poor in London has been recently brought before the whole world with unusual prominence, through the space devoted by the *Times* to various attempts to relieve it. There is always a lamentable amount of distress prevailing in London, and especially during the winter season; and the distress has lately been much aggravated by the bitterly cold weather, and the suspension, through the frost, of many kinds of labour. It is not without good reason that hearts have been touched and purses opened in behalf of the poor. But it is important to understand that the Charity columns of the *Times* furnish no safe criterion of the comparative pressure of distress. "Metropolitan Distress" had already assumed appalling dimensions in the columns of the *Times* before the hard weather set in; and yet at Christmas time it was shown by the average statistics of all the London workhouses, that there was no unusual degree of suffering amongst the poor. It was perfectly easy to the *Times* to create the Distress movement, by opening its columns to appeals and reporting donations, with the occasional stimulus of a thorough-going leading article. It is a striking, and in many respects a hopeful, fact, as a sign of the tendency of the public mind, that this great power should have been applied directly to the help of the needy and miserable; but, unfortunately, the good is not gained without grievous injury to our social order, and without the danger of inflicting permanent damage upon the class it is designed to benefit.

There is one injustice which the *Times* has itself committed, and encouraged others to commit, which ought not to be left without a protest. We are told that our Poor-Law administration has evidently failed. The proofs of that failure are the appeals in the *Times*, the crowds at the police-courts, and the parties of "frozen-out" labourers asking relief in the streets. That contributions should be asked for, and should still pour in to the Field Lane Refuge, and

to the fund for Mr. Douglas's District, after the frank announcement that many thousands in each case are being invested for the benefit of posterity, may be surprising, but it proves nothing against any Board of Guardians. It is quite certain, again, that if the magistrates are found willing to distribute crowns and shillings promiscuously, they will have plenty of applicants till their fund is exhausted. That the lowest class of labourers, when thrown out of work, will beg in the streets, if they can get anything by it, is also certain. I have just heard, on good authority, of a large number of labourers having refused work which was offered to them, preferring the chances of relief in the streets. But the existence of such a degree of want as is implied in these applications does not sustain the attacks which have been made on the Metropolitan Boards of Guardians. These attacks have been singularly reckless and unfounded.

The *Times*, with its usual breadth, assumes that the parishes and unions in London are quite inoperative as regards the relief of the poor, and that the poor-rates are paid for nothing. The *Saturday Review* believes all London guardians to be a set of niggardly shopkeepers, privately employed in scraping together small gains, and dealing in a "barbarous" manner with the poor. It is very different, we are told, in the country and in Manchester, where the Poor-Law works admirably. Now, as regards this contrast between London and the country, it will probably be allowed that no place, unless it be Liverpool, presents so many difficulties to Poor-Law administration as London, with its unsettled *colluvies gentium*. This being considered, it is probable that an average London Board would not be at all behind any country Board either in intelligence or in humanity.

If we take the parish of St. Marylebone as an illustration, it will not be supposed, by Saturday Reviewers at least, to be too favourable a specimen. I speak with a prejudice in favour of a body of which I am a member; but the language I have referred to is manifestly inapplicable to the St. Marylebone Board. In the first place, the members of it are not all shopkeepers. If the reviewer were to attend any ordinary meeting of the Board, he would find there two baronets, who have justly earned the respect and goodwill of their colleagues and fellow-parishioners; the Rector of St. Marylebone, who devotes a main part of at least two days in every week to the workhouse; gentlemen of independent means, and of the military, the legal, and the medical professions, retired men of business, and tradesmen of all degrees,—working together with much zeal and industry. Not one of these would think of taxing any section of the Board with hardness or inhumanity. Nor is the popular or democratic feeling in favour of a harsh parsimony, but decidedly against it. If the Poor-Law Commissioners exercised complete control over the parish, hundreds of pounds would be saved to the rates. The salaries of certain officers would be paid out of national funds, the out-door relief would be contracted, and other reductions secured. But the popular feeling is strongly against the Poor-Law Board, and one reason for it is the belief that, under their rule, there would be less indulgence towards the poor. I may say generally, that no expense is spared which the most humane of the guardians are satisfied would be legal and beneficial.

Every Board of Guardians, moreover, acts under many checks. The reporters know very well that any complaint or scandal makes better reading in their newspapers than the most exemplary freedom from reproach. The Poor-Law Board makes inquiry upon every appeal addressed to it, even from a single poor person. Clergymen and philanthropists are jealously on the watch to protest against any cruel treatment of their neighbours. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the complaints which are brought to the notice of the Board are disposed of by correcting the alleged facts. In any exceptional case, redress is instantly given.

I admit, however, that, notwithstand-

ing the good intentions of the Board, the results of their administration are by no means of a kind that would defy criticism. Not to speak of the insuperable difficulties of a constant weary struggle against vice, and idleness, and fraud, the management of so vast a business as that of the St. Marylebone workhouse requires great administrative capacity and constant vigilance; and a board of thirty perfectly equal members, elected every year, does not promise much efficiency in government. The numbers of in-door poor at this moment (January 18th), amounting to 2,039, would people a small town; whilst there are 3,332 "on the books" receiving out-door relief; and, in addition to these numbers, 2,851 have had casual relief during the last week. The cost of the relief of the poor during the year has been 53,500*l.* This does not look as if the guardians of the poor in the metropolis were doing nothing. It is inevitable that, in the execution of so enormous a task, we should be too much in the hands of our paid officers, so long as the power and the responsibility are diffused equally through thirty members. If a salaried chairman were appointed, to give his whole time to the business of the workhouse, he would probably soon save his salary by the economies he might introduce, besides guarding the parish from frequent troubles and scandals.

But even if such blots were more numerous and discreditable than they are, it is obvious—and no well informed person could forget it—that the substantial relief of the poor is, and must be, the work of the guardians, and that *the better this work is done the less the public hear of it.* At the same time, the public have ample opportunities of knowing what is going on at the workhouse, through the meetings, open to ratepayers and reporters, at the workhouse and the vestry, and through the reports in the local newspapers. But the Poor-Law administration does not exterminate distress, nor pretend to do it. *No system of relief, however charitable, could possibly put an end to distress.* The causes of physical misery, whilst they remain, make that misery inevitable. In those instances of undoubted destitution which have been detailed before the magistrates and elsewhere, we do not know how much is due to drunkenness, that plague and curse of our poor. And how can you keep a drunkard out of want? Another cause of distress is scarcely less difficult to cope with—the imbecility and want of energy which infects some persons like a disease. Then there is the downright idleness of not a few, which keeps them from seeking work, and throws them out of occupation when they get it. The destitution which arises from sickness and misfortune—the character of the sufferers having been reasonably good—ought to be relieved humanely by the workhouse, if not more indulgently cared for, as one might surely hope it would be, by the kindness of friends and by Christian charity.

Let me add, somewhat abruptly, the following suggestions:—

1. It seems to be necessary to revive the old warnings against unguarded and too ambitious almsgiving. Of course, the magistrates who have laboured so generously during the last few days in the summary relief of crowds of applicants, will be compelled to discontinue those unprofitable labours. It is a very inconsiderate benevolence which has imposed so hopeless a task upon them. But there is great fear lest societies, rich in means and eager to help the needy, should be tempted to stimulate mendicancy and vagabondage. No greater harm can be done than this to our labouring population.

2. In dealing directly with distress, the efforts of charitable persons should be based as far as possible upon personal knowledge, and should chiefly aim, I submit, at assisting with judgment and delicacy those whom a temporary gift or a little pension may save from pauperism, and make more comfortable, without encouraging vice or idleness;—not at supplying the wants indiscriminately of the needy or unemployed. Exceptional distress, like that at Coventry, may, of course,

call for an exceptional effort of private charity; but workhouse relief has advantages for dealing with the lowest strata of poverty which private persons do not possess; and there need be no scruple about leaving apparently destitute applicants for help, when we can know nothing of their character or real circumstances, to the relieving-officer.

3. Gentlemen of leisure and public spirit may do much service by obtaining a knowledge of our public relief-system, by watching its administration, and by offering themselves for election as guardians of the poor.

4. By far the best way of battling with destitution and misery is to labour in those efforts which are likely to better the condition of the poor. Whatever institutions and practices have a tendency to educate and encourage the poor, and to promote their self-respect, are more useful agencies "for the relief of distress," than those which may hold out a delusive hope to the improvident. A sober and industrious working man, even of the poorest class, ought to be able to stand against a fortnight's loss of work without running a risk of starvation. We may all remember, for the spring and the summer, the importance of sound efforts to encourage hope, and knowledge, and self-reliance amongst our poorer neighbours; and so, when the dangerous and irregular charity-work of this winter is over, we may be labouring beforehand most effectually to mitigate the sufferings of the next.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR HENSLOW.

HITCHAM, IPSWICH,
January, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,

The manner in which my name is noticed in a review of Mr. Darwin's work in your number for December, is liable to lead to a misapprehension of my view of Mr. Darwin's "Theory on the Origin of Species." Though I have always expressed the greatest respect for my friend's opinions, I have told himself that I cannot assent to his speculations without seeing stronger proofs than he has yet produced. I send you an extract from a letter I have received from my brother-in-law the Rev. L. Jenyns, the well-known author of "British Vertebrata," as it very nearly expresses the views I at present entertain, in regard to Mr. Darwin's theory—or rather hypothesis, as I should prefer calling it. I have heard his book styled "the book of the day," on more than one occasion by a most eminent naturalist; who is himself opposed to and has written against its conclusions; but who considers it ought not to be attacked with flippant denunciation, as though it were unworthy consideration. If it be faulty in its general conclusions, it is surely a stumble in the right direction, and not to be refuted by arguments which no naturalist will allow to be really adverse to the speculations it contains.

Yours faithfully,
J. S. HENSLOW.

EXTRACT.

"I see, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, you "are arranged with Lyell, Hooker, and "others in the list of those who have "espoused Darwin's views. I was not "aware you had become a convert to "his theory, and can hardly suppose "you have accepted it as a whole, "though, like myself, you may go the "length of imagining that many of the "smaller groups, both of animals and "plants, may at some remote period "have had a common parentage. I do "not, with some, say that the whole of "his theory cannot be true—but, that it "is very far from proved; and I doubt "its ever being possible to prove it."

ERRATUM.

By a mistake in the article on "DIAMONDS" in the last number (p. 189), the weight of the Koh-i-noor in its cut state was given as $10\frac{1}{4}$ carats, instead of $103\frac{1}{4}$.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1861.

VICTOR AMADEUS, THE FIRST KING OF SARDINIA.

BY GEORGE WARING.

CHAPTER I.

In the year of grace 1729, on one of those golden days of the late Italian autumn, the court of Sardinia was gathered in the banqueting hall of the palace, waiting till the chapel bell should ring out its summons to mass. The court was gay, after the fashion of that time and that country, with velvets, plumes, and jewels, though the king, Victor Amadeus, who stood in the embrasure of a window conversing with the French envoy, presented in his own person a somewhat contemptuous contrast to his glittering subjects. A little old man, in his unvarying garb of plain brown cloth; his linen coarse, and untrimmed with lace; the hilt of the sword, which had won him his kingdom, was guarded with leather, that it might not fray his coat. There was a parade of simplicity in his bamboo cane, in the tortoiseshell snuff-box, not even inlaid, from which he was offering the count a pinch. Only one piece of an old man's coxcombry showed out of keeping with the severely plain costume, and this was a magnificent peruke, so full-flowing and ostentatiously curled, as to rival, if not to surpass, that of the *Grand Monarque* himself. Under that wig, brows, knotted with combinations, bent over an eye still vehement and eager; an eye which had never overlooked a weak point in an enemy, nor a vantage ground for its master. The face was fearless, but not frank; the lines of the thin lips secretive and astute. The old man kept his soldier's bearing; neither the weight of nearly seventy years, nor the burden of growing ill-health, had dragged down the slight sinewy figure, or robbed it of that royal presence which stamps the man who has wrought out great things in his day. At intervals, as the door opened, and some fresh person joined the group in the back-ground, the king would turn and sigh deeply—as who among us has not marked the old sigh when one has thus sought a beloved presence, forgetful for the moment that it has vanished for ever? And, indeed, the monarch had cause for regret. From that assembly he missed the few whom he had ever really loved—the few of whose affections he could feel secure. Jeanne Baptiste of Savoy, the king's mother, had died in 1723, and his queen, the good Anna of Orleans, who had borne the rough humours and inconstancy of her lord with a patience worthy her blood—she was grand-daughter to our ill-fated Charles—had followed her during the past year; but the deepest wound of this man's heart, a wound which time was powerless to close, had been inflicted when his eldest son, the idol and the image of his father, perished in the promise of his brilliant youth. As the king's glance traversed the assembly, it fell on his son Charles Emmanuel, now heir to his throne; but nothing like affection marked the cold steady gaze, before which the prince quailed and shuffled awkwardly back behind his wife, Polyxena, a princess possessing far greater force of character than her husband. Her Victor greeted respectfully, and after a sharp survey of Charles's

paltry person, disfigured by a remarkably short neck, and an approach to a hump on the left shoulder—defects which his splendid attire only served to make more conspicuous—his father turned again to the window, with a gesture of impatient dislike, which he affected to conceal in contemplation of the landscape before him. From that window the eye looked on the palace gardens, and away over a wide sweep of country, till it rested where Lombardy showed on the horizon, sunny and vague as a dream of ambition. The quick Frenchman, by the monarch's side, following the direction of his gaze, fancied that he held the clue to his thought. "Those are the great plains of Lombardy," he said, with significant emphasis. The old war-horse started to the echo of the trumpet; his eye flashed for a moment; but the gleam faded, and, after a pause, the king said gravely, "I know your meaning, but you mistake my desires."

Before Count de Blondel had found a reply, the court proceeded to the chapel, where the great treasure of the reliquary was a fragment of the Holy Winding-sheet. Stopping before this relic to give force to his words, the king whispered to his companion, "You all suppose me ambitious; but the world shall soon have a proof that all I desire is quiet and repose." De Blondel bowed low, the bow of mingled deference and humility, with which it behoves a courtier to receive the confidence of a sovereign; saying meanwhile to himself, "So the Fox of Savoy is trying to blind us; he is busy with some great project; he will strike a blow yet for Milan." And the Frenchman thought over the probabilities in a quiet way, while he was upon his knees, rising from them fully determined to be on the *qui vive*, to note what way the royal designs might tend, and to despatch the very first information he could gain to his own master.

This Count de Blondel was an especial favourite with Victor Amadeus—his confident and counsellor, as far as a man who never told a secret, unless it was one he wished to make public, nor took any counsel but his own, can be said to have either. With him Victor entered freely into details of his policy, which sound curiously enough in the present day—the means, for instance, by which he contrived to keep up ill-will among his ministers; saying that it was indispensable to a ruler that the servants of the State should not be on good terms among themselves, or they would join in deceiving their master. "If you would avoid being ruined," he added, "get up a quarrel between your cook and your steward." More worthy of a king were some words spoken to the same man on a subsequent occasion. "I began to reign in my raw youth," said the monarch; "I found the resources of my country drained; troubles, and dangers on every side, were my inheritance. Nevertheless, I have done something in my day; I leave an army well-disciplined and faithful, a flourishing treasury, a good name, and a kingdom to my successor." And how far these words were from an idle boast, a glance at the life of the first King of Sardinia, through a reign of fifty years, will show.

Until the close of the previous century, Savoy had been little more than a high-road for the French into Italy. Louis XIV. kept an iron hand over the Duchy, and his Cabinet imposed treaties on its sovereign, which rendered him much more the vassal than the ally of France. These were the relations of Savoy with her powerful neighbour, when, in 1684, Victor Amadeus took the reins of Government at the age of eighteen. The young prince possessed those opposite qualities which mark the man born for success rather than heroism; —an eager ambition restrained by the coldest calculation, an impetuosity which was never suffered to overleap his prudence. Resolving from the first hour of his reign to throw off the tyranny of France, he yet appeared to accept the part of vassal assigned him by her king, and kept his hand upon his sword, determined never to unsheath it till he could strike a decisive blow. This attitude he preserved until 1689, when Louis, menaced by the league of Augsburg, demanded, in proof of his fidelity,

possession of Turin and Verrua. At this, for the first time, the duke turned at bay, refused to give up the independence of his country, and threw himself into the camp of the coalition. More than seven years of battle and negociation followed. The spirit of the people of Savoy, and their ruler, remained unbroken through a series of disastrous campaigns, till at length the tide of fortune turned in their favour. Louis, finding the progress of his army in Italy completely arrested, was fain to bribe the duke, by the cession of Pignerol and Casale, to return to his old alliance; and consequently, when the war of the Spanish succession burst over Europe, in 1700, Victor Amadeus took arms on the part of France. Louis would have been wise had he, at the outset of the war, shaped the duke's interests to his own, at the same time shutting the Peninsula to Austria, by the cession of Lombardy for Savoy; an arrangement proposed by Victor, and which, though only effected in our own time, has always been a prime object of Piedmontese ambition. But Louis met the request with a haughty refusal, and from that hour the duke, while fighting with brilliant valour under the banner of the Bourbons, drew in secret nearer to the allied powers.

Towards the close of 1703, the French king discovered that a treaty between Victor and the Emperor was actually signed, by which the former engaged to head the imperial army in Lombardy, with a force of 15,000 men, and was to receive a strong barrier on his Italian frontier as the price of his services. Unhappily for Victor, his treason had been betrayed before he was prepared to meet its consequences. In the new year of 1704, he found himself shut into his Duchy as with a ring of iron from the troops of the coalition, by Vendôme and Tessé. Vercelli and Susa were already in their hands; the fall of Bard by treachery had opened the valley of Aosta to the enemy; the gripe of the French king was on the heart of Savoy. Then, after six months of unsurpassed heroism and suffering, the garrison of Verrua capitulated, Nice fell at the same time, and Louis seemed on the point of fulfilling the oath which he had sworn in his wrath, to annihilate the Fox of Savoy, and blot out his domain as an independent State from the map of Europe. But at this crisis the sympathies of the allied powers were roused by their interests; they recognised the barrier which the duke's bravery had opposed to the ambition of France in the Peninsula, and foresaw that, this barrier overthrown, Louis must gain immense advantages. All considerations urged them to come with speed to the rescue; England sent subsidies and promise of further help; Austria shook off her apathy, and despatched an army under Prince Eugene, with whom, in spite of great difficulties, Victor formed a junction against the French forces, which had well-nigh reduced Turin; and the battle fought before that city, September 7th, 1706, resulted in a decisive and final overthrow of the besieging army, and the subsequent weakness of the French king in Italy during the remainder of the war of succession. How that long struggle wore itself out through mere exhaustion of the belligerents, many readers know. During the negociations which preceded the Peace of Utrecht, Victor made a last effort to realize his cherished design upon Lombardy; but Austria refused to relinquish so fair a possession, and the duke had to content himself with rounding off his States by an addition of all the territory promised in 1703, with the regal title and Sicily—which island he exchanged, in 1720, for the securer realm of Sardinia. The struggle of Piedmont into a kingdom forms a striking episode in the history of the past century. The policy of Victor Amadeus, whom we have seen always ready to change his camp, but never swerving from his end—whose kingdom rose from the downfall of Gallic power in the Peninsula, with the rise of Austrian preponderance—offers a strong contrast, yet not without points of close resemblance, to that of his famous descendant, born to widen the circlet on his brow into the crown of

Italy, through the humiliation of Austria, and the aggrandizement of Imperial France.

CHAPTER II.

Up to the point we have reached, the life of the first King of Sardinia forms a page in European history; but the details of its tragical close have, till within the last few years, been buried in the secret archives of the house of Savoy. After the Peace of Utrecht, Victor Amadeus bent his energies to the execution of those plans for the welfare of his kingdom which he had long meditated, but found himself unable to carry into effect during more troublesome times. Towards 1730 his work seemed accomplished. No more fortresses remained to be built on his French frontier; his treasury was overflowing; both people and army were broken into strict subjection; even the perpetual squabbles with Rome, in which of late years this somewhat undutiful son of the church had found his chief interest and excitement, had for the present come to an end. And now the demons of prosperity began to vex the monarch; the satiety of power, that sad monotony of existence which awaits those who live to accomplish all their aims, aggravated the burden of growing ill-health, and goaded a restless spirit whose natural element was change, as its natural employment was the secret elaboration of some project whose unravelment should take the world by surprise. At the date of the conversation with Blondel, which our readers will recal, in the autumn of 1729, the king's mind was busy with a double design—a design, as he had truly said, not inspired by ambition, for he meditated an abdication in favour of his son Charles Emmanuel, and a second marriage with a lady about the court.

The beautiful Theresa Canale di Cumiana, a daughter of one of the noblest houses of Savoy, had been thirty years before maid-of-honour to the Duchess Dowager. There were rumours that in those days the duke had sighed, and by no means sighed in vain, for her charms; till his mother, interfering, put an end to the intrigue, and cooled the scandal by a well-timed marriage between the frail beauty and the Count St. Sebastian, on whose death, in 1723, the king, in consideration of the widow's narrowed circumstances, gave her an appointment about the person of his daughter-in-law. This the princess, to whom Theresa's history was not unknown, secretly resented; and from that time the lady-in-waiting and her mistress hated each other as only women, and women of the south, can hate. Theresa St. Sebastian was now in the autumn of her charms—a period when, if we may believe the Italian historian, they are dangerous alike to a very young or an elderly admirer. She boasted a fine complexion, a noble figure, the stately presence and the royal hand of a great lady, the eye of velvet and fire of a Piedmontese beauty. Until the death of Queen Anna she had kept completely aloof from the king, but after that event she threw herself more in his way, and through her talent and subtlety, joined to her personal attractions, soon succeeded in making an impression on the royal widower, who felt the flame of his youth revive in her presence. But the veteran widow was by no means to be won on the same easy terms as the girl of sixteen; in proportion as the lover waxed eager, the lady's virtue grew more severe, till the king was fain to hint at the position occupied by Madame Maintenon in the court of Versailles. The countess caught at the proposal of a private marriage—not that she purposed to content herself with the rôle of Madame Maintenon; but that step once taken, she trusted all to her power over the king. In the June of 1730, Victor, without giving the names of the parties concerned, procured a dispensation from Rome, permitting a Knight of St. Maurice—of which Order he was grand-master—himself a widower, to marry a widow; and on the 12th of August, his marriage with Theresa St. Sebastian was solemnised in strict privacy at the church of Valentino,

the king returning to Rivoli after the ceremony.

Immediately on his arrival at Rivoli, Victor briefly announced his marriage to his son, who, embarrassed by the unexpected news, betrayed more surprise than pleasure, and could hardly collect himself to stammer out feeble wishes for his father's happiness. This, the king replied, was secured by the step he had just taken; and he went on to say that his wife was not to take the title of queen, but in future to be known as Marchesa di Spigno, and that, in accordance with his wish, she would for the present continue her duties as lady-in-waiting. Another announcement, still more startling, awaited the prince on the thirty-first of the same month, when Victor first acquainted him with his purpose to abdicate in his favour—a project which, although hitherto kept profoundly secret from the heir to the throne, had been for some time past a fixed idea with the king. In the December of the previous year, he had commanded from the librarian Palazzi a memoir upon those sovereigns who had resigned their crowns; and, on receiving the paper, which fully set forth the political, religious, and family reasons urging them to that step, Victor went through each case in detail with Palazzi, displaying his wonted acuteness in criticisms upon the views and character of the several princes, but without letting a word fall which might betray his own intentions. Towards his confessor, the Abbé Boggio, the monarch showed less reserve, discussing the question fully with him from time to time; and the priest seems to have tried every argument to move him from his purpose, but Victor's reply was always the same. He felt weary, and longed for repose! Charles, then over thirty, was much better able to bear the burden of Government; his own great desire was to devote the rest of his days to God, and bury in solitude all his worldly anxieties! Upon this the Abbé warned his royal penitent that he would infallibly repent if he took the step, and clinched his argument with that old truth which experience and philosophy have both been teaching since the world began. "Your Majesty," he said, "will never find the calm you seek, for men carry with them the tempest of the soul, and change of place changes not the disposition. The only way to obtain peace of mind is to bear patiently till death our own cross in the place among men which God has appointed us." And, finding that his reasonings made but slight impression on the king, Boggio, in subsequent conversations, entreated him at least to make a trial of private life, before condemning himself to it without recal, by a temporary withdrawal from affairs. This counsel Victor rejected with characteristic vehemence, saying, "No! I cannot bring myself to do things by halves; all or none, indoors or out-of-doors, is my motto." Up to the beginning of August the king went on amusing himself by discussing his project of abdication with confidential advisers, delighting in the tears and dissuasions with which it was always received; and, as had ever been his wont, while seeking the counsel of others, fully determined to follow the bent of his own mind.

On the 31st of August, prior to the interview with Charles in which he disclosed his purpose, Victor caused the act of abdication, which had been drawn up a few days before under his careful supervision, to be read to him by the Marquis di Borgo, of whom he inquired if it were perfectly regular; and, on the marquis observing that a clause freeing the people from their oath of allegiance must be inserted, the king took the act, looked it over, and returned it with the remark, "Let the deed stand as it is; there is a clause implying their release." An incident, trivial in itself, but significant, if we bear in mind the subtle character of this prince. On the third of September, an extraordinary assembly, consisting of all the officers of state, the nobility, and foreign ambassadors, was convened by the king at Rivoli. To very few the purpose of this gathering had been revealed; and those few, by their master's order, kept it secret. The utmost excitement prevailed; conjecture was rife; and the minds of all were in

suspense with the expectation of some great event. Victor, his son, and the ministers assembled first in the royal cabinet, where, amidst the tears of all present, the king affixed his signature to the act of abdication; and, proceeding into the great hall of the palace, where the nobility and the diplomatic corps were assembled, he commanded Di Borgo to read the document in a loud voice, and to betray no weakness. Then, amid the deep hush of expectation and astonishment, the marquis read before all the formal abdication of Victor Amadeus. The breathless silence which ensued when the voice of the reader had ceased, was broken by the sobs of the old nobles, who now learnt for the first time that the master they had so long served was about, by withdrawing himself from his people, to forestall the inevitable separation of the grave. After Charles had, with the deepest emotion, kissed his father's hand, the nobles did homage to the two kings, when Victor took the opportunity of saying a last gracious word to each, and recounting their several merits and services to his son; to the end he betrayed not the slightest sign of feeling, but stood enjoying all the excitement and tears of which he was the object. For so strangely mingled is the web of human nature, that it offers us here the spectacle of a sovereign, prosperous, wise, and rich in the experiences of a long life, delighting in the pageant of this scene where he was chief actor, and not less blind to all its consequences than the simplest novice, who plays her part as the bride of Heaven, fluttered by the interest she excites, and thoughtless of the years which lie, heavy and dark, behind the veil.

Up to this hour the king had kept his wife in complete ignorance of the great change he contemplated; and Theresa, divining some mystery, and believing, naturally enough, that it concerned herself, had solved it according to her own desires, imagining herself already a queen, and lavishing every art and fascination of which she was mistress to secure her promotion. Never, perhaps, had any human heart beaten higher with hope and ambition than the Marchesa's on this eventful third of September, when she took her place among the other ladies assembled in Polyxena's apartment. The fair bevy of dames and damsels must have endured an agony of curiosity; and, though conjecture and whisper were silenced by the presence of the princess, whose calm, proud face betrayed no sign that she held the secret of the hour, a whole battery of significant glances was opened upon the Marchesa, who awaited, with ill-concealed impatience, the announcement which she dared to hope would place her higher than her mistress. At length distant sounds of the breaking-up of the assembly were heard—at length footsteps approached the door; the king entered, followed by his son; proclaimed that he had accomplished his abdication, and saluted Polyxena as Queen of Sardinia. In the first anguish of a disappointment as cruel as it was unlooked for, Theresa turned pale, and seemed ready to faint; but on a lady inquiring if the Marchesa felt ill, she summoned enough self-command to reply, to the malicious courtesy, that the pleasure she experienced in offering her duty to the new queen had overpowered her for the moment.

Victor spent the rest of the day in arranging his plans, and discussing with child-like eagerness the new life upon which he was about to enter. He was persuaded with some difficulty to retain the title of king; but he steadily refused both guards and retinue; declaring that henceforth he would be simply a country gentleman, living in retirement on his estate. He entreated Charles to fulfil faithfully the trust committed into his hands, and renewed recommendations he had before made of certain ministers, especially begging him to rely on the Marquis D'Ormea, an able statesman, whom Victor had lately created Minister of the Interior. It is curious to note that the old king, in the midst of pious protestations that he had done with this world, and should spend the rest of his days in preparation for a

better, did not forget to stipulate for a weekly bulletin of all political news, both foreign and domestic.

Not until he was on the point of quitting Rivoli next morning for Chambery, which he had chosen as his retreat, did Victor's spirits give way. Then, in the midst of his adieus, he faltered and burst into tears. Even at this eleventh hour Charles entreated him to resume the sovereignty; but, recovering himself, he hastily entered the carriage, accompanied by his wife. The Marchesa claims our pity, for her wrong was as great as her disappointment. Setting her ambition aside, a woman of less spirit would have been stung to the quick on finding herself thus duped by her husband—at the utter selfishness and careless contempt with which he had entirely ignored her in an affair so important to them both. Such considerations served to swell the tide of grief and rage which Theresa could hardly keep within bounds through that journey, where every league of the road seemed a fresh separation from the world of life and pleasure she loved, till it was lost in mountain passes, frowning as a barrier to her return.

On the sixth of October the coronation of the new sovereign was celebrated with extraordinary pomp; and the simplicity which had hitherto prevailed gave place at once to a magnificence more accordant to the tastes of Charles Emmanuel. For some time an active correspondence was maintained between Turin and Chambery; Victor, kept informed of the minutest affairs, and consulted on every occasion, however trivial, found his political appetite grow by what it fed on. The Marquis D'Ormea, who soon acquired unbounded influence over Charles, ill-brooked his old master's constant interference, and watched every token that his ruling passion was still strong with a jealous eye. In the February of 1731, he took the occasion of an apoplectic fit with which the ex-king was seized, to discontinue the weekly despatches; and, in consequence, when Charles paid a visit to his father at the end of March, he found him in the worst possible humour, although too proud to complain of the omission. Meantime, as the spring advanced, fresh misunderstandings broke out between the court of Rome and Sardinia. The dispute waxed warm; and Charles, acting under the guidance of D'Ormea, not only refused any concession, but broke off diplomatic relations with Rome, and caused one of his theologians to put forth a defence of his conduct, a copy of which he despatched to Chambery. In the midst of the ex-king's anger that this step had been resolved upon without his concurrence, he was struck with the promptitude and energy, so foreign to Charles's character, which it exhibited, and gave the credit where it was really due—to the Marquis. This embroilment with Rome served to heighten the discontent which had of late been growing upon Victor; he was angry and sore at the meagre news received from Turin, while the despatches, when they did arrive, filled as they were with debates in which he had had no share, and affairs concluded without his counsel, only fed the irritated mood in which, from his retreat at Chambery, he had watched others playing the game of power, till he grew fevered with longing to take it out of their hands. Nor could it have been otherwise; war, political intrigue, the pursuit of fame and power—these objects, and these alone, had been for half a century the very breath of life to this man, who went into his retirement with a disposition as restless and eager as ever, with a mind utterly unfurnished by those tastes which sweeten solitude. Unlike Charles V., whom he proposed as his model, there was little of the religious element in the nature of the Italian, who, in believing his heart set on forsaking the world to serve his Maker, had interpreted a mere impulse as a fixed mental condition, as he had taken the Martinmas summer of passion in his blood for that steady, serene affection which is the true sunshine of declining life. A contemporary historian says that Theresa turned the reaction which had come upon her husband to her own purpose; and that she secretly instigated anony-

mous letters against the Government, which continually exasperated his mood. This seems likely enough, although the king's own discontent was sufficient in itself to goad him on to the attempt which, by the end of June, he had fully determined to make. The Marquis D'Ormea, who, as he imagined, would be of all men most willing and able to aid him in the resumption of power, was during July to accompany Charles to the baths of Evian, in Savoy; and Victor, thinking this a favourable occasion for unfolding his plans, wrote, requesting him to proceed at once to Chambery. The minister, however, perhaps with some inkling of his old master's mood, or really detained, as he professed to be, by the increasing differences with Rome, did not leave Turin; and the ex-king growing inpatient, disclosed his scheme by letter. After bitter complaints of Charles's unfitness for government, and against the ministers, he went on to say that it behoved him, both as king and father, to check such manifest evils, and save the state; therefore, he had determined to return to Turin and establish a council of state on the model of that at Vienna, to be composed of members chosen from every department, civil and military. Charles was to sink into a simple member of this assembly, of which D'Ormea himself was to be president. The letter concluded with injunctions of secrecy and expressions of good-will to the Marquis, who was thunderstruck on receiving it, and quite at a loss how to answer so perilous a confidence. In addressing himself to D'Ormea, Victor had entirely mistaken his man; no one was less likely than that minister to entertain a proposal which involved a breach of honour, a betrayal of the trust committed to him by the ex-king himself, and, above all, a capital offence against the worship of the rising sun —that natural religion of Persians and courtiers.

D'Ormea's reply, though couched in the most respectful language, could not have encouraged Victor to hope for his co-operation. It plainly set forth that the ex-king's reasons for change were unfounded, and that the innovation proposed would be fraught with peril.

One courier took this answer to Chambery, while another delivered to Charles, who, with the queen, was by this time in Savoy, his father's letter, and a copy of the reply. When in their progress the royal couple visited Chambery, Victor received Polyxena with every mark of affection—a demonstration which those who recal the fearful fondness of Lear's greeting to Regan can readily understand. Charles, on the contrary, he treated with great coldness, and threw out the most insulting criticisms on his administration, expecting to find him still the submissive prince who was wont to tremble at his father's anger, and yield him unquestioning obedience. But Charles, after nearly a year of independent sovereignty, had become unused to the paternal violence, and brooked it so ill that he set forth at once for Evian. Thither, in the course of a few days, arrived Bogino, the bearer of important despatches from Turin. Clement the Twelfth having, in the most solemn form, annulled the concordat between Sardinia and the Papal See, D'Ormea had issued a declaration of the Senate for the maintenance of the concordat, and proclaimed null the ordinances of the Pope, to whom he addressed, in his master's name, a remonstrance at once dignified and resolute, which he sent for the king's approval into Savoy. Charles returned to Chambery; and the two kings held a conference with Bogino and others on the matter then pending, when Victor made a few objections to the measures proposed, but was easily convinced of their expediency, and offered to write himself to the Pontiff. He then announced that, finding the climate of Savoy prejudicial to his health, he should return at once to Piedmont, for that nothing short of his presence there would check the presumption of Rome, and bring her partisans in Turin to their senses. And, before the whole assembly, he broke out into a storm of complaints and invectives against his son, declaring that the experiment of the past year had fully

proved Charles incapable to govern, and that it was high time to correct the mistake he himself had made in allowing the power to pass out of his own hands. The ministers stood aghast at this most unexpected ebullition; and Charles, already informed of his father's designs, kept silence that he might not add fuel to the fire—retiring as soon as the conference was over to his own apartments, when the queen's entreaties, joined to the representations of his ministers, so roused his sense of what was due to his dignity, that he proceeded to Turin the same evening without taking leave of the ex-king. Victor likewise prepared to cross the Alps, and, accompanied by the Marchesa and a small retinue, followed his son in the course of a few days. As the carriage halted on the summit of Mount Cenis, the like irresolution overtook the monarch which he had experienced a twelvemonth before in his last moments at Rivoli. Turning to his wife, as a man about to make a desperate throw, he asked, "Shall I return at once, or pursue my journey?" The Marchesa remained silent: the question was repeated; she still gave no reply. "In God's name, speak, Madam;" cried Victor; "what am I to do?" "I cannot venture to offer advice," was the cautious answer; "it is for your Majesty to command." At these words Victor, sighing deeply, fell back in the carriage, which now began to descend the slope of the mountain.

In the last days of August, the ex-king re-installed himself in the suburban palace of Montcalieri. The minute record extant of his behaviour during the following month, leaves, through its tears, its reproaches, its passionate complaints, through all the signs of the helplessness and indecision of old age, a deeply tragic impression on the mind. Perhaps of all the tokens, both in ourselves and others, by which we know that no man can trust himself to the last, the suicide of a great career is the most sad, as the most significant; and this darkens the history of the prince, richly endowed with the great qualities which ensure success, whom we have seen toil through a long life to achieve it, and then, by his own act, disappear from the scene of his prosperity. And now, he had left his retreat to find himself shrunk to a mere shadow of royalty, as one come from the tomb to see his honours and wealth descended to others. He had come back with his appetite for power sharpened by repose, and it had passed away from him for ever. He had crossed the Alps, believing that his reappearance among his people would cause universal joy, to find himself solitary and unsought. He had returned to learn, by bitter experience, that "the divinity which doth hedge a king" forsakes him with his crown; that it is the attribute, not of the sovereign's person, but of the regal office.

Victor's arrival in Piedmont was followed by a series of stormy interviews between himself, Charles, and D'Ormea. He accused them both of the blackest ingratitude to him, renewed his reproaches of mal-administration, and threatened to recal his abdication, which, he declared, hung only by a thread—working himself up to such a pitch of violence on more than one occasion, as to brandish his cane, and gesticulate like a madman. More than once, the Marchesa waylaid D'Ormea after these conferences—an interference which added weight to the suspicions already strong against her. The ex-king grew daily more unreasonable, in spite of the tone, respectful, firm, and temperate, maintained both by Charles and his minister, and in spite of the just reasonings of Caisotti, who, when summoned on the 16th of September, dealt faithfully with his old patron, to whom he recalled the magnanimity which had led him to resign the crown, and said in plain terms that, as his abdication had been entirely his own act, he was bound to abide by its consequences. At the word abdication, the king started from his seat, exclaiming that there was no abdication in the case—that he had not himself sworn to the deed, and, moreover, that, foreseeing the troubles which had arisen, he had especially provided that the act should not free his subjects from their oath of allegiance.

To this Caisotti replied that the king's oath was not needed; for he himself had done away with oaths in contracts—such forms being a device of the Court of Rome to draw causes into its jurisdiction; and, with respect to the people, his act of renunciation, and the oath taken to Charles as sole sovereign, implied their absolution. Victor cut short these representations by saying that all he had himself done, he both could and would undo; and, turning to D'Ormea, who had just entered, without further preface, he ordered him to set on foot a fresh assessment of Piedmont, and to acquaint Charles that, by his father's express command, he was to quit Turin on the morrow for an inspection of the fortifications of Fenestrelles.

From this peremptory mood, the ministers augured that the catastrophe of the drama must be close at hand, and came to the conclusion that Victor intended, during his son's absence, to put himself at the head of the troops, and either modify or revoke his abdication. In this crisis, the ex-king fully calculated upon his great influence over his son; and, had Charles been left to himself, it is not unlikely that his pliant nature and long habits of deference to his father might have inclined him to yield. But in the back-ground were D'Ormea and his colleagues, who well knew that their master's submission would involve their ruin,—and by his side was a royal lady, determined that her husband should never descend from his throne. Among them they persuaded Charles for the present to hold no personal communication with his father; to whom D'Ormea was despatched to convey, in the most delicate and respectful manner, the king's refusal to leave Turin. Victor turned pale at this unlooked-for resistance, and, bursting into a fit of impotent rage, reiterated the command, warning the minister at his peril not to interfere between him and his son. By this time, both the court and the capital had got wind of the discord in the royal family, and every sort of rumour prevailed; yet, among all his former subjects, the ex-king does not appear to have found a single partisan. The nobles loved him not, for he had despoiled them of power; he was in ill odour with the clergy, for he had always opposed their claims; the people, to whom his impartial justice had endeared him, were completely powerless; and D'Ormea had secured the army by placing it under officers devoted to the new sovereign.

On the 29th of September the ex-king sent for the Abbé Boggio, to whom, after his customary harangue against Charles, he said that his son's conduct left him no choice—he must proceed at once to Milan to lay his grievances before the Emperor, and make him arbiter between them. Then, pointing to writing materials, he insisted that Boggio should immediately draw up a deed revoking his abdication. The Abbé argued, expostulated, and then refused downright; but, when Victor locked the door, protesting that he should not leave the apartment till the order had been obeyed, Boggio, finding resistance useless, drew up the paper from his old master's dictation, and, his task accomplished, hastened with the news to Turin. Charles, after examining him, took counsel at once with D'Ormea; and it was then that the minister, who had looked forward to some such emergency, threw out the momentous suggestion of Victor's arrest. The discussion was long, and Charles fearfully agitated throughout; but the Marquis gained his point by working upon the fears of the king, who consented at last to give his father up into D'Ormea's hands should a final attempt at reconciliation prove fruitless. This was made next morning; but Victor, angry and inflexible, refused to listen to any overture; and in the evening a Council of State was convoked, at which Charles, pale and worn with his inward struggles, presided. D'Ormea opened the deliberations by a speech at once artful and eloquent; he represented the ex-king as a tool in the Marchesa's hands, who, to gratify her own ambition, had led him to assume a hostile attitude towards his son and the Government. He dwelt upon the disasters which must arise were no check placed upon the

abdicated prince, finally insisting that, as all gentle means had been tried in vain to bring him to a better mind, it was now a State necessity to place him under temporary durance. "But," proceeded the subtle orator, as he watched the start of horror with which the sentence was received, and read a protest against it on the darkened brow of some of his auditors; "but, before applying a remedy as painful as it is inevitable, our master seeks your counsel; give it freely: remember that on this hangs the fate of the august House of Savoy. Let us not think of ourselves; we know that, if the ex-king accomplishes his design, we perish the victims of a blind resentment; but what of that? We have only to consider the danger threatening the State and the king, whom we are bound to serve at the cost of our lives."

This address produced the effect intended by the speaker, and, after a short deliberation, the arrest was unanimously resolved by the Council. When the warrant was laid before Charles for his signature he faltered. D'Ormea offered the pen, but his master refused it. "Sire," said the inflexible minister, "remember that the lives and fortunes of us all are at stake." Upon this the king hurriedly signed the paper, motioned the Council to withdraw, and burst into an unfeigned agony of tears; while Polyxena, who had been anxiously waiting the result, rushing into the hall, threw herself into her husband's arms, and strove to calm and fortify him.[1]

Every preparation had already been made for the arrest, which took place that very night; D'Ormea himself leading the troops despatched for Moncalieri to drag a helpless old man from his bed at midnight, and consign him to a life-long imprisonment. The Marchesa was first secured, torn from her husband by force, and hurried off to endure the last indignity of detention in the fortress of Ceva, a place of durance for abandoned women. At first Victor refused to believe his misfortune; he stormed, clung desperately to the bed-post, and appealed to the officers, asking, "Could they daré to lay hands on their king, they who had so often seen him shed his blood for the State?" He was met by the reply, "Sire, we served you faithfully then; now we as faithfully serve your son: a soldier knows no duty but his oath." His last hope of making some impression on the troops sent to escort him to Rivoli died, as he recognized a regiment long under the command of his son. On noticing this precaution he resisted no longer, but murmuring, "They have managed the matter well," suffered himself to be placed in the carriage.

The great unfinished palace of Rivoli was changed into a prison for the king thus condemned to languish out his days a captive among his own subjects, and by the award of his own son. Even allowing the monarch's detention to have been a state necessity, yet its accompaniments of harshness and espionage are entirely unjustifiable. He was not allowed writing materials, and the only persons permitted access to him were his guards, four officers, who never lost sight, day or night, of their prisoner, and three priests, appointed by the government; a high wall was built round the palace; its entrances, save one, blocked up, and all the windows which might afford passers-by a glimpse of their old sovereign, darkened. The first weeks of the ex-king's captivity were spent in such unremitting paroxysms of rage, that he appeared on the very brink of madness; but, as time went on, he became more calm, and requested leave to petition the king for the presence of his wife. He was not suffered to write himself to Charles; but, after some delay, the Marchesa appeared, to share her husband's prison,

[1] The current story that Victor, while this council was sitting, proceeded to Turin and tampered with the governor of the citadel, and that the intelligence, conveyed at once to that body, mainly contributed to their decision, is unfounded. Muratori, when compiling his history, within a few years of these events, entertained suspicions of its truth, and referred them to Bogino, who, with the concurrence of Charles Emmanuel, denied the transaction; adding, that the whole was fabricated by D'Ormea to give some colour of justice to his proceedings.

having been first compelled to take an oath never to reveal to him the ignominy she had endured. A detailed account of Victor's captivity—which lasted more than thirteen months—is extant; but it records nothing more interesting or dignified than miserable intrigues to obtain the change of some attendants, fury against Charles and the government, and groundless hopes of foreign intervention. Theresa, the only human being now in his power, he subjected to insults and cruelty, extending even to blows; and he alleged, in explanation of this treatment, that her refusal to counsel him on the summit of Mount Cenis had brought on him all his calamities. In the following April he was, by his own request, transferred to Moncalieri for the benefit of his health, now rapidly declining; but the infirmities of his old age, and maladies, exasperated doubtless by rage and grief, continued to gain ground, till he became doting and bed-ridden, spending all his time in building houses of cards. In the beginning of October his power of utterance failed, and he was supposed to be dying; but, before the closing scene, a brief interval of speech and consciousness was accorded the sufferer, who then appeared resigned, spoke of his past violence with sorrow, and expressed forgiveness of all his enemies, especially naming the marquis and Charles, who was kept by the influence of those about him, from his father's death-bed. On the last day of the month Victor was fast sinking; the sobs of the marchesa, and the prayers of the capuchins, who alone watched his last hours, were mingled with the jarring noise of busy workmen; for D'Ormea, on learning that his old master was *in extremis*, despatched orders for the immediate removal of the prison wall, that no trace of it might offend the king's eye when he came to attend his father's obsequies. Towards evening, a monk who knelt by the bedside, uncertain whether the dying ear could take in his exhortations held up the crucifix, and said, "Sire, if you hear me—if you forgive others that you yourself may be forgiven, kiss this sign of our salvation." Victor embraced it with fervour, and soon after expired.

On the 1st of November, 1732, the Marquis di Borgo arrived at Moncalieri to receive the formal announcement of the king's decease; and a few days afterwards the remains of Victor Amadeus were laid with royal pomp in the vaults of the Superga, the monument of his crowning victory, and the mausoleum of his house.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XL.

HUE AND CRY.

At the end of a gusty wild October afternoon a man leading two horses was marching up and down the little plot of short turf at the top of the Hawkslynch. Every now and then he would stop on the brow of the hill to look over the village, and seemed to be waiting for somebody from that quarter. After being well blown he would turn to his promenade again, or go in under the clump of firs, through which the rising south-west wind, rushing up from the vale below, was beginning tomake a moan; and, hitching the horses to some stump or bush, and patting and coaxing them to induce them, if so might be, to stand quiet for a while, would try to settle himself to leeward of one of the larger trees.

But the fates were against all attempts at repose. He had scarcely time to produce a cheroot from his case and light it under many difficulties, when the horses would begin fidgeting, and pulling at their bridles, and shifting round to get

their tails to the wind. They clearly did not understand the necessity of the position, and were inclined to be moving stablewards. So he had to get up again, sling the bridles over his arm, and take to his march up and down the plot of turf; now stopping for a moment or two to try to get his cheroot to burn straight, and pishing and pshawing over its perverseness; now going again and again to the brow, and looking along the road which led to the village, holding his hat on tight with one hand—for by this time it was blowing half a gale of wind.

Though it was not yet quite the hour for his setting, the sun had disappeared behind a heavy bank of wicked slate-coloured cloud, which looked as though it were rising straight up into the western heavens, while the wind whirled along and twisted into quaint shapes a ragged rift of light vapour, which went hurrying by, almost touching the tops of the moaning firs. Altogether an uncanny evening to be keeping tryst at the top of a wild knoll; and so thought our friend with the horses, and showed it, too, clearly enough, had any one been there to put a construction on his impatient movements.

There was no one nearer than the village, half-a-mile and more away; so, by way of passing the time, we must exercise our privilege of putting into words what he is half-thinking, half-muttering to himself—

"A pleasant night I call this, to be out on a wild goose chase. If ever I saw a screaming storm brewing, there it comes. I'll be hanged if I stop up here to be caught in it for all the crack-brained friends I ever had in the world; and I seem to have a faculty for picking up none but cracked-brained ones. I wonder what the plague can keep him so long; he must have been gone an hour. There steady, steady, old horse. Confound this weed! What rascals tobacconists are! You never can get a cheroot now worth smoking. Every one of them goes spluttering up the side, or charring up the middle, and tasting like tow soaked in saltpetre and tobacco juice. Well, I suppose I shall get the real thing in India.

"India! In a month from to-day we shall be off. To hear our senior major talk, one might as well be going to the bottomless pit at once. Well, he'll sell out, that's a comfort. Gives us a step, and gets rid of an old ruffian. I don't seem to care much what the place is like if we only get some work; and there will be some work there before long, by all accounts. No more garrison town life, at any rate. And if I have any luck—a man may get a chance there.

"What the deuce can he be about? This all comes of sentiment, now. Why couldn't I go quietly off to India without bothering up to Oxford to see him? Not but what it's a pleasant place enough. I've enjoyed my three days there uncommonly. Food and drink all that can be wished, and plenty of good fellows and good fun. The look of the place, too, makes one feel respectable. But, by George, if their divinity is at all like their politics, they must turn out a queer set of parsons—at least if Brown picked up his precious notions at Oxford. He always was a headstrong beggar. What was it he was holding forth about last night? Let's see. 'The sacred right of insurrection.' Yes, that was it, and he talked as if he believed it all too; and, if there should be a row, which don't seem unlikely, by Jove I think he'd act on it in the sort of temper he's in. How about the sacred right of getting hung or transported? I shouldn't wonder to hear of that some day. Gad! suppose he should be in for an instalment of his sacred right to-night. He's capable of it, and of lugging me in with him. What did he say we were come here for? To get some fellow out of a scrape, he said—some sort of poaching radical foster-brother of his, who had been in gaol, and deserved it too, I'll be bound. And we couldn't go down quietly into the village and put up at the public, where I might have sat in the tap, and not run the chance of having my skin blown over my ears, and my teeth down my throat, on this cursed look-out place, because he's *too well known* there. What does

that mean? Upon my soul it looks bad. They may be lynching a J. P. down there, or making a spread eagle of the parish-constable at this minute, for anything I know, and as sure as fate if they are I shall get my foot in it.

"It will read sweetly in the *Army News*— 'A court-martial was held this day at Chatham, president, Colonel Smith, of Her Majesty's 101st Regiment, to try Henry East, a Lieutenant in the same distinguished corps, who has been under arrest since the 10th ult., for aiding and abetting the escape of a convict, and taking part in a riot in the village of Englebourn, in the county of Berks. The defence of the accused was that he had a sentimental friendship for a certain Thomas Brown, an undergraduate of St. Ambrose College, Oxford, &c., &c.; and the sentence of the Court—'

"Hang it! It's no laughing matter. Many a fellow has been broken for not making half such a fool of himself as I have done, coming out here on this errand. I'll tell T. B. a bit of my mind as sure as——

"Hullo! didn't I hear a shout? Only the wind, I believe. How it does blow! One of these firs will be down, I expect, just now. The storm will burst in a quarter of an hour. Here goes! I shall ride down into the village, let what will come of it. Steady now, steady. Stand still, you old fool; can't you?——

"There, now I'm all right. Solomon said something about a beggar on horseback. Was it Solomon, though? Never mind. He couldn't ride. Never had a horse till he was grown up. But he said some uncommon wise things about having nothing to do with such friends as T. B. So, Harry East, if you please, no more tomfoolery after to-day. You've got a whole skin, and a lieutenant's commission to make your way in the world with, and are troubled with no particular crotchets yourself that need ever get you into trouble. So just you keep clear of other people's. And if your friends must be mending the world, and poor man's plastering, and running their heads against stone walls, why, just you let go of their coat tails."

So muttering and meditating, Harry East paused a moment after mounting, to turn up the collar of the rough shooting coat which he was wearing, and button it up to the chin, before riding down the hill, when, in the hurly-burly of the wind, a shout came spinning past his ears, plain enough this time; he heard the gate at the end of Englebourn-lane down below him shut with a clang, and saw two men running at full speed towards him straight up the hill.

"Oh! here you are at last," he said, as he watched them. "Well, you don't lose your time now. Somebody must be after them. What's he shouting and waving his hand for? Oh, I'm to bring the cavalry supports down the slope, I suppose. Well, here goes: he has brought off his pal the convict I see—

> Says he, you've 'scaped from transportation
> All upon the briny main,
> So never give way to no temptation,
> And don't get drunk nor prig again!

There goes the gate again. By Jove, what's that? Dragoons, as I'm a sinner! There's going to be the d——st bear-fight."

Saying which, Harry East dug his heels into his horse's sides, holding him up sharply with the curb at the same time, and in another moment was at the bottom of the solitary mound on which he had been perched for the last hour, and on the brow of the line of hill out of which it rose so abruptly, just at the point for which the two runners were making. He had only time to glance at the pursuers, and saw that one or two rode straight on the track of the fugitives, while the rest skirted away along a parish road which led up the hill side by an easier ascent, when Tom and his companion were by his side. Tom seized the bridle of the led horse, and was in the saddle with one spring.

"Jump up behind," he shouted; "now then, come along."

"Who are they?" roared East—in that wind nothing but a shout could be

heard—pointing over his shoulder with his thumb as they turned to the heath.

"Yeomanry."

"After you?"

Tom nodded, as they broke into a gallop, making straight across the heath towards the Oxford road. They were some quarter of a mile in advance before any of their pursuers showed over the brow of the hill behind them. It was already getting dusk, and the great bank of cloud was by this time all but upon them, making the atmosphere denser and darker every second. Then, first one of the men appeared who had ridden straight up the hill under the Hawk's Lynch, and, pulling up for a moment, caught sight of them and gave chase. Half a minute later, and several of those who had kept to the road were also in sight, some distance away on the left, but still near enough to be unpleasant; and they too, after a moment's pause, were in full pursuit. At first the fugitives held their own, and the distance between them and their pursuers was not lessened, but it was clear that this could not last. Anything that horse-flesh is capable of, a real good Oxford hack, such as they rode, will do; but to carry two full-grown men at the end of a pretty long day, away from fresh horses and moderate weights, is too much to expect even of Oxford horse-flesh; and the gallant beast which Tom rode was beginning to show signs of distress when they struck into the road. There was a slight dip in the ground at this place, and a little further on the heath rose suddenly again, and the road ran between high banks for a short distance.

As they reached this point they disappeared for the moment from the yeomanry, and the force of the wind was broken by the banks, so that they could breathe more easily, and hear one another's voices.

Tom looked anxiously round at the lieutenant, who shrugged his shoulders in answer to the look, as he bent forward to ease his own horse, and said—

"Can't last another mile.'

"What's to be done?"

East again shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing.

"I know, Master Tom," said Harry Winburn.

"What?"

"Pull up a bit, sir."

Tom pulled up, and his horse fell into a walk willingly enough, while East passed on a few strides ahead. Harry Winburn sprang off.

"You ride on, now, Master Tom," he said, "I knows the heath well; you let me bide."

"No, no, Harry, not I. I won't leave you now; so let them come, and be hanged."

East had pulled up, and listened to their talk.

"Look here, now," he said to Harry; "put your arm over the hind part of his saddle, and run by the side; you'll find you can go as fast as the horse. Now, you two push on, and strike across the heath. I'll keep the road, and take off this joker behind, who is the only dangerous customer."

"That's like you, old boy," said Tom, "then we'll meet at the first public beyond the heath;" and they passed ahead in their turn, and turned on to the heath, Harry running by the side, as the lieutenant had advised.

East looked after them, and then put his horse into a steady trot, muttering—

"Like me! yes, devilish like me; I know that well enough. Didn't I always play cat's-paw to his monkey at school? but that convict don't seem such a bad lot, after all."

Meantime Tom and Harry struck away over the heath, as the darkness closed in, and the storm drove down. They stumbled on over the charred furze roots, and splashed through the sloppy peat cuttings, casting anxious, hasty looks over their shoulders as they fled, straining every nerve to get on, and longing for night and the storm.

"Hark, wasn't that a pistol-shot?" said Tom, as they floundered on. The sound came from the road they had left.

"Look! here's some on 'em, then," said Harry; and Tom was aware of two

horsemen coming over the brow of the hill on their left, some three hundred yards to the rear. At the same instant his horse stumbled, and came down on his nose and knees. Tom went off over his shoulder, tumbling against Harry, and sending him headlong to the ground, but keeping hold of the bridle; they were up again in a moment.

"Are you hurt?"

"No."

"Come along, then," and Tom was in the saddle again, when the pursuers raised a shout. They had caught sight of them now, and spurred down the slope towards them. Tom was turning his horse's head straight away, but Harry shouted,—

"Keep to the left, Master Tom, to the left, right on."

It seemed like running into the lion's jaws, but he yielded, and they pushed on down the slope on which they were. Another shout of triumph rose on the howling wind; Tom's heart sank within him. The enemy was closing on them every moment; another hundred yards, and they must meet at the bottom of the slope. What could Harry be dreaming of? The thought had scarcely time to cross his brain, when down went the two yeomen, horse and man, floundering in a bog above their horses' girths. At the same moment the storm burst on them, with driving mist and pelting rain. The chase was over. They could not have seen a regiment of men at fifty yards' distance.

"You let me lead the horse, Master Tom," shouted Harry Winburn; "I knowed where they was going; 'twill take they the best part o' the night to get out o' that, I knows."

"All right, let's get back to the road, then, as soon as we can," said Tom, surrendering his horse's head to Harry, and turning up his collar, to meet the pitiless deluge which was driving on their flanks. They were drenched to the skin in two minutes; Tom jumped off, and plodded along on the opposite side of his horse to Harry. They did not speak; there was very little to be said under the circumstances, and a great deal to be thought about.

Harry Winburn probably knew the heath as well as any man living, but even he had much difficulty in finding his way back to the road through that storm. However, after some half-hour, spent in beating about, they reached it, and turned their faces northwards towards Oxford. By this time night had come on; but the fury of the storm had passed over them, and the moon began to show every now and then through the driving clouds. At last Tom roused himself out of the brown study in which he had been hitherto plodding along, and turned down his coat collar, and shook himself, and looked up at the sky, and across at his companion, who was still leading the horse along mechanically. It was too dark to see his face, but his walk and general look were listless and dogged; at last Tom broke silence.

"You promised not to do anything, after you came out, without speaking to me." Harry made no reply; so presently he went on:—

"I didn't think you'd have gone in for such a business as that to-night. I shouldn't have minded so much if it had only been machine-breaking; but robbing the cellar and staving in ale casks and maiming cattle——"

"I'd no hand in that," interrupted Harry.

"I'm glad to hear it. You were certainly leaning against the gate when I came up, and taking no part in it; but you were one of the leaders of the riot."

"He brought it on hisself," said Harry, doggedly.

"Tester is a bad man, I know that; and the people have much to complain of: but nothing can justify what was done to-night." Harry made no answer.

"You're known, and they'll be after you the first thing in the morning. I don't know what's to be done."

"'Tis very little odds what happens to me."

"You've no right to say that, Harry. Your friends——"

"I hain't got no friends."

"Well, Harry, I don't think you

ought to say that after what has happened to-night. I don't mean to say that my friendship has done you much good yet; but I've done what I could, and——"

"So you hev', Master Tom, so you hev'."

"And I'll stick by you through thick and thin, Harry. But you must take heart and stick by yourself, or we shall never pull you through." Harry groaned, and then, turning at once to what was always uppermost in his mind, said,—

"'Tis no good, now I've been in gaol. Her father wur allus agin me. And now, how be I ever to hold up my head at whoam? I seen her once arter I came out."

"Well, and what happened?" said Tom, after waiting a moment or two.

"She just turned red and pale, and was all flustered like, and made as though she'd have held out her hand: and then tuk and hurried off like a frighted hare, as though she heerd somebody a comin'. Ah! 'tis no good! 'tis no good!

"I don't see anything very hopeless in that," said Tom.

"I've knowed her since she wur that high," went on Harry, holding out his hand about as high as the bottom of his waistcoat, without noticing the interruption, "when her and I went a-gleanin' together. 'Tis what I've thought on, and lived for, and 'tis four year since she and I broke a sixpence auver't. And at times it sim'd as tho' 'twould all cum right, when my poor mother wur livin',—tho' her never tuk to it kindly, mother didn't. But 'tis all gone now! and I be that mad wi' myself, and mammered, and down, I be ready to hang myself, Master Tom; and if they just teks and transpworts me——"

"Oh, nonsense, Harry! You must keep out of that. We shall think of some way to get you out of that before morning. And you must get clear away, and go to work on the railways or somewhere. There's nothing to be downhearted about so far as Patty is concerned."

"Ah! 'tis they as wears it as knows where the shoe pinches. You'd say different if 'twas you, Master Tom."

"Should I?" said Tom; and, after pausing a moment or two, he went on. "What I'm going to say is in confidence. I've never told it to any man yet, and only one has found it out. Now, Harry, I'm much worse off than you at this minute. Don't I know where the shoe pinches? Why, I haven't seen—I've scarcely heard of—of—well, of my sweetheart—there, you'll understand that—for this year and more. I don't know when I may see her again. I don't know that she hasn't clean forgotten me. I don't know that she ever cared a straw for me. Now, you know quite well that you're better off than that."

"I bean't so sure o' that, Master Tom. But I be terrible vexed to hear about you."

"Never mind about me. You say you're not sure, Harry. Come, now, you said, not two minutes ago, that you two had broken a sixpence over it. What does that mean, now?"

"Ah! but 'tis four years gone. Her's bin a leadin' o' me up and down, and a dancin' o' me round and round, purty nigh ever since, let alone the time as she wur at Oxford, when——"

"Well, we won't talk of that, Harry. Come, will yesterday do for you? If you thought she was all right yesterday, would that satisfy you?"

"Ees; and summat to spare."

"You don't believe it, I see. Well, why do you think I came after you to-night? How did I know what was going on?"

"That's just what I've been a axin' o' myself as we cum along."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. I came because I got a note from her yesterday at Oxford." Tom paused, for he heard a muttered growl from the other side of the horse's head, and could see, even in the fitful moonlight, the angry toss of the head with which his news was received. "I didn't expect this, Harry," he went on presently, "after what I told you just now about myself. It was a

hard matter to tell it at all; but, after telling you, I didn't think you'd suspect me any more. However, perhaps I've deserved it. So, to go on with what I was saying, two years ago, when I came to my senses about her, and before I cared for any one else, I told her to write if ever I could do her a service. Anything that a man could do for his sister I was bound to do for her, and I told her so. She never answered till yesterday, when I got this note," and he dived into the inner breast pocket of his shooting-coat. "If it isn't soaked to pulp, it's in my pocket now. Yes, here it is," and he produced a dirty piece of paper, and handed it across to his companion. "When there's light enough to read it, you'll see plain enough what she means, though your name is not mentioned."

Having finished his statement, Tom retired into himself, and walked along watching the hurrying clouds. After they had gone some hundred yards, Harry cleared his throat once or twice, and at last brought out,—

"Master Tom."

"Well."

"You bean't offended wi' me, sir, I hopes?"

"No, why should I be offended?"

"'Cause I knows I be so all-fired jealous, I can't abear to hear o' her talkin', let alone writin' to——

"Out with it. To me, you were going to say."

"Nay, 'tis mwore nor that."

"All right, Harry, if you only lump me with the rest of mankind, I don't care. But you needn't be jealous of me, and you musn't be jealous of me, or I shan't be able to help you as I want to do. I'll give you hand and word on it, as man to man, there's no thought in my heart towards her that you mightn't see this minute. Do you believe me?"

"Ees, and you'll forgie——"

"There's nothing to forgive, Harry. But now you'll allow your case isn't such a bad one. She must keep a good look-out after you to know what you were likely to be about to-day. And if she didn't care for you she wouldn't have written to me. That's good sense, I think."

Harry assented, and then Tom went into a consideration of what was to be done, and, as usual, fair castles began to rise in the air. Harry was to start down the line at once, and take work on the railway. In a few weeks he would be captain of a gang, and then what was to hinder his becoming a contractor, and making his fortune, and buying a farm of his own at Englebourn? To all which Harry listened with open ears till they got off the heath, and came upon a small hamlet of some half-dozen cottages scattered along the road.

"There's a public here, I suppose," said Tom, returning to the damp realities of life. Harry indicated the humble place of entertainment for man and horse.

"That's all right. I hope we shall find my friend here;" and they went towards the light which was shining temptingly through the latticed window of the road-side inn.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LIEUTENANT'S SENTIMENTS AND PROBLEMS.

"Stop! It looks so bright that there must be something going on. Surely they can never have come on here already?"

Tom laid his hand on the bridle, and they halted on the road opposite the public-house, which lay a little back, with an open space of ground before it. The sign-post, and a long water-trough for the horses of guests to drink at, were pushed forward to the side of the road to intimate the whereabouts of the house, and the hack which Harry led was already drinking eagerly.

"Stay here for a minute, and I'll go to the window, and see what's up inside. It's very unlucky, but it will never do for us to go in if there are any people there."

Tom stole softly up to the window out of which the light came. A little scrap of a curtain was drawn across a

portion of it, but he could see easily into the room on either side of the curtain. The first glance comforted him, for he saw at once that there was only one person in the kitchen; but who and what he might be was a puzzle. The only thing which was clear at a first glance was, that he was making himself at home.

The room was a moderate-sized kitchen, with a sanded floor, and a large fire-place; a high wooden screen, with a narrow seat in front of it, ran along the side on which the door from the entrance-passage opened. In the middle there was a long, rough, walnut table, on which stood a large loaf, some cold bacon and cheese, and a yellow jug; a few heavy rush-bottomed chairs and a settle composed the rest of the furniture. On the walls were a few samplers, a warming pan, and shelves with some common delf plates, and cups and saucers. But though the furniture was meagre enough, the kitchen had a look of wondrous comfort for a drenched mortal outside. Tom felt this keenly, and, after a glance round, fixed his attention on the happy occupant, with the view of ascertaining whether he would be a safe person to intrude on under the circumstances. He was seated on a low, three-cornered oak seat, with his back to the window, steadying a furze faggot on the fire with the poker. The faggot blazed and crackled, and roared up the chimney, sending out the bright, flickering light which had attracted them, and forming a glorious top to the glowing clear fire of wood embers beneath, into which was inserted a long, funnel-shaped tin, out of which the figure helped himself to some warm compound, when he had settled the faggot to his satisfaction. He was enveloped as to his shoulders in a heavy, dirty-white coat, with huge cape and high collar, which hid the back of his head, such as was then in use by country carriers; but the garment was much too short for him, and his bare arms came out a foot beyond the end of the sleeves. The rest of his costume was even more eccentric, being nothing more or less than a coarse flannel petticoat; and his bare feet rested on a mat in front of the fire.

Tom felt a sudden doubt as to his sanity, which doubt was apparently shared by the widow woman, who kept the house, and her maid-of-all-work, one or other of whom might be seen constantly keeping an eye on their guest from behind the end of the wooden screen. However, it was no time to be over particular; they must rest before going further, and, after all, it was only one man. So Tom thought, and was just on the point of calling Harry to come on, when the figure turned round towards the window, and the face of the Lieutenant disclosed itself between the high peaked gills of the carrier's coat. Tom burst out into a loud laugh, and called out,

"It's all right, come along."

"I'll just look to the hosses, Master Tom."

"Very well, and then come into the kitchen;" saying which, he hurried into the house, and after tumbling against the maid-of-all-work in the passage, emerged from behind the screen.

"Well, here we are at last, old fellow," he said, slapping East on the shoulder.

"Oh, it's you, is it. I thought you were in the lock-up by this time."

East's costume, as he sat looking up, with a hand on each knee, was even more ridiculous on a close inspection, and Tom roared with laughter again.

"I don't see the joke," said East, without moving a muscle.

"You would, though, if you could see yourself. You wonderful old Guy, where did you pick up that toggery?"

"The late lamented husband of the widow Higgs, our landlady, was the owner of the coat. He also bequeathed to her several pairs of breeches, which I have vainly endeavoured to get into. The late lamented Higgs was an abominably small man. He must have been very much her worse half. So, in default of other clothing, the widow has kindly obliged me by the loan of one of her own garments."

"Where are your own clothes?"

"There," said East, pointing to a clothes' horse, which Tom had not hitherto remarked, which stood well into the chimney corner; "and they are dry, too," he went on, feeling them; "at least the flannel shirt and trowsers are, so I'll get into them again."

"I say, ma'am," he called out, addressing the screen, "I'm going to change my things. So you had better not look in just now. In fact, we can call now if we want anything."

At this strong hint the widow Higgs was heard bustling away behind the screen, and after her departure East got into some of his own clothes again, offering the cast off garments of the Higgs family to Tom, who, however, declined, contenting himself with taking off his coat and waistcoat, and hanging them up on the horse. He had been blown comparatively dry in the last half hour of his walk.

While East was making his toilet, Tom turned to the table, and made an assault on the bread and bacon, and then poured himself out a glass of beer and began to drink it, but was pulled up half way, and put it down with a face all drawn up into puckers by its sharpness.

"I thought you wouldn't appreciate the widow's tap," said East, watching him, with a grin. "Regular whistle-belly vengeance, and no mistake! Here, I don't mind giving you some of my compound, though you don't deserve it."

So Tom drew his chair to the fire, and smacked his lips over the long-necked glass, which East handed to him.

"Ah! that's not bad tipple after such a ducking as we've had. Dog's nose, isn't it?"

East nodded.

"Well, old fellow, I will say you're the best hand I know at making the most of your opportunities. I don't know any one else who could have made such a good brew out of that stuff and a drop of gin."

East was not to be mollified by any such compliment.

"Have you got many more such jobs as to-day's on hand? I should think they must interfere with reading."

"No. But I call to-day's a real good job."

"Do you? I don't agree. Of course it's a matter of taste. I have the honour of holding Her Majesty's commission; so I may be prejudiced perhaps."

"What difference does it make whose commission you hold? You wouldn't hold any commission, I know, which would bind you to be a tyrant and oppress the weak and the poor."

"Humbug about your oppressing! Who's the tyrant, I should like to know, the farmer, or the mob that destroys his property? I don't call Swing's mob the weak and the poor."

"That's all very well; but I should like to know how you'd feel if you had no work and a starving family. You don't know what the people have to suffer. The only wonder is that all the country isn't in a blaze; and it will be if things last as they are much longer. It must be a bad time which makes such men as Harry Winburn into rioters."

"I don't know anything about Harry Winburn. But I know there's a good deal to be said on the yeomanry side of the question."

"Well, now, East, just consider this——"

"No, I'm not in the humour for considering. I don't want to argue with you."

"Yes, that's always the way. You won't hear what a fellow's got to say, and then set him down for a mischievous fool, because he won't give up beliefs founded on the evidence of his own eyes, and ears, and reason."

"I don't quarrel with any of your beliefs. You've got 'em—I haven't—that's just the difference between us. You've got some sort of faith to fall back upon, in equality, and brotherhood, and a lot of cursed nonsense of that kind. So, I dare say, you could drop down into a navigator, or a shoeblack, or something in that way to-morrow, and think it pleasant. You might rather enjoy a trip across the

water at the expense of your country, like your friend the convict here."

"Don't talk such rot, man. In the first place, he isn't a convict—you know that, well enough."

"He is just out of prison, at any rate. However, this sort of thing isn't my line of country at all. So the next time you want to do a bit of gaol-delivery on your own hook, don't ask me to help you."

"Well, if I had known all that was going to happen, I wouldn't have asked you to come, old fellow. Come, give us another glass of your dog's-nose, and no more of your sermon, which isn't edifying."

The lieutenant filled the long-necked glass which Tom held out with the creaming mixture, which he was nursing in the funnel-shaped tin. But he was not prepared to waive his right to lecture, and so continued, while Tom sipped his liquor with much relish, and looked comically across at his old schoolfellow.

"Some fellows have a call to set the world right—I haven't. My gracious sovereign pays me seven and sixpence a day; for which sum I undertake to be shot at on certain occasions and by proper persons, and I hope when the time comes I shall take it as well as another. But that doesn't include turning out to be potted at like a woodcock on your confounded Berkshire wilds by a turnip-headed yeoman. It isn't to be done at the figure."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say."

"That one of those blessed yeomanry has been shooting at you?"

"Just so."

"No, you don't really mean it? Wh-e-e-w! Then that shot we heard was fired at you. 'Pon my honour I'm very sorry."

"Much good your sorrow would have done me if your precious countryman had held straight."

"Well, what can I say more, East? If there's anything I can do to show you that I really am very sorry, and ashamed at having brought you into such a scrape, only tell me what it is."

"I don't suppose your word would go for much at the Horse Guards, or I'd ask you to give me a character for coolness under fire."

"Come, I see you're joking now, old fellow. Do tell us how it happened."

"Well, when you turned off across the common I pulled up for half a minute, and then held on at a steady slow trot. If I had pushed on ahead, my friends behind would have been just as likely to turn after you as after me. Presently I heard number One coming tearing along behind; and as soon as he got from between the banks, he saw me, and came straight after me down the road. You were well away to the left, so now I just clapped on a bit, to lead him further away from the right scent, and on he came whooping and hallooing to me to pull up. I did'nt see why I hadn't just as good a right to ride along the road at my own pace as he; so the more he shouted, the more I didn't stop. But the beggar had the legs of me. He was mounted on something deuced like a thorough-bred, and gained on me hand over hand. At last when I judged he must be about twenty yards behind, I thought I might as well have a look at him—so I just turned for a moment, and, by Jove, there was my lord, lugging a pistol out of his right holster. He shouted again to me to stop. I turned, ducked my head, and the next moment he pulled trigger, and missed me."

"And what happened then," said Tom, drawing a long breath.

"Why, I flatter myself I showed considerable generalship. If I had given him time to get at his other pistol, or his toasting fork, it was all up. I dived into my pocket, where by good luck there was some loose powder, and copper caps, and a snuff-box; upset the snuff, grabbed a handful of the mixture, and pulled hard at my horse. Next moment he was by my side, lifting his pistol to knock me over. So I gave him the mixture right in his face, and let him go by. Up went both his hands, and away went he and his horse, some where over the common out of sight. I just turned round, and walked quietly back. I didn't see the fun of accepting any

more attacks in rear. Then up rides number Two, a broad-faced young farmer on a big grey horse, blowing like a grampus. He pulled up short when we met, and stared, and I walked past him. You never saw a fellow look more puzzled, I had regularly stale-mated him. However, he took heart, and shouted, had I met the Captain? I said, a gentleman had ridden by on a bright bay.' 'That was he; which way had he gone?' So I pointed generally over the common, and number Two departed; and then down came the storm, and I turned again, and came on here."

"The Captain! It must have been Wurley, then, who fired at you."

"I don't know who it was. I only hope he won't be blinded."

"It's a strange business altogether," said Tom, looking into the fire, "I scarcely know what to think of it. We should never have pulled through but for you, that's certain."

"I know what to think of it well enough," said East. But now let's hear what happened to you. They didn't catch you, of course?"

"No, but it was touch and go. I thought it was all up at one time, for Harry would turn right across their line. But he knew what he was about; there was a bog between us, and they came on right into it, and we left them floundering."

"The convict seems to have his head about him, then. Where is he, by the way? I'm curious to have a look at him."

"Looking after the horses. I'll call him in. He ought to have something to drink."

Tom went to the door, and called Harry, who came out from the rough shed which served as a stable in his shirt, with a whisp of hay in his hand. He had stripped off coat and waistcoat, and braces, and had been warming himself by giving the horses a good dressing.

"Why, Harry, you haven't had anything," said Tom; "come across, and have a glass of something hot."

Harry followed into the kitchen, and stood by the end of the screen, looking rather uncomfortable, while Tom poured him out a glass of the hot mixture, and the lieutenant looked him over with keen eyes.

"There, take that off. How are the horses?"

"Pretty fresh, Master Tom. But they'd be the better of a bran mash or somethin' cumfable. I've spoke to the missus about it, and 'tis ready to put on the fire."

"That's right, then; let them have it as quick as you can."

"Then I med fetch it and warm it up here, sir?" said Harry.

"To be sure; the sooner the better."

Harry took off his glass, making a shy sort of duck with his head, accompanied by "Your health, sir," to each of his entertainers, and then disappeared into the back kitchen, returned with the mash, which he put on the fire, and went off to the stable again.

"What do you think of him?" said Tom.

"I like to see a fellow let his braces down when he goes to work," said East.

"It's not every fellow who would be strapping away at those horses, instead of making himself at home in the back kitchen."

"No, it isn't," said East.

"Don't you like his looks now?"

"He's not a bad sort, your convict."

"I say, I wish you wouldn't call him names."

"Very good; your unfortunate friend, then. What are you going to do with him?"

"That's just what I've been puzzling about all the way here: what do you think?" and then they drew to the fire again, and began to talk over Harry's prospects. In some ten minutes he returned to the kitchen for the mash, and this time drew a complimentary remark from the lieutenant.

Harry was passionately fond of animals, and especially of horses, and they found it out quickly enough, as they always do. The two hacks were by this time almost fresh again, with dry coats, and feet well washed and cleansed; and, while working at them, Harry had been

thinking over all he had heard that evening, and found himself getting more hopeful every minute. No one who had seen his face an hour before on the heath would have believed it was the same man who was now patting and fondling the two hacks as they slowly ate up the mash he had prepared for them. When they had finished he leant back against the manger, rubbing the ears of Tom's hack—the one which had carried double so well in their first flight—gently with his two hands, while the delighted beast bent down its head, and pressed it against him, and stretched its neck, expressing in all manner of silent ways its equine astonishment and satisfaction. By the light of the single dip Harry's face grew shorter and shorter, until the old merry look began to creep back into it.

As we have already taken the liberty of putting the thoughts of his betters into words, we must now do so for him; and, if he had expressed his thoughts as he rubbed the hack's ears in the stable, his speech would have been much as follows:—

"How cums it as I be all changed like, as tho' sum un had tuk and rubbed all the down-heartedness out o' me?—Here I be, two days out o' gaol, wi' nothin' in the world but the things I stands in—for in course I med just give up the bits o' things as is left at Daddy Collins's—and they all draggled wi' the wet—and I med be tuk in the mornin' and sent across the water—and yet I feels sum how as peert as a yukkel. So fur as I can see, 'tis jest nothin' but talkin' wi' our Master Tom. What a fine thing 'tis to be a schollard, and yet seemin'ly 'tis nothin' but talk arter all's said and done. But 'tis allus the same; whenever I gets talkin' wi' he, it all cums out as smooth as crame. Fust time as ever I seen him since we wur bwys he talked just as a do now; and then my poor mother died. Then he cum in arter the funeral, and talked me up again, till I thought as I wur to hev our cottage and all the land as I could do good by; but our cottage wur took away, and my 'lotment besides. Then cum last summer, and 'twur just the same agen arter his talk, but I got dree months auver that job. And now here I be wi' un agen, a runnin' from the constable, and like to be tuk up and transpworted, and 'tis just the same—and I s'pose 'twill be just the same if ever I gets back, and sees un, and talks wi' un, if I be gwine to be hung. 'Tis a wunnerful thing to be a schollard, to be able to make things look all straight when they be ever so akkerd and unked."

And then Harry left off rubbing the horse's ears; and, pulling the damp piece of paper which Tom had given him out of his breeches pocket, proceeded to flatten it out tenderly on the palm of his hand, and read it by the light of the dip, when the landlady came to inform him that the gentlefolk wanted him in the kitchen. So he folded his treasure up again, and went off to the kitchen. He found Tom standing with his back to the fire, while the lieutenant was sitting at the table writing on a scrap of paper, which the landlady had produced after much hunting over of drawers. Tom began, with some little hesitation:—

"Oh Harry, I've been talking your matters over with my friend here, and I've changed my mind. It won't do after all for you to stay about at railway work, or anything of that sort. You see you wouldn't be safe. They'd be sure to trace you, and you'd get into trouble about this day's work. And then, after all, it's a very poor opening for a young fellow like you. Now, why shouldn't you enlist into Mr. East's regiment? You'll be in his company, and it's a splendid profession. What do you say now?"

East looked up at poor Harry, who was quite taken aback at this change in his prospects, and could only mutter he had never turned his mind to "sodgerin."

"It's just the thing for you," Tom went on. "You can write and keep accounts, and you'll get on famously. Ask Mr. East if you won't. And don't you fear about matters at home. You'll see that'll all come right. I'll pledge you my word it will, and I'll take care that you shall hear everything that goes on there, and, depend upon it, it's your best

chance. You'll be back at Englebourn as a sergeant in no time, and be able to snap your fingers at them all. You'll come with us to Steventon station, and take the night train to London, and then in the morning go to Whitehall, and find Mr. East's sergeant. He'll give you a note to him, and they'll send you on to Chatham, where the regiment is. You think it's the best thing for him, don't you?" said Tom, turning to East.

"Yes; I think you'll do very well if you only keep steady. Here's a note to the sergeant, and I shall be back at Chatham in a day or two myself."

Harry took the note mechanically; he was quite unable yet to make any resistance.

"And now get something to eat as quick as you can, for we ought to be off. The horses are all right, I suppose?"

"Yes, Master Tom," said Harry, with an appealing look.

"Where are your coat and waistcoat, Harry?"

"Thay be in the stable, sir."

"In the stable! Why, they're all wet then still?"

"Oh, 'tis no odds about that, Master Tom."

"No odds! Get them in directly, and put them to dry here."

So Harry Winburn went off to the stable to fetch his clothes.

"He's a fine fellow," said East, getting up and coming to the fire, "I've taken a fancy to him, but he doesn't fancy enlisting."

"Poor fellow! he has to leave his sweetheart. It's a sad business, but it's the best thing for him, and you'll see he'll go."

Tom was right. Poor Harry came in and dried his clothes, and got his supper, and while he was eating it, and all along the road afterwards, till they reached the station at about eleven o'clock, pleaded in his plain way with Tom against leaving his own country side. And East listened silently, and liked him better and better.

Tom argued with him gently, and turned the matter round on all sides, putting the most hopeful face upon it; and, in the end, talked first himself, and then Harry, into the belief that it was the very best thing that could have happened to him, and more likely than any other course of action to bring every thing right between him and all folk at Englebourn.

So Harry got into the train at Steventon in pretty good heart, with his fare paid, and half-a-sovereign in his pocket, more and more impressed in his mind with what a wonderful thing it was to be a schollard.

The two friends rode back to Oxford at a good pace. They had both of them quite enough to think about, and were not in the humour for talk, had place and time served, so that scarce a word passed between them, till they had left their horses at the livery stables, and were walking through the silent streets a few minutes before midnight. Then East broke silence.

"I can't make out how you do it. I'd give half-a-year's pay to get the way of it."

"The way of what? What are you talking about?"

"Why, your way of shutting your eyes, and going in blind."

"Well, that's a queer wish for a fighting man," said Tom, laughing. "We always thought a rusher no good at school, and that the thing to learn was, to go in with your own eyes open, and shut up other people's."

"Ah, but we hadn't cut our eye teeth then. I look at these things from a professional point of view. My business is to get fellows to shut their eyes tight, and I begin to think, you can't do it as it should be done, without shutting your own first."

"I don't take."

"Why, look at the way you talked your convict—I beg your pardon—your unfortunate friend—into enlisting to-night. You talked as if you believed every word you were saying to him."

"So I did."

"Well, I should like to have you for a recruiting sergeant, if you could only drop that radical bosh. If I had had to do it, instead of enlisting, he would

have gone straight off and hung himself in the stable."

"I m glad you didn't try your hand at it, then."

"Look again at me. Do you think any one but such a—well, I don't want to say anything uncivil—a headlong dog like you could have got me into such a business as to day's? Now I want to be able to get other fellows to make just such fools of themselves as I've made of myself to-day. How do you do it?"

"I don't know, unless it is that I can't help always looking at the best side of things myself, and so—"

"Most things haven't got a best side."

"Well, a better, then."

"Nor a better."

"If they haven't got a better, of course, it don't matter."

"No, I don't believe it does—much. Still, I should like to be able to make a fool of myself, too, when I want—with the view of getting others to do ditto, of course."

"I wish I could help you, old fellow; but I don't see my way to it."

"I shall talk to our regimental doctor about it, and get put through a course of fool's-diet before we start for India."

"Flap-doodle, they call it, what fools are fed on. But it's odd that you should have broken out in this place, when all the way home I've been doing nothing but envying you your special talent."

"What's that?"

"Just the opposite one—the art of falling on your feet. I should like to exchange with you."

"You'd make a precious bad bargain of it, then."

"There's twelve striking. I must knock in. Good night. You'll be round to breakfast at nine?"

"All right. I believe in your breakfasts, rather," said East, as they shook hands at the gate of St. Ambrose, into which Tom disappeared, while the lieutenant strolled back to the Mitre.

To be continued.

THE DESPOT'S HEIR.

Through years of solitude and chill disdain,
Gnawed by suppressed ambition's hungry woe,
He taught his crafty eye and fathomless brain
All springs that move this human puppet-show:
Watched from below each turn of Fortune's wheel,
And learnt, unknown, with kings and hosts to deal.

Then tiger-like he felt his stealthy way,
Till tiger-like he leapt upon a throne:
Hollow and cold and selfish there he lay,
Tuning to pæans Freedom's dying moan,
Crouched in the shadow of a mightier name,
Masqued with the mantle of a vaster fame.

Silent with steady hand and calm quick eye
He wrought his robe of greatness day by day;
Men's hope and fear and love and enmity
He wove like threads with passionless potent sway:
And sacred names of "righteous," "generous," "grand,"
He shed like pigments from the painter's hand.

Unreverencing, unfeeling, unbelieving—
And all the world around, his vast machine,
Felt strange new forces mid its varied heaving,
And hidden tempests burst the false serene,
And nations bled and royal houses fell—
And still the despot's weaving prospered well.—H. S.

TRADE SOCIETIES AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

PART SECOND.

I HOLD it, therefore, that, viewing the question upon general principles, trade societies, or the combination of numbers, must be beneficial to the interest of the wages-receiver, just in the same manner as the accumulation of capital must be beneficial to the interest of the employer. Until we are able, without laughing, to preach to the employer upon the advantage of dividing all but a fraction of his capital amongst a dozen, or a hundred, or a thousand different holders, all competing with each other, and with himself, for the sake of making a higher profit, we have no right to expect the bulk of the working men to listen to our preachings about the advantages of dissolving their trade societies for the sake of higher wages, otherwise than with ill-disguised contempt. No doubt, when the conduct of a trade society falls into incompetent or dishonest hands, it may do much harm to the workmen in the trade; just as the placing of a fortune in the hands of a fool or a rogue will generally lead the former to the Bankruptcy or Insolvency Court, and may land the other at the foot of the gallows. But the general principle of the advantage of combination to the labourer is as little affected by the former class of cases as the general principle of the benefits of capital to the employer by the latter.

And to those who are never satisfied with the force of an *a priori* argument, unless confirmed *a posteriori*, I would simply point out the fact of the trade societies' struggle being, as has been shown, five centuries old, and would ask them—Are the working-men of England such idiots as not to be able to learn in five centuries that trade societies are injurious to them, if they really were so? For the last century—for the last half-century especially—we are told, their education and intelligence have been rapidly improving. Yet, during that period, trade societies (as the Report fully admits) have increased in numbers, in strength, in power of amalgamation. Would this be possible if they were not felt to be beneficial?

But, indeed, the slightest reflection will show that, into however bad hands the management of trade societies may occasionally fall, the permanent existence of any trade society necessarily implies that it comprises the bulk of the best men in the trade. For only the steady workmen can maintain it by their contributions; only the honest can abstain from robbing its till; only the able can save it from squandering its resources in injudicious contests. The common talk about trade societies being habitually composed of the idle, inefficient, drunken, &c., and led by the fraudulent, is one of those childish mis-statements which so greatly disfigure the treatment of this question; arising, in the newspaper scribe, probably from sheer ignorance and want of thought, in the employer from very partial experience. It happens, indeed, that, in the ill-paid trades, which are almost invariably carried on by the most incapable and misbehaving workmen, attempts are constantly made to get up trade societies, which fall to pieces again often in a few months, because the men have neither heart nor honesty to keep them up; but which, during their short career, almost invariably assume the most swaggering importance, and harass the employer with the most exorbitant demands; and he is easily tempted to generalize his experience of them. But to conclude, from the ephemeral combination of a few noisy vagabonds, that trade societies in general are not made up of the good men of the trade, is as illogical as to sup-

pose that wheat will not flourish in the Lothians because it does not grow on the summit of Ben Nevis.

Still, it is no doubt true—and I should be the last to deny the fact—that in almost every trade some of the very best men, as well as the very worst, remain out of society. And nothing is more natural. Of course, the bundling of human sticks is not to all a pleasant process; those that deem themselves too precious or too strong—ay, or too supple—to be broken, may well claim to remain out. The very highest perfection of work, securing a constant demand for the services of him who has attained it, makes combination unnecessary to him; strongly marked individualism of character repels another from it. Listen, however, to the testimony of a foreman of engineers, who, after being fourteen years member of a trade society, has left it for the last six years. "I "consider," he says, "that trades unions "tend to promote the efficiency and to "develop the skill of workmen. . . . . "Men are taught to care for each other, "and, by meeting together to discuss "questions of right and wrong, they "learn from each other things which "they would otherwise be ignorant of; "and, as they have to vote upon ques-"tions which appeal to the conscience, "I think their morals improve. . . The "working men, without the trade society, "would have far less confidence in each "other; competition would cause them "to disagree among themselves; and "they would become a kind of mob, "without any faith in each other, and "of course without the power to main-"tain their ground when wrongly used "by the unprincipled portion of the em-"ployers. . . . . As a rule I like them "(society men) better than the non-so-"ciety men. There is a kind of straight-"forward independence about them, "instead of a cringing dependence; but "they are none the worse to rule for "that."[1] Such testimony, at the hands of a man who knows thoroughly both the good and the evil of trade societies, and himself stands aloof from them, is surely worth bushels of newspaper rant.

Indeed,—to insist once more upon one momentous fact,—it is surely quite idle to suppose that a five hundred years' struggle should have been carried on, with the perseverance with which it has been and is, by only the morally and intellectually inferior portion of the workmen. English employers surely wrong themselves by asserting this. Had it been the case, they would long since have swept the unionists from the face of the land.

But if really, as I believe, trade societies comprise the bulk of the ablest and best conducted working men,—if that five hundred years' struggle of theirs is being carried on to this day, as I believe it to be, ever more strenuously, more scientifically, the question forces itself upon us,—Is there no issue other than the ultimate crushing of either party—the ruin of English employers, or the ruin of English workmen?

Mr. Bright,—for whom personally I entertain the highest respect,—whose views, on questions where they are not warped by the prejudices of class or sect, that of India for instance, are capable of rising to the fullest height of statesmanship,—Mr. Bright tells us that there is an issue, and a very easy one. Give every man a vote, he tells us in effect in a now celebrated letter of his, and the whole thing will be over. The fact of becoming representatively a 100th or 1,000th or 10,000th fractional part of a Parliamentary unit is to convince the working man, sooner or later, as Mr. Bright is himself convinced, that combinations "in the long run must be as "injurious to himself as to his em-"ployer." I am fully persuaded of Mr. Bright's sincerity; but certainly I never met with a theory that evinced a more splendid disregard of fact. I will not refer him to the United States, where, as he will find on inquiry, trade combinations are rife side by side with universal suffrage in all the centres of industry. I will not refer him to Australia, where, as I could show from letters

[1] MS. supplied to the Trade Societies' Committee. I am proud to reckon the writer a personal friend.

to myself, as every Australian newspaper almost can prove to us, the same state of things exists. I will simply ask him to take the rail to Liverpool, and there verify for himself the truth of Mr. Rathbone's account of the Liverpool shipwrights' trade society. He will then learn that the palmiest days of the Liverpool shipwrights' union were when its members were not only in as full possession of the suffrage as the widest political reform could give them—since every shipwright was a freeman and a voter,—but when they actually wielded the political power of the town, so that in 1790, "when the two political parties "came to an agreement to elect their "old members, the shipwrights, bent "upon having a contest, sent up their "own man, *and carried him against both* "*combined.*" After this, it is pure childishness to talk of an extension of the suffrage as capable of suppressing trade societies or their contests.

Does the Committee of the Social Science Association suggest any issue? The majority of the sub-committee tell us, indeed, in their conclusions, that "the principles upon which trade soci- "eties regulate their proceedings are "more moderate" now; that "discussions "between the workmen belonging to "them and their masters" are managed "in a fairer spirit;" that trade societies "form a better estimate" of "the con- "dition of their respective trades; are "less unreasonable in their expectations "of obtaining increased wages;" "un- "derstand better the necessity of sub- "mitting to reductions;" have "gene- "rally overcome the prejudice swhich "they once entertained against ma- "chinery;" are led by "men of higher "character and intelligence;" that "strikes are conducted with less vio- "lence." They think that the establishment of joint-stock companies, the capital of which has been chiefly subscribed by working-men, and the management of which is controlled by them—(why this prudery against naming co-operative establishments? The two most flourishing instances of trading by workmen, the Rochdale Stores and the Leeds Flour Mill, are *not* joint-stock companies)—will "increase the opera- "tives' experience of the relative value "of manual and of intellectual labour, "and of capital." They think that "minor questions connected with trades "might be advantageously referred to a "mixed tribunal of masters and men," but they dare not "hope for a removal "of the more direct and serious causes "of strife by such arrangement." They think that the legislature might do "much good service to workmen" by providing a remedy at law and in equity in "the case of disputes "between trade societies and their "members, specially in respect to the "application of benefit funds." They attribute past improvements in great measure to "increased publicity," present, to "improved education of masters and men." But they start from the admission that trade societies are increasing in numbers and in the number of their members; are tending to unite more and more, both from town to town in the same trade, and from trade to trade in the same town; that strikes are more frequent. What is this but telling us, in other words, that the struggle is sharper, closer, more universal than before, although, from improved discipline, its incidental mischiefs are reduced? Is the civilized war less a war because the disciplined soldier loots and murders less than the barbarian? Prior to giving us their numbered conclusions, indeed, the Committee expressly state that "they cannot consider that the relations "between employer and employed are "in a healthy state, when strikes and "lock-outs are so lamentably numerous "as they have been during the last two "years;" they declare that "employ- "ers and employed have *no right* to "manage their affairs so badly as to "cause inconvenience to third parties;" that "every man who pays poor-rates "has *a right* to complain at their being "increased in consequence of avoidable "distress." Whether such premises are sufficiently carried out by conclusions holding out no remedies for the infringed rights of ratepayers and third

parties in general, but in "increased publicity" and "improved education," must be left to the reader's consideration. I confess that if I felt I had the "right to complain" of the loss of my pocket handkerchief, or the forcible entry of a stranger into my house, I should deem myself entitled to call for some more stringent remedy than a *Times'* article, or the invitation of the offender into a ragged school.

The minority of the sub-committee went somewhat further. They urged the legalizing, under the Friendly Societies' Acts, of that function of the trade society by which it enables the workman "to maintain himself while "casually out of employment, or travelling in search of it." They expressed the opinion that in cases in which masters and workmen are unable or unwilling to arrange matters of dispute, the ultimate resort to strikes or lock-outs might be avoided by the establishment of united associations of capitalists and workmen, to the arbitration of which united associations all disputed questions might be referred. In other words, they think that trade societies may be allowed in one respect a legal status; they think that the warfare of a strike may be stopped by the Peace Society's panacea —arbitration.

Not unlike these are the views of the working engineer, from whose MS. replies to the circular of questions issued by the committee I have already quoted. "I think," he says, "trade societies "ought to be recognised as legal societies. I do not look upon them as an "evil, but rather as a good, inasmuch as "they cause great numbers to unite for "the purpose of taxing themselves for "each other's good, and, of course, help "each other to obtain the means to pay "the taxes. If the employers would "only open their eyes and try to understand the men, they would find the "trade society to be more to their own "advantage than they think. The employers ought to be represented in the "trade society by their foremen, or become honorary members themselves. "I proposed a plan of this kind to "several employers previous to the engineers' struggle, and it was well received by them; for they said their "desire was to work with the men for "their mutual good, but they could not "tell how to get at it. If some such "plan as this should ever be acted upon, "all the honest and right-minded men "would be sure to seek the masters of "their own stamp, and then the refuse "of both would be left to fight it out "between themselves, so that the devil "might have all which is due to him."

Again: one of the largest employers of labour in England, writing to a brother employer, expresses himself as follows:—"I agree that in principle "trades' unions amongst the men are "natural and justifiable. The men "ought to strip their unions of objectionable rules. It should be an "understood principle that each employer should, in the first instance, "deal with his own workmen without "interference. If they cannot agree, "there should be some court of appeal, "or board of arbitration, either general "or special, for the trade, to which they "might go, *voluntarily*. If neither "party will do this, or if neither will "abide by the result of an arbitration, "let them fight it out without interference; let the workpeople go and "find work elsewhere, if they can, and "the employer get a new set of hands "on his own terms, if he can. If one "party agrees, and not the other, to "terms of arbitration, then both employers and men should support the "consentient party, and leave the other "to his own courses. It should be an "understood principle that the rate of "wages should habitually vary within "reasonable limits to a higher or lower "level with good or bad trade, and this "promptly, as other commodities do. "Boards of arbitration to consist of "equal numbers of employers and men, "or rather men appointed by the workpeople, whether workmen or not, with "an independent person as chairman; "and they (the members) should never "be numerous." And this remarkable paper goes on to suggest the formation

of an "association of employers and "workpeople to promote good under- "standing between their classes, and to "inquire into and devise means of "avoiding disputes, and especially "strikes."

Evidently the idea of arbitration, as a means towards the settlement of trade disputes, is rapidly gaining ground, as indeed the all but success of Mr. Mackinnon's bill of last year is sufficient to show. But arbitration, so long as it is purely voluntary, can only succeed with the reasonable—those precisely who can best dispense with it. I venture to think we may, and must eventually, go further. A short statement of my conclusions will be found in the Report of the Discussion at Glasgow, p. 617 of the Trade Societies' Volume. The first step to be taken, I submit, is the *compulsory* legalization of Trade Societies and Employers' Associations. Having somewhat carefully and closely studied the history of those combinations of capital called joint-stock companies, I cannot help thinking that the trade society holds, in reference to the working man, a very analogous position to the joint-stock company in reference to the small capitalist, and that the historic evolution of both must follow the like steps. The joint-stock company represents at bottom the struggle of the small capitalist against the large, by the power of combination. As soon as its capacities are discerned, it becomes on the one side a rallying point for every adventurer, on the other an object of distrust to every trader with capital enough to maintain himself. It is specially proscribed by a Bubble Act, indicted before juries, fulminated at by judges and chancellors. Still it grows and maintains itself; wins at last leave to live through the repeal of the Bubble Act, though pursued years after by the phantom of an illegality at common law, which it was reserved for Lord Chief Justice Tindal finally to exorcise. Meanwhile, from simple existence it creeps on to permissive legalization through the Letters Patent Acts, enabling the Crown to grant certain privileges to joint-stock companies without incorporation. Then come the Joint-Stock Companies' Acts, making legalization no longer permissive, but imperative; the Winding-up Acts, regulating the obsequies of departed companies. One right remains outstanding, without which the individuality of the company is not complete—limited liability; that, in turn, it reaches for a final conquest. Henceforth the rivals are nearly equally weighted; the 100,000*l.* of aggregated small capitals, and the 100,000*l.* of individual capital, can compete nearly on fair terms in the market, except that the individual capitalist retains the so-called privilege, which I venture to think will more and more be felt to be both discreditable and injurious, of concealing his capital and his operations, whilst the joint-stock company is compelled to register both capital and balance-sheets.

Now the trade society, representing, as we have seen, the struggle of the worker against the capitalist employer, has only gone through the two first of these stages. It was pursued as illegal for centuries; it won at last permission to exist with the repeal of the Combination Laws, almost contemporaneous with the repeal of the Bubble Act. It has, perhaps, travelled half a stage further, through certain clauses of one of the Friendly Societies Acts, which were meant, at all events, though very obscurely worded for the purpose, to afford to it some means of permissive legalization. That permissive legalization the minority of the Social Science Association sub-committee now propose to grant to it. But is this enough? I venture to think not. I am firmly of opinion that there is at all times a very great social danger in the existence of large bodies of men permanently organized for practical purposes, and wielding large powers outside of the pale of the law. The insistance by the majority of the sub-committee on the benefits which publicity has already secured, and must tend to secure, in the matter, leads, as it seems to me, to the conclusion that such publicity should, sooner or later, be made no longer a matter of discretion,

but of obligation. The moment that trade societies are no longer dealt with at arms' length by society, or pooh-poohed as contrary to political economy by persons who show themselves ignorant of the first principles of political economy; but acknowledged as justified by the present stage of teaching of that science, and the present state of the relations between capital and labour; that moment society is entitled in turn to demand of workmen's trade societies, and employers' trade associations alike, that they should face publicity, receiving in return legal protection within the bounds of their legal operations.

But society is bound to look further. If it legalizes the hostile organization of classes, this can only be to check and moderate actual warfare. It has no right to allow the wager of battle for one hour after a more satisfactory means of settling the contest shall be discovered. It is bound to seek such means by all its power. If any such contest can be brought before a competent tribunal, it must be so brought. But, what shall be the tribunal? The ordinary ones have been tried for five centuries, and have failed. Tribunals drawn from the rival classes themselves are suggested. But these are generally spoken of as courts of arbitration merely. No doubt arbitration should always be the first resort, before actual litigation; and nothing can be more admirable in this respect than the scheme of the French "Conseils de Prudhommes" (however contracted their sphere), which act, in the first instance, gratuitously, by way of conciliation only, and then, if their efforts fail, have power to judge authoritatively, mulcting the litigants with costs. So, as it seems to me, the proposed mixed courts of employers and workmen must fail in a great measure of effect, if they have not some reserve power of judicial decision, and of enforcing their sentences.

But, say the majority of the sub-committee in their conclusions, "the rate of "wages must be settled between the "masters and the men; the intervention "of third parties, unless specially invited "by both, and possessing, in a very high "degree, the confidence of both, can be "of little avail." To be consistent, they should have said more generally, "the conditions of labour," for if an arbitrator or a court of arbitration is capable of determining how many hours of work, or what extent of work, an employer may claim for given wages, this is, in fact, virtually settling the rate of wages itself. That, in excluding the rate of wages from the questions determinable by arbitration, they embody a prevalent opinion, is shown by the remarkable account which will be found in the *Times* of Dec. 19, 1860, of the termination by this means of the Leeds stonemasons' strike. The arbitrators (who, by the way, "decided in favour of the men on almost every point," thus giving us a fair presumption that the strike was a justifiable one) are stated to have inserted in their report the following rule:—"That "a permanent Council of conciliation, "consisting of three masters and three "men, be appointed by each body an- "nually, who shall have power to appoint "an umpire, and to whom all disputed "questions (*save and except the rate of "wages*) shall be referred, and whose "decision shall be final." But, the more one looks into the question, the more, as it seems to me, one begins to doubt the absolute capacity of any particular masters and men—especially when heated by quarrel—to settle the rate of wages "between them." Upon all economic principles, the more wages are seen to depend upon "the relation of population and capital," the more it it would seem to transcend the abilities and experience of any individual master and men to determine the precise exponent of that relation.

The fact is, that all price consists of three several elements; one, practically fixed, which is that of the minimum "exchange value," or sometimes (according to the nature of the commodity) the minimum "value in use" of the article—call it "value" simply, for our present purpose. The next element, which is superadded to the first, is not fixed, but calculable, being the result of all ascertainable causes, which may serve to enhance that

value. The last element, which defies calculation in all particular instances, though, no doubt, subject to general laws, is the result of all unknown causes which may either add to or limit the second element. Now, the progress of civilization,—through increased publicity, through the more regular training of human wills, through the gradual elimination of previously hidden laws of nature,—tends always to increase the weight of the second or calculable element in price, to diminish that of the third or incalculable element;—in other words, to raise the ascertainment of price more and more to the rank of a practical science. Take, for instance, the effects of publicity. One main item in the determination of the price of cotton in Liverpool is the knowledge of the extent and character of the crop in the United States. Now, suppose there were no communication of thought between England and America, but that the same number of cotton ships, with the same cargoes as now, reached the harbour still, worked by no human hands, as unaccountably as if they came from another planet, who can doubt that the price of cotton would fluctuate far more considerably than now? since no merchant could ever tell if a given cargo might not be the last. Take, again, the effects of the human will; who does not see that the price of any crop grown and harvested by the trained perseverance of the European cultivator must fluctuate far less than that which depends on the whims and superstitions of an African savage? Or, take the effects of the discovery of natural laws; is it not clear that when a knowledge of the law of storms shall be really diffused throughout our merchant service, the perils of the sea will be greatly lessened, and the price of ship-borne cargoes will be rendered steadier?

There is one disturbing element indeed, the weight of which civilization may be thought to increase—the perverse operation of the will of man in falsifying publicity for speculative purposes. Strange as it may seem, the mere speculator is really the *savage* of civilized trade. His concealment, exaggeration, or distortion of facts—his recklessness—his sudden gambling throws for a rise or a fall—produce exactly the same effects as the ignorance, caprice, prejudice, laziness, uncontrolled desires of the native wild man. But his influence is nevertheless very small in retarding the irresistible tendency of civilization towards steadiness of price. Take, for instance, that article which calls into play all the most eccentric devices of the savages of civilization—the very chosen field of the speculator—our three per cent. consols. The price of consols is a subject-matter upon which all conceivable influences which go to determine the price of every other article in the world, bear directly or indirectly; yet the combined action of all those influences, including as they do all the intriguing and false rumours of all "bulls" and "bears" throughout the world, leave it nevertheless the article the very steadiest in price of any. We all know that a sudden fluctuation of one per cent. nominal in consols (though the real fraction is almost invariably one with a smaller denominator, being that of the current price) is in fact revolutionary. Yet if we take even an article in such constant demand as bread, it is notorious that a fluctuation of a halfpenny in the quartern loaf will repeatedly occur throughout the year, generally without causing the least surprise; such fluctuation representing five per cent., six and a quarter, or eight and a half, according as the loaf is, say at 10*d.* 8*d.* or 6*d.* The chief source of the difference appears to me to lie in this, that the main causes which influence the price of bread, viz. agricultural production on the one hand as respects supply, and the earnings of the labouring class on the other as respects demand, are far less within the domain and control of publicity than the main causes which influence the price of consols.

If, indeed, there were no practical science of prices, there would be no legitimate trade; the merchant and the gambler would be the same. If, on the contrary, speculation has not yet wholly

invaded and polluted trade; if fortunes are realized in it less often by luck or dishonesty than by skill and prudence, there must be such a science—there must be men who are able by experience so far to estimate the calculable element of price—so far to allow for the incalculable element—as to be more often right than wrong in determining up to what price they may safely buy, down to what price they may safely sell. That such men exist; that their (sincere) advice is literally worth gold; that their slightest hints are watched for and treasured up, is notorious. It is, therefore, the fact that the laws of price are, and have always been, more or less mastered by human observation and sagacity. Is there anything which would make the price of labour an exception to this rule? Quite the contrary. As respects one of the two great components of price, supply, there is, in general, considerable natural steadiness. Men do not grow like mushrooms, still less are they trained to a particular labour as easily as a fruit-tree is pruned into a given shape; nor does even cholera thin their numbers with the same rapidity now, as the "black deaths" of former times. The elements out of which the probable natural supply of labour in a given trade, at a given time and place, is to be determined, are, as it seems to me in theory, mainly as follows:—1st. The total quantity of skilled labour in the trade; 2d. The respective amounts and localities of such labour, employed and unemployed; 3d. The conditions of labour and of living in the various localities, and the conditions of transport from the same; 4th. The rate of efflux of such labour from the country by death, emigration, &c., and of influx thereof by immigration and industrial education. Now (besides that the value of several of these elements may, in the temporary ups and downs of the market, be often thrown out as inappreciable) all these are strictly ascertainable data; which, by the way, for the most part—to the credit of the labouring class be it said—no other agency than that of their own trade societies seeks to fix and publish, either amongst their members, or even occasionally, by means of journals, to the world at large. And, in practice, we know that a much less formidable array of statistics than the enumeration of such data would imply, will generally be more than sufficient. It is only in the case of the first establishment of a business, or of a protracted stoppage, that the Lancashire manufacturer cares whether labour available for his purposes (except for very special employments) can be found in Kent or Cornwall. The portion of the labour-market which is directly affected by the ordinary fluctuations in a local rate of wages, is really very limited.

The determination of the probable natural demand for labour at a given time and place contains more variable elements, in so far as it is more closely connected with the larger subject of consumption and its fluctuations. But here also there is room for much reasonable accuracy of calculation. That demand depends in great measure on elements such as these—1st. The total number of establishments in the trade. 2d. The cost of opening new ones, or re-opening old ones not at work. 3d. The amount of capital embarked in the trade, and the rate of profit realized. 4th. The rate of influx and efflux of capital from it. 5th. The quantities available for consumption, and prices of foreign-made articles, or articles made in another trade, which may enter into competition with the articles in the given trade. Now most of these elements are fully capable of statistical ascertainment; none, I suspect, would be absolutely rebellious to the process. I conclude, therefore, that the price of labour can, by due publicity, be made as fit a subject both of scientific and practical determination by competent persons as any other; certainly quite as much so as timber or fixtures, which are commonly referred to valuation in private contracts; as land, the price of which is every day submitted to arbitrators or to a jury under Acts of Parliament; as a limb, or a sense, in actions for compensation for accidental injuries; as the marriage-tie

was till lately in a *crim. con.* action, and is still in one for breach of promise to marry, or in the divorce court; as are the services of a ruined girl in an action for seduction. And I believe that a competent tribunal is capable of deciding, as between masters and men, questions as to the conditions (including wages,) under which labour is to be carried on at any given time or place, with quite sufficient accuracy for all the ordinary purposes of life.

But, it may be asked, by what sanction are the decisions of such a tribunal to be enforced? If an employer chooses to close his works rather than pay a given rate of wages, can you prevent him from doing so? If workmen refuse to work at a given rate, can you compel them? Certainly the Legislature of England never doubted its power, as to the latter point at least, for five centuries. But there is no need of going so far. A jurisdiction in damages would, in most cases, be sufficient. Damages against the employer, at so much per day from the time when a fair rise of wages, or other improvement in the condition of the worker, was refused; damages against the workers, at so much per day from the time when a fair reduction of wages, or other concession to the necessities of the employer, was resisted; such damages being enforced, in either case, by distress on failure to pay, and in the last resort by imprisonment. But it is in such a case that the legalizing of trade societies would be found of most signal advantage both to employers and employed. Trade societies should not only be allowed, but encouraged, to represent the interests of the workers on such occasions, and their funds would be the employer's main security for damages,—the individual worker's main security against distress and imprisonment. The giving of security beforehand might indeed probably be requirable in all cases, by plaintiff or defendant. In a few instances, the poorest class of working men might sometimes find themselves debarred from justice, but this evil would, I venture to think, be more than counteracted by the stimulus which such a rule would give to organization and forethought.

Arguments, of course, are not wanting against any proposal to interfere authoritatively, by the action of any tribunal whatsoever, with strikes or lock-outs. Have I not, as master, a right to discharge my servant? Have I not, as servant, a right to quit my master's service? What difference can it make if the word "servant" be used in the plural instead of the singular? Above all, if I do not choose to retain my servants, what should prevent me from locking my house up? These arguments are, no doubt, specious, nor have I space here to deal with them at length. But the primary answer to them is—Number *may* make an essential difference in such cases—a difference which the law can acknowledge. There are offences in which it forms a necessary element—routs, riots, conspiracies. If one man, or even two, should beat another, it is an assault; if three, Blackstone tells us, it is a riot. It is not the same thing, as the ratepayers may easily discover, for Mr. Master to discharge James Plush, or for Messrs. Web and Woof to discharge 500 men. *De minimis non curat lex:* but you have here a fact of sufficient magnitude for the law to notice and to deal with. So there is equally an essential difference between a lock-out which is meant to wind up a business, and one which is used simply as a means to carry on that business on the employer's terms. Of course, the line of distinction between the cases must run through a slippery, misty borderland; its track of actual severance will seem to drag absurdity along with it. But is it not always so, except that when the line has been long drawn, we generally cease to notice that it is? Nor should we, again, overlook the fact (of which railway, banking, and other companies bear witness) that the large scale on which the operations of trade and industry are more and more carried on, tends always more and more to assimilate them to public functions, and thereby to render them fit subjects for public regulation.

For myself, I have given the foregoing hints, not in any wise wishing to set them up as affording the best issue out of the difficulty of trade conflicts, but simply as affording *an* issue out of such difficulty. The plan I have sketched out may no doubt be greatly modified or improved upon; but certain I am, that the moment any fair tribunal is devised for the determination of trade disputes,—and there are trades where such tribunals exist already, and many in which they might be organized to-morrow,—that moment, I say, workmen will have no more right to strike, nor masters to lock out their men; the custom of private war, which still exceptionally prevails in trade, will pass into the shape of ordinary litigation.

Litigation—plaintiff and defendant, and the warping of truth on either side, and the frequent perjury, and the bewilderment of judges, and their shrinkings from bold justice, and their frantic rushings at what is often but a semblance of it—is this, some may say, and none with greater sadness than my legal brethren—the be-all and end-all of the labour-question?

On the ground of the plutonomy of the day, I see no better. If the labour question is, and is to be, nothing but a struggle of opposing forces, better is it, far better, that that struggle should be fought out within a court of justice than through the starvation and misery of a Preston strike. But for all who look beyond that plutonomy, there are other issues,—always other issues. There is, to use the words of one whose name will remain as the connecting link between the plutonomy of the day, and the true human economy of the morrow, Mr. J. S. Mill, "the form of association, "which, if mankind continue to improve, must be expected in the end "to predominate; the association of "the labourers themselves on terms of "equality, collectively owning the capital "with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers "elected and removable by themselves;" a form of association of which there are not wanting instances among ourselves, but which is especially typified in the heroic "Associations Ouvrières" of Paris. Of which associations it is not I, but Mr. Mill, who says, that "they "have exemplified the process for bringing about a change in society, which "would combine the freedom and independence of the individual, with the "moral, intellectual, and economical advantages of aggregate production;" that, as they multiplied, "they would "tend more and more to absorb all "workpeople, except those who have "too little understanding, or too little "virtue, to be capable of learning to act "on any other system than that of narrow selfishness;" whilst "owners of "capital would gradually find it to their "advantage, instead of maintaining the "struggle of the old system with workpeople of only the worst description, "to lend their capital to the associations; to do this at a diminishing rate "of interest, and at last, perhaps, to exchange their capital for terminable "annuities. In this or some such mode "(he continues) the existing accumulations of capital might honestly, and "by a kind of spontaneous process, "become in the end the joint property "of all who participate in their productive employment: a transformation "which, . . . would be the nearest approach to social justice, and the most "beneficial ordering of industrial affairs "for the universal good, which it is possible at present to foresee."

Such are the day-dreams,—indulged in at least for two whole literary days, which men call editions,—of the first economist of the day. One of the ablest disciples of the master, Mr. Henry Fawcett, in his paper "On the Theory and Tendency of Strikes," read before the Bradford meeting of the Social Science Association in 1859, goes further still, and seeks to show us how, "when combinations of labourers are greatly extended, it will be for the interest of "the employer at once to give to his "labourer a share of his extra profits, "instead of in the first place refusing, "and then finally being compelled to do "the same thing, after suffering the in-

"convenience of a strike;" so that, in short, strikes would have to be considered but as the birth-throes of a system of associated labour. Yet what is to be done in the meanwhile, until such dreams or hopes seem more nearly to approach realization? Are there no other issues yet, whilst so large a portion of our working men show themselves still incapable of association, for productive purposes at least,—whilst in every co-operative body that is formed, the clutching by the members at every fraction of divisible profit is yet the despair of the managers? Yes, there are issues, always and everywhere, for all employers who have felt—to use words which terminate the conclusions of the sub-committee's report, but which seem inspired by a quite different spirit—that "not to care for their hands, not to promote their intellectual and moral welfare, not to show sympathy with them "and forbearance towards them, is to "ruin themselves." For all, in other words, who have learned that the laws of wealth have been given to men not for masters, but for servants; that they are only in their place as subordinate elements in a true human economy; that the man is always worth more than the wealth he helps to make, and demands to be dealt with on other principles than a bale of cotton or a pig of lead. Such men,—feeling often more deeply than any others the curse of our system of salaried labour, the double slavery of employers and employed which it implicitly contains,—will be precisely the ones who will do most to transform that system into a virtual community of effort, to evolve from it a harmonic freedom. We have such men amongst us, and I trust their number is increasing.

NOTE.—A writer in the *Saturday Review*, who has treated the above subject (and who most unwarrantably renders the whole Committee responsible for the opinions expressed by Mr. Hughes at Glasgow), argues that combination amongst workers is unnecessary, since, just as when a baker raises the price of bread, the customer can go to another baker, so "there is no very obvious reason why, "when one manufacturer proposes harder "terms to his men, they should not go to "other employers," as if an employer would or could buy labour *ad libitum*, as a baker will sell bread! The imperviousness to the distinction between consumption and production, which such an argument implies, affords a fair sample of the judgment with which the question is still too often discussed.

BARON BUNSEN.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

IN the *Times*, of Jan. 9 a short article appeared on the death of Baron Bunsen. It was translated from the *Révue Chrétienne*, and was signed by M. Pressensé. The article was worthy of the subject and of the writer. It would not be easy to find anywhere a more beautiful obituary, one freer from flattery and exaggeration, and fuller of genuine affection and admiration. M. Pressensé is not a follower of Baron Bunsen. He professes a dislike to many of his opinions. His appreciation of the man is the more real because he does.

But just and generous as this testimony from a Frenchman is, an Englishman could scarcely read it without some pain. Baron Bunsen lived among us, and was more closely associated with us than with the people of any country except his own. He was known intimately to men of all classes and all parties in this land; some of all classes and all parties expressed no ordinary affection for him. Why are they all silent? Is separation from our land or the separation of death a destroyer of all the links which bind us to those with whom we have interchanged thoughts, from whom we have received benefits? Or are we so behind French Protestants in Christian graces that differences of opinion make it impossible for us to say what we feel and know re-

specting the inner worth of those whom we cannot accept as guides? Some I am sure who received from him a series of undeserved kindnesses have preferred to seem ungrateful than to inflict on his memory the burthen of their awkward praises and their bad reputation. Such motives may fairly influence them to a certain extent. But what they do ill, others may be stirred up to do better; their partial conceptions or misrepresentations of him, may call forth the friends who understood him to vindicate his character. I should abstain from speaking if I did not think that a slight testimony from one who differed from him more widely than M. Pressensé is likely to have done—who looked at all objects from a different, nearly the opposite, point of view to his—may be of some use at this time. I do not pretend to be a reluctant or an impartial witness. But my evidence will, at least, not be that of one who is supporting the champion of some cause in which he is interested. And no one will be able to charge the memory of a great man with any of the follies which he may discover in his admirer.

The first impression, I think, which was left upon all who saw Bunsen during his residence in this country, or in any other country, was that they had seldom met with a man so thoroughly friendly and genial, so ready to meet people of all kinds on their own ground, so little affecting dignified reserve, so free from the airs of diplomacy. Frankness will have struck them as his peculiar characteristic. They will, of course, have been surprised by the variety of his information upon subjects which they supposed to lie out of the circle of an ambassador's business. What will have surprised still more will have been his personal interest in each of those subjects: his power of throwing his heart into the one by which the person he was conversing with was occupied at the moment. They will have found that this vivacity of mind did not only manifest itself in general topics; their own private and domestic concerns were remembered with a sympathy which was at least as pleasant, and I should suppose somewhat more rare. Those who were struck by his intellectual accomplishments may have thought that he was too encyclopædic, that his mind wanted concentration. But they will certainly have observed that his attachments were as diffusive as his studies, and that in them there was no deficiency of distinctness or personality. His affections were the more alive in the family circle, amongst his intimate friends, because they were catholic.

I have spoken of first impressions. Those which I have described were, I think, very general. I never remember to have met any one, even of the Malachi Malagrowther species, who did not share in them for a while. But I have known many, not ill-disposed persons, who fancied they saw reason to suspect the man of duplicity, whom they had given credit for so much straightforwardness; to suppose that he professed with his lips what he did not inwardly believe. Every one knows how rapidly such doubts spread when they have once entered into our minds; what revenge we take for our previous credulity; how we labour that others may not indulge the unwise confidence which we have abandoned. As such feelings, when they are not well founded, are most demoralising and mischievous—as I am well convinced that in this instance they have no foundation—I will explain how I think they originated.

When Baron Bunsen came to England, many of us fancied that he was half an Englishman. We knew he had many ties to this country; we had heard that he was suspected in his own of Anglomania; we were specially pleased to have the witness of a philosopher of extensive observation as well as reading in favour of our habits and institutions—against his own. When we desire to be deceived, every phrase carries the meaning, not that it has, but that we give it. Any kindly appreciation of that which we have done or thought, any willingness to meet us on some common ground, is taken to imply preference for us, nay, to intimate how

much better other lands would be if they could be cast in our mould. Many eminent foreigners have suffered grievously from these complimentary opinions respecting them. The moment they have shown any of the patriotism which it would have been their shame to want, there has been an expression of more than disappointment—of anger, as if we had been tricked. "It is not," we say, "*what we English call consistency and good faith*;" as if "we English" did not show by that very language that we should think ourselves bound in duty to recant every observation we had ever made that could by possibility imply the superiority of any country to our own. No one ever was subjected to a greater share of this injustice than Baron Bunsen. If he had formed an exaggerated estimate of our merits—exaggerated, I mean, for a foreigner—the very near view he had of our corruptions and our discontents might naturally have shaken it. But I venture to doubt whether even in the commencement of his stay here he felt or gave indications to any fairly judging person that he felt the slightest disloyalty to his own national traditions. At that time I would have given much to believe that he had some Anglican tendencies; yet no cunning sophistry which I could exercise on the words I heard him speak, or that were reported to me by those who knew him better, could bring me to the conclusion that he had. Everything convinced me that he was a German to his heart's core; that he had resisted, and would resist, every influence from without, every temptation from within, to be anything else.

But if he was exposed to this kind of suspicion, he fell just as much under an opposite one. English laymen tormented with questions of which they did not find their divines willing or able to offer a solution—English divines finding that what they had been in the habit of preaching in their pulpits or teaching in their classes did not satisfy others or themselves—might naturally turn to a German, free from the trammels of our education, acquainted with a variety of religious beliefs, conversant with the vicissitudes of opinion in his own country, most ready to communicate his thoughts and experiences, for some relief from their embarrassments. Many who sought this relief may have fancied for a while that they had found it. A number of thoughts would be brought before them to which they had not been accustomed; they would find themselves in a different atmosphere from that which they had been used to breathe; they could not be deceived that it was an atmosphere, not of speculation merely, but of earnest practical faith. To some this last discovery would be most consolatory. But, in process of time, some of them might perceive that practical faith in *them* must connect itself with other feelings and supports than those which the German seemed to require. What was natural to him, was unnatural to them. How it should be so, they might be unable to determine; the experience of the fact is more than any explanation. On the other hand, many in a different, though equally discontented state of mind would regard this so-called faith as a mere heirloom from Luther and the sixteenth century, which interfered with the scientific processes and idealizing processes into which they had hoped that a philosopher of the nineteenth century would initiate them. Each of these for different reasons would express a disappointment, perhaps an indignation, not inferior to that of the Anglican doctor, whom both abhorred. "The German prescriptions do not suit our complaints," would be the groan of the one. The other would threaten the imperfect performer of the miracle of liquefying facts into ideas, much in the tone of the Neapolitan on a like occasion. '*Oh cattivo St. Januario!*' would be the mildest phrase of lamentation when the too solid flesh did not melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew. The former would not have the fairness to remember that the German physician did not volunteer his advice to the English patient;

did not profess to say what kind of bath might suit his constitution. It did not occur to the other that he made no profession of any special power to liquefy facts; that he was in the habit of denouncing many who performed that portent in his own land as enchanters and false prophets; that he probably envied the English reverence for facts—if it did not convert all facts into cotton or bank notes—though he might not find it easily attainable by himself.

The true lesson from these different kinds of unfairness which Englishmen are prone to commit, and from each of which Bunsen suffered discredit, is, I conceive, that we never honour one another—that we never are even ordinarily just to one another—unless we have a position of our own which we are resolved not to abandon; and unless we like those foreigners best who are resolved that they will try to understand *their* position and to hold it fast. If we adhere to this rule, Bunsen will not only retain all those titles to our esteem which he earned when he first came amongst us, but we shall reckon it a very great additional title that, after seeing all the wealth and grandeur of England—after seeing what may have attracted him much more, its scientific prowess and the results which that prowess has produced—its religious freedom and its religious activities—in spite of strong affections and domestic ties which bound him to us—he nevertheless retained unsoiled and intact his devotion to his fatherland, and would not suffer any tastes, feelings, opinions of Englishmen to sway him the very least in his projects for its amelioration. And I think we cannot show our respect for him more than by going and doing likewise. We shall utterly fail to extirpate any of the evils which we mourn over most, if we seek to extirpate them by foreign and not by native methods; the plans which we borrow will be in our practice artificial and clumsy, the notions we borrow, generally exaggerated, always feeble. For no mere change can ever be reformation; reformation always has meant, always must mean the recovery of a form which has been lost, the pursuit of ends which are marked out for us and which we have forgotten—the return to a real belief of that which we profess in words.

That this was the end which Baron Bunsen set before himself in reference to the country of his birth, and of his mature affection, I am fully convinced. Whether the means which he chose for the end were the best possible, I, of course, am utterly incompetent to decide. But, as I trace them, I cannot help perceiving that they were, at least, consistent; that he had a distinct sense of a vocation, which Germany and her sons ought not to forget; that he had also a sense of certain dangers attending that vocation which it became her sons to watch against, and so far as in them lay to counteract; that he never supposed they could be counteracted except by influences which should bring the life and heart of the country into fuller play, which should give it a practical as well as a scientific interest in the past, which should awaken its hopes for the future.

The belief of a special vocation for his people cannot have been learnt by Bunsen in any of those schools to which he is accused of having addicted himself. It must have been received from the old Hebrew prophets. Would to God we had more of it! Would to God that when we talked of our callings we meant that they *were* callings! If it were so, with how much more reverence and fear should we pursue them! If he was right in thinking, as his master Niebuhr had taught him, that philology, understanding by the name not only the study of language but of the historical documents of nations, is the work for which Germans have special gifts that other nations want—from how many rash conclusions might he save them—what courage might he give them, supposing he could persuade them that it is indeed a vocation; that God has designated them to it!

What was the measure of his own philological success in his Egyptian Inquiries, or in his larger work on the History of Mankind, I must leave

who are qualified to judge. But this, I think, must be apparent to all who only look into those books; that they are not merely antiquarian; that the writer has felt a human interest in his subjects, and has given a human interest to his discourses on them. *Merely* scientific inquirers may be shocked at such motives—but I cannot help thinking that zeal for the honour of Germany and of Niebuhr gave him an interest in penetrating hieroglyphics, and enumerating Egyptian dynasties, which the mere topics would have wanted. I do not doubt his love of truth for truth's sake, but I apprehend that, to an affectionate warm-hearted man, truth brings greater evidences of itself when it can show itself surrounded with living and personal associations.

But, if Bunsen thought that his countrymen ought to pursue such investigations as these with unflinching ardour, and not to be stopped in them by any consideration of the results to which they might lead, he was certainly as strongly convinced that the German mind requires something to balance its merely intellectual energies. His *Gesangbuch*, which has been in part naturalised among us by Miss Wentworth's admirable translations, must have been the result of this conviction. Such a book, coming from a statesman, would have astonished the English public; must have astonished the German public still more; must have laid him open to the charge of pietism at a time when that charge was especially offensive. As it was not original it could procure him no personal fame to compensate that disagreeable imputation. Yet, if a statesman desires to call forth the life of his people, to give it an interest in its own past history, to deliver it from sordid aims, to substitute an earnest practical faith for mere theories, to contrast the dreams of modern revolution with the actual convictions of old reformers; I know not how by a thousand protocols, or speeches, or repressing edicts, he could have fulfilled his function half as well. There are some worthy men, both in England and Germany, who suppose that they can rekindle faith there by continual denunciations of Rationalism, who say also that Bunsen's aim was to weaken faith and strengthen Rationalism. Let them ask themselves seriously in any quiet moment what *they* have accomplished by their labours, to awaken faith, or destroy that which is opposed to it in any single heart? And then let them consider what may have been done for that end by bringing together the most earnest cries, confessions, thanksgivings to the living God, of the most devout men, of all ages which Germany has produced not when they were speculating or debating, but when they were in the midst of individual and national suffering.

For the same purpose Bunsen, long before he came to England, composed a liturgy. The largest work which he wrote while he was in England contains more than one volume which is especially devoted to the ancient Liturgies of the Church. As I think the writers of the Olney Hymns would have esteemed the *Gesangbuch* a more effectual antidote to what they would have called the unevangelical tendencies of modern Germany, than any prelections against those tendencies, so I believe Jeremy Taylor would have valued these actual exhibitions of the life and devotion of primitive martyrs and fathers very much more than any arguments to prove that Germans were undervaluing the authority of fathers or martyrs. I do not say this because I regard this part of Bunsen's labours as establishing a special ground of sympathy between him and members of the English Church. On the contrary, there is no part of his writings which brings out the contrast between him and us more strikingly. The ante-Nicene fathers were precious to him, in contrast with those who adopted and wrestled for the creeds which we take for the groundwork of our devotions. I have no words to express how entirely I dissent from his opinion. If the conflicts of the first centuries had not issued in the proclamation of the Nicene Creed, the Church, it seems to me, would have passed into

a mere collection of devout opinions; its various schools would have sunk into warring philosophical sects. The Creed was the proclamation of a Divine kingdom, which was to struggle with the imperial kingdom in Constantinople—which was to keep up a battle in all ages with every form of imperialism, whether it came forth under a secular or an ecclesiastical name. The Creed going forth from Nice, stifled no inquiry—was able to check no opposing opinion. Athanasius had to fight alone against the world in defence of it, and to prevail because he was fighting for the people against the doctors. When it became a mere subject of debate among doctors in the Churches of Greece, the mighty proclamation of an actual living will by Mahomet and his successors crushed the professors of it. It could only make head against them in the west, by appearing once more as the announcement of a kingdom that rules over all. In that form it has had to endure the incubus of Papal domination; it has had to fight with the fury of Protestant sects. It will, as I think, overthrow them both—be a witness for the union of Greeks, Romanists, Protestants—and batter down the devil-worship which prevails so mightily among all three. Not for an instant would I surrender it to the objections or arguments of Bunsen, or of all other objectors, lay and clerical, together, however much I may honour them; because I believe in my heart it will do the work which they longed to see done, and which their religious instincts, philosophical theories, even practical devotions, cannot do without it. By all means let them speak out their objections and difficulties; it has power to encounter them, and, conquer them. By all means let each man pursue honestly his own search after unity; I am satisfied it will meet all their different searches, and will help to make them effectual.

What I have said about Bunsen's efforts to restore the literature of the early Church, explains what I shall venture to say about his "Church of the Future." The book which bears this title embodies, it seems to me, the feelings which were likely to be excited by the democratic movement of the age, in a man who was full of strong religious convictions, and who was vehemently averse to the old hierarchical system. The *Gemeinde* is everything. All ministers are merely its officials. The services of the Church are acts of united thanksgiving. That which was supposed to be a sacrificial act, deriving some virtue from the presence of the priest, is the offering of the heart and spirit of the people to God. This is the devout aspect of the doctrine of popular sovereignty. In this form he hoped it might be emancipated from its atheistical accompaniments; in this form it might combine the old Protestant testimony for individual faith with the social cravings of a later time.

On most men this book left an impression of great disappointment. Its magnificent title led them to expect something which should be satisfying to the hopes and wants of people in all parts of Christendom, nay, in all quarters of the world. They were perplexed to find much space devoted to discussions of minute points of organization affecting Prussia, possibly the north of Germany—nearly uninteresting, scarcely intelligible anywhere else. I owe great thanks to the book for this very reason. It made me more conscious than any book I had ever read before, than any book written with a less honest and simple intention could have done—how impossible it is to conceive a Universal Church, how the most enlarged philosophy can only describe a merely local Church, if the starting-point is the Gemeinde. Suppose a Divine Being, who calls out a man, a family, a nation, who then reveals the Head of all nations, and you can explain what excuses men have found for contracting the dimensions of such a body, so that it shall be subject to the mortal Bishop of a particular city; so that it should be merely national; so that it should represent some special opinion. But take the opposite course; try to

ascend from the notion of the Society to those who minister in it, to Him who is the object of its adoration, and that Society adapts itself unawares to the notions, education, epoch, circumstances of the person who describes it. His desire to be useful and practical forbids him to lose himself in considerations which would fit any place, and therefore are fit for no place. And this is only a small part of the difficulty. The ministers chosen by the Gemeinde are merely officials. By the hypothesis they can be nothing else; officials with the same temptations as men have felt everywhere to exercise tyranny over their flocks; to make that tyranny good by appeals to the grandeur of their work. And the object of the worship is,—what? Bunsen would have answered reverently,—"The God of our fathers; the God who "is revealed in Christ." But saying so he brings back the idea of a Church grounded on that revelation; the Church of the past is the Church of the future. *Not* saying so—the old story is repeated. The object of worship is really created by the worshipper; the official becomes, in the worst sense of the word, sacerdotal; he is the victim and organ of all the superstitions of the Gemeinde; not less, but more for that, its oppressor. None of these consequences were present to Bunsen's mind. He is in truth not more responsible for them than a hundred theories which prevail amongst ourselves. He has the great merit of bringing these theories to the test; of showing how inconsistent we have been in combining them with another much older doctrine. His noble ambition to assert the rights of the Gemeinde, to clear away priestcraft, to give sacrifice a real meaning, forces us back upon that earlier faith. Without that faith I do not see how any of these objects can be accomplished; they must be accomplished some day if it has any reality. I do not complain of him in the least for maintaining the position he has taken up in this book. His business as a German might be to ask what kind of society is necessary that the rights of men as social and spiritual beings may be fully asserted, and to see whether he could construct such a society. We who are not constructors at all may be very grateful for the experiment, may learn much more from its failure than from many successes upon which we plume ourselves. We have had ages of political experience to compensate our want of the power of theorising. Institutions have not been devised by us, but have grown up in the midst of us. We may ask ourselves what they signify; whether we have ever understood them; whether we are not continually undermining them through our carelessness respecting their nature and purposes. That self-examination will surely be more profitable to us than complaining of what foreigners, better and more earnest than we are, have done or have not done. *They* will help us if we are true to ourselves; if not we shall destroy ourselves, without their interference.

In his book "On the Signs of the Times," which Bunsen wrote after he left England, he did full justice to the freedom of religious opinions from State interference which our people have obtained; he claimed the like freedom for Prussia; he attributed the presence of it among us in a great measure to the action of the sects upon the Established Church; he attributed the absence of it elsewhere, principally to sacerdotal influence. As an assertion of the safety of entire religious freedom, of the danger of any restraint upon it under one pretext or other, the book seems to me of great value. As an explanation of the method by which it has been won, and by which it can be maintained, I must consider it defective. To remind English Churchmen that the Puritan—and especially the Independent—was at one time a witness for a liberty which they were disposed to restrain, can do them no harm. It is not a novel announcement to them; they heard it a century ago from the historian who disliked the Puritans most. But that historian would not have confessed that the disposition in English Churchmen to persecute arose from their disposition to merge

the invisible in the visible ruler, civil or sacerdotal; that the force of the protest of the Covenanter—and of the Independent, when the Covenanter had become a mere believer in the Presbytery—lay in his proclamation of a God who actually governed in the affairs of men, and to whom the monarch and the ecclesiastic were equally subject. So long as that faith is strong, there will be a witness against the attempt to take the power from Him to whom it belongs, to assume the right of protecting that which He alone can protect. The faith *is* strong when men are crushed by mortal hands, when they can only take refuge in the unseen. Therefore the arguments against persecution come from the sufferers; are forgotten so soon as they have earned dominion. But it is the faith of a Church; emphatically it is not the faith of a sect. If the sects have helped to keep alive in us the belief that we are witnesses for a kingdom of God, not for certain opinions, we should be very thankful to them. For it is that belief which can alone save us from being a sect, which can alone extinguish sects. And with sects persecution—since persecution is good to maintain the dominion of sects—is a denial of the dominion of God. We in England have owed any degree of freedom we have to a faith, let it have been ever so weak, in *this* dominion. There has been a dim sense in our minds—however much we have resisted it—that those who touch the ark to keep it from shaking may incur the sentence of him in old time who ventured on that experiment. To strengthen this feeling, to deepen it, is, I suspect, the one method of perpetuating the religious liberty we have, and of making it greater. The maxim of Barneveld, says Mr. Motley, was *Nil scire tutissima fides;* on that he based his doctrine of toleration. "God wishes all to know" seems to me a much safer faith; the foundation of a much more comprehensive toleration than Barneveld dreamed of. How Prussia may be saved from her notion of a paternal interference to keep men straight in the faith: how she is to escape from state tyranny without throwing herself back into ecclesiastical tyranny, I do not pretend to affirm. So far as Baron Bunsen has spoken on that subject in his "Signs of the Times," I should abstain from criticizing him—for other reasons, and because he has shown in this volume that such a knowledge of England as none of us possess respecting his country did not save him from mistakes about us which an ignorant native could not have committed. We ought only to speak for ourselves. In mere protests against sacerdotal government thousands of Englishmen would join him, who like a little persecution very dearly. The abuses of sacerdotal government have come, not from the conviction that there is a truth for all men, which it is good for all to confess together, but from uncertainty whether there is any such truth, or whether it is not better to force men into a nominal acknowledgment of something which will do in the place of it.

These remarks have a close application to the last work in which Bunsen was engaged upon earth, his "Vollständiges Bibelwerk für die Gemeinde." For an incredible number of hours in each day, he toiled at a new translation of the Bible. It was to be printed along with the version of Luther. It was to be accompanied by historical and spiritual explanations, which he hoped would remove some of the difficulties of the Germans to the acceptance of it as a national and family book, such as it was held to be by the Reformers of the sixteenth century. From this book, so far at least as the interpretations were concerned, an Englishman may be pardoned for not expecting much. For nearly two centuries—from philosopher Locke to the last issue of the Tract Society—men of different schools have been labouring to adapt the Bible to our own tastes and capacities. That is to say, it has been made to echo our voices; the temper, habits, convictions of our age or our coterie, have been more or less skilfully brought forth from its pages. An interpretation, which should exhibit as faithfully—more learnedly—the German thought of the nineteenth century might

be some counteraction to those which exhibit the English thought, perhaps of the eighteenth century, perhaps of some section in this century. But if the message of the Bible is a message to mankind, not in one age but in all ages—a message to those wants which are *not* satisfied by, *not* expressed in, the peculiar tendencies and conceptions of any age or place, rather which are crying to be emancipated from those tendencies and conceptions, each new adaptation is only a new form of bondage. And if the Bible is anything less than this—if it does not speak to us, but only repeats what we first put into it, will the "Gemeinde," will any man continue to care for it? Is not the notion that it is not this—that it is only a book in which divines or philosophers find what they hide — the cause of the indifference to it in England and in Germany, which Bunsen desired to cure? Some learned and able men amongst us hold that our people when they hear the Bible, are too ready to think they are hearing the words of God. "If," say they, "Englishmen generally, could be "delivered from this superstition, if we, "the teachers, did not encourage it, there "would be no dread of philological and "physical inquiries, lest the Bible "should be overthrown; other literature "would not be disparaged for the sake "of a single book; we should give full "play to our faculties in the study of it, "and in all other studies." My own solemn conviction is that our people do not half enough believe that they are listening to the words of God when they are listening to the Bible; that we, their teachers, do not half enough believe it. If we did, we should not be afraid of any physical or philological inquiries. If we did, we should not try to make people understand, by a heap of preparatory evidence, that God is speaking to them in the Bible; we should be confident that He would make them understand His speech. If we did, we should prize all literature much more than we do. Those who would take from us the fragments we have of this faith would make us tenfold more slaves of the letter than we are. They would make us indifferent about scientific truth, because we should cease to believe that anything has been established or can be established. They would turn us into critics of Homer and Shakespeare, not readers or learners of either. Designing to make us more earnest students, they would drive out the spirit of patient, childlike reverence and hope which contains the only promise of result in any pursuit of any kind.

But I would repeat once more that the maxims which we can discern for our own guidance ought to be most cautiously applied in our judgment of men in different circumstances from ours. There can be no difference in the general principle, that we must become little children in order to learn any truth of divinity or of physical science. There may be the greatest possible differences in the indications of this childlike spirit, in the obstacles which hinder us from attaining it. The Exeter-Hall orator may think that nothing interferes with it so much as the habits of the German student. The German student may think that nothing interferes with it so much as the assumption and arrogance of the platform, as the echoes and applause of an obedient crowd. Each may give the other some warnings which it may be worth his while to heed. Those of us who are neither orators nor German students may be better for the admonitions of both. Bunsen brought his doings to a brave and noble test when he appealed, not to professors, but to the people. I cannot think that a work undertaken with such earnestness, and in such a spirit, would have been in vain, even if his own part of it was in vain. The book would have made its strength felt above his interpretations, as I trust it will do above ours. And surely a man who desires to be honest and childlike, if he cannot find what he seeks in cloisters or platforms, will have it granted him in some way which his divine Teacher knows to be better.

That final education was bestowed in full measure on Baron Bunsen. There came a time in which a frame that had been tasked to more vigorous and tremendous efforts in reading and in writ-

ing, than most of us can bring ourselves to think of or to believe, broke fairly down; when a man who had enjoyed work as much as most enjoy the cessation of it,—had to exchange it for the intensest anguish. What the suffering of any complaint in the heart is few of us can even guess; his form of the complaint is perhaps the most terrible of all to bear or to witness. He felt the deep humiliation of "being unable to soar above the "most ordinary necessities of self-pre- "servation. I am just able," he said, "to "utter a short prayer that it may please "God, either to shorten my sufferings, "or to give me strength to bear them. "But when I try to think of higher "matters, my illness drags me down. "Before the last half hour all I could "say, and I repeated it constantly, was "*Schlafesgnade bis zum Tag;* but for "the last hour I was able to say *Schlafes- "gnade, so du willst;* and now look, "there is the first dawn of morning, "and I can bear to be awake."

A deep human experience assuredly; only to want the grace of sleep till morning, and not to find that! But how near is this loss of all spiritual consciousness and power to the discovery of that which lies beneath it all, its ground and support. *Ich habe gefunden,* he said, *dass alle Brücke, die man gebaut hat zwischen diesem und jenem Leben, fällt, und die eine, Christus, bleibt stehen.* It was what he had been saying always in hymns and litanies, what he had felt inwardly. To perceive that it was real, when hymns and litanies could not be spoken, when feeling was dried up, this was surely a recompense for much agony. And it was not only when all else seemed to be sinking (*alles geht unter,* as he said one night, *nur Gott bleibt*) that he felt this standing ground. Brighter moments were granted when he could delight in the faces around him, and in the memory of those whom he could not see. Then came forth his strong personal affections; his gratitude to old benefactors; his sympathies for freedom and truth in every land. He remembered Prussia and England. He longed for the unity of Italy in which he dwelt so long. He could listen again to the hymns and the organ which had been so dear to him. He could say, "It is a wonderful thing to look "back from above on this life and this "world! Now first we know in how "much darkness we have been dwelling "here" (was für ein dunkles Dasein wir hier geführt haben.) "Upwards, "upwards. Nothing dark; no, bright, "ever brighter." He could assure those who were dearest to him that his love to them had been always grounded upon a love that was deep and eternal. He could say to the one who was dearest of all, "I shall meet thee in the presence "of God."

One, who had read these and other records of his last days at Bonn, writes thus:—

"They seem to me too sacred for any "but the eyes of his dearest friends. "Yet I am glad that they should be "known at least to some besides. Simple "and devout Englishmen and English- "women will at once acknowledge their "sincerity and their depth. They will "joyfully throw aside any suspicions that "they may have formed of him. They "will judge more kindly and hopefully "of many besides him, whose statements "may often puzzle them. They will "trust more in God's judgment and less "in their own. I cannot cast stones at "these countrymen of mine for hard "thoughts which they may have "cherished respecting Bunsen. With "far less excuse, with far more evidence "to confute them, I have often allowed "the like to harbour in my own mind. "But I have always discovered that they "proceeded not from the liveliness of "my faith, but from the poverty of it. "They belonged to that arguing, dispu- "tatious, godless state of mind, which "in my arrogance I should, perhaps, "have attributed to him. I look back "upon all such suspicions as reasons for "shame and contrition. For it seems to "me, casting my thought over a number "of years, that he approved himself in "a variety of circumstances to be essen- "tially a true man; one who felt "more keenly almost than any one

"the influences by which he was sur-
"rounded, yet did not take his colour
"from them; one who could not have
"been what he was to all about him,
"if his life had not been sustained
"from a hidden source. I did not see
"him in all the positions in which some
"of my countrymen saw him; I only
"know by the report of others what he
"was to those who visited Rome whilst
"he was the German Minister there.
"But the existence of an Ambassador
"in London seems a greater contrast to
"those scenes in the chamber of Bonn,
"than even his Roman life can have
"been. And yet there is nothing which
"I remember of that, which would lead
"me to doubt those records of his
"later hours, or to wonder at them.
"He appeared a diplomatist without
"trickery; a man in the world without
"frivolity; a statesman with ever in-
"creasing desires for the good of the
"people and the kingdom of God; a
"philosopher with a human heart. There
"are, however, other recollections which
"come more home to me as I read the
"story of his death-bed. A little more
"than twenty years ago, just before the
"accession of the last King of Prussia,
"he was for a short time the Minister to
"the Swiss Cantons. His house, which
"had been once occupied by the English
"Minister, Mr. Morier, lay about a mile
"outside of the town of Berne. The sit-
"uation was one of the most beautiful in
"that beautiful neighbourhood. The pros-
"pect from the garden was such as one
"could scarcely see in any other country.
"I was sitting with him and with some
"others in that garden one afternoon,
"when all its near loveliness seemed to
"pass away and be forgotten. For there
"came a sudden discovery of another
"world behind that — a world that
"was altogether of light and glory.
"The same spectacle may have been
"granted to one since in the same
"regions. But each of these visions
"surely, has its own significance; each
"should be remembered along with the
"faces that looked upon it. The bright
"outward world in which Bunsen dwelt,
"and which he enjoyed so heartily, had
"a brighter inner world behind it. *That*
"was partly revealed to him in his
"chamber at Bonn. May we not be
"confident that it will be revealed here-
"after to us all, and that human faces,
"earthly sights, will be transfigured in
"its light?"

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH CHARLES AND LORD WELTER DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES AT THE UNIVERSITY.

It is a curious sensation, that of meeting, as a young man of two or three and twenty, a man one has last seen as a little lad of ten, or thereabouts. One is almost always in a way disappointed. You may be asked out to dinner to meet a man called, say, Jones, whom you believe to be your old friend Jones, and whom you have not seen for a month or so, and on getting to the house find it is not your Jones at all, but another Jones whom you don't know. He may be cleverer, handsomer, more agreeable than your old friend—a man whom you are glad to know; and yet you are disappointed. You don't meet the man you expected, and are rather disposed to be prejudiced against his representative.

So it is when you meet a friend in manhood whom you have not seen since you were at school. You have been picturing to yourself the sort of man your friend must have developed into, and you find him different from

what you thought. So, instead of foregathering an old friend, you discover that you have to make a new acquaintance.

You will now have to resume the acquaintance of Charles Ravenshoe at two and twenty. I hope you will not be much disappointed in him. He was a very nice boy, if you remember, and you will see immediately that he has developed into a very nice young man indeed. It is possible that I may not be about to introduce him to you under the most favourable circumstances; but he created those circumstances for himself, and must abide by them. As it is not my intention to follow him through any part of his University life, but only to resume his history when he quits it, so it becomes imperatively necessary upon me to state, without any sort of disguise, the reason why he did leave it. And, as two or three other important characters in the story had something to do with it, I shall do so more at length than would at first seem necessary.

It was nine o'clock on the 6th of November. The sun, which had been doing duty for her Majesty all night at Calcutta, Sydney, &c. had by this time reached Oxford, and was shining aslant into two pretty little Gothic windows in the inner, or library quadrangle of St. Paul's College, and illuminating the features of a young man who was standing in the middle of the room, and scratching his head.

He was a stout-built fellow, not particularly handsome, but with a very pleasing face. His hair was dark brown, short, and curling, his forehead was broad and open, and below it were two uncommonly pleasant-looking dark grey eyes. His face was rather marked, his nose very slightly aquiline, and plenty of it, his mouth large and good-humoured, which, when opened to laugh, as it very frequently was, showed a splendid set of white teeth, which were well contrasted with a fine healthy brown and red complexion. Altogether a very pleasant young fellow to look on, and looking none the worse just now, for an expression of droll perplexity, not unmixed with a certain amount of terror, which he had on his face.

It was Charles Ravenshoe.

He stood in his shirt and trousers only, in the midst of a scene of desolation so awful, that I who have had to describe some of the most terrible scenes and circumstances conceivable, pause, before attempting to give any idea of it in black and white. Every moveable article in the room—furniture, crockery, fender, fire irons—lay in one vast heap of broken confusion in the corner of the room. Not a pane of glass remained in the windows; the bedroom door was broken down; and the door which opened into the corridor was minus the two upper panels. Well might Charley Ravenshoe stand there and scratch his head.

"By George," he said at last, soliloquising, "how deuced lucky it is that I never get drunk. If I had been screwed last night, those fellows would have burnt the college down. What a devil that Welter is when he gets drink into him; and Marlow is not much better. The fellows were mad with fighting, too. I wish they hadn't come here and made hay afterwards. There'll be an awful row about this. It's all up, I am afraid. It's impossible to say, though."

At this moment, a man appeared in the passage, and, looking in through the broken door, as if from a witness-box, announced, "The dean wishes to see you at once, sir." And exit.

Charles replied by using an expression then just coming into use among our youth, "All serene!" dressed himself by putting on a pilot coat, a pair of boots, and a cap and gown, and with a sigh descended into the quadrangle.

There were a good many men about, gathered in groups. The same subject was in everybody's mouth. There had been, the night before, without warning or apparent cause, the most frightful disturbance which, in the opinion of the porter, had graced the college for fifty years. It had begun suddenly at

half-past twelve, and had been continued till three. The dons had been afraid to come out and interfere, the noise was so terrible. Five out-college men had knocked out at a quarter to three, refusing to give any name but the dean's. A rocket had been let up, and a five-barrel revolver had been fired off, and—Charles Ravenshoe had been sent for.

A party of young gentlemen, who looked very seedy and guilty, stood in his way, and as he came up shook their heads sorrowfully; one, a tall one, with large whiskers, sat down in the gravel walk, and made as though he would have cast dust upon his head.

"This is a bad job, Charley," said one of them.

"Some heads must fall," said Charles; "I hope mine is not among the number. Rather a shame if it is, eh?"

The man with the big whiskers shook his head. "The state of your room," he said.

"Who has seen it?" eagerly asked Charles.

"Sleeping innocent," replied the other, "the porter was up there by eight o'clock, and at half-past the dean himself was gazing on your unconscious face as you lay peacefully sleeping in the arms of desolation."

Charles whistled long and loud, and proceeded with a sinking heart towards the dean's rooms.

A tall pale man, with a hard, marked countenance, was sitting at his breakfast, who, as soon as he saw who was his visitor, regarded him with the greatest interest, and buttered a piece of toast.

"*Well*, Mr. Ravenshoe," was his remark.

"I believe you sent for me, sir," said Charles, adding to himself, "Confound you, you cruel old brute, you are amusing yourself with my tortures."

"This is a pretty business," said the dean.

Charles would be glad to know to what he alluded.

"Well," said the dean, laughing, "I don't exactly know where to begin. However, I am not sure it much matters. You will be wanted in the common room at two. The proctor has sent for your character also. Altogether, I congratulate you. Your career at the University has been brilliant; but, your orbit being highly elliptical, it is to be feared that you will remain but a short time above the horizon. Good morning."

Charley rejoined the eager knot of friends outside; and, when he spoke the awful word "common room," every countenance wore a look of dismay. Five more, it appeared, were sent for, and three were wanted by the proctor at eleven. It was a disastrous morning.

There was a large breakfast in the rooms of the man with the whiskers, to which all the unfortunates were of course going. One or two were in a state of badly concealed terror, and fidgeted and were peevish, until they got slightly tipsy. Others laughed a good deal, rather nervously, and took the thing pluckily—the terror was there, but they fought against it; but the behaviour of Charles extorted applause from everybody. He was as cool and as merry as if he was just going down for the long vacation; he gave the most comical account of the whole proceedings last night from beginning to end, as he was well competent to do, being the only sober man who had witnessed them; he ate heartily and laughed naturally, to the admiration of every one.

One of the poor fellows who had shown greatest signs of terror, and who was as near crying as he could possibly be without actually doing so, looked up and complimented him on his courage, with an oath.

"In me, my dear Dick," said Charles, good-naturedly, "you see the courage of despair. Had I half your chances I should be as bad as you. I know there are but a few more ceremonies to be gone through, and then—"

The other rose and left the room. "Well," said he, as he went, with a choking voice, "I expect my old governor will cut his throat or something; I'm fifteen hundred in debt." And so the door closed on the poor lad, and the party was silent.

There came in now a young man, to whom I wish especially to call your attention. He was an ordinary young man enough, in the morning livery of a groom. He was a moderately well looking fellow, and there seems at first nothing in any way remarkable about him. But look at him again, and you are struck with a resemblance to some one you know, and yet at first you hardly know to whom. It is not decidedly, either, in any one feature, and you are puzzled for a time, till you come to the conclusion that every one else does. That man is a handsome likeness of Charles Ravenshoe.

This is Charles's foster-brother William, whom we saw on a former occasion taking refreshment with that young gentleman, and who had for some time been elevated to the rank of Mr. Charles's "lad." He had come for orders.

There were no orders but to exercise the horses, Charles believed; he would tell him in the afternoon if there were, he added sorrowfully.

"I saw Lord Welter coming away from the proctor's, sir," said William. "He told me to ask what train you were going down by. His lordship told me to say, sir, that Lord Welter of Christchurch would leave the University at twelve to-morrow, and would not come into residence again till next Lent term."

"By Jove," said Charley, "he has got a dose! I didn't think they'd have given him a year. Well, here goes."

Charles went to the proctor's, but his troubles there were not so severe as he expected. He had been seen fighting several times during the evening, but half the University had been doing the same. He had been sent home three times and had reappeared; that was nothing so very bad. On his word of honour he had not tripped up the marshal; Brown himself thought he must have slipped on a piece of orange peel. Altogether it came to this, that Ravenshoe of Paul's had better be in by nine for the rest of term, and mind what he was about for the future.

But the common room at two was the thing by which poor Charley was to stand or fall. There were terrible odds against him—the master, and six tutors. It was no use, he said, sniveling, or funking the thing; so he went in to do battle valiantly.

The Master opened the ball, in a voice suggestive of mild remonstrance. In all his experience of college life, extending over a period of forty-five years, he had never even heard of proceedings so insubordinate, so unparalleled, so—so—monstrous as had taken place the night before, in a college only a twelvemonth ago considered by the proctors to be the quietest in the University. A work of fiction of a low and vicious tendency, professing to describe scenes of headlong riot and debauchery at the sister University, called, he believed, "Peter Priggins," had been written, and was, he understood, greatly read by the youth of both seats of learning, but he was given to understand that the worst described in that book sank into nothing, actually dwindled into insignificance, before last night's proceedings. It appeared, he continued, referring to a paper through his gold eye-glasses, that at half-past twelve a band of intoxicated and frantic young men had rushed howling into the college, refusing to give their names to the porter, (among whom was recognized Mr. Ravenshoe); that from that moment a scene of brutal riot had commenced in the usually peaceful quadrangle, and had continued till half-past three; loaded weapons had been resorted to, and fireworks had been exhibited; and, finally, that five members of another college had knocked out at half-past three, stating to the porter (without the slightest foundation) that they had been having tea with the dean. Now you know, really and truly, it simply resolved itself into this, Were they going to keep St. Paul's College open, or were they not? If the institution which had flourished now for above five hundred years was to continue to receive undergraduates, the disturbers of last night must be sternly eliminated. In the last case of this kind, where a

man was only convicted of—eh, Mr. Dean?—pump handle—thank you,—was only convicted of playfully secreting the handle of the college pump, rustication had been inflicted. In this case the college would do its duty, however painful.

Charles was understood to say that he was quite sober, and had tried to keep the fellows out of mischief.

The Master believed Mr. Ravenshoe would hardly deny having let off a rocket on the grass-plat.

Charles was ill-advised enough to say that he did it to keep the fellows quiet; but the excuse fell dead, and there was a slight pause; after which,

The Dean rose, with his hands in his pockets, and remarked that this sort of thing was all mighty fine, you know; but that they weren't going to stand it, and the sooner this was understood the better. He, for one, as long as he remained dean of that college, was not going to have a parcel of drunken young idiots making a row under his windows at all hours in the morning. He should have come out himself last night, but that he was afraid, positively afraid, of personal violence; and the odds were too heavy against him. He, for one, did not want more words about it. He allowed the fact of Mr. Ravenshoe being perfectly sober, though whether that could be pleaded in extenuation was very doubtful. (Did you speak, Mr. Bursar? No. I beg pardon, I thought you did.) He proposed that Mr. Ravenshoe should be rusticated for a year, and that the Dean of Christchurch should be informed that Lord Welter was one of the most active of the rioters. That promising young nobleman had done them the honour to create a disturbance in the college on a previous occasion, when he was, as last night, the guest of Mr. Ravenshoe.

Charles said that Lord Welter had been rusticated for a year.

The Dean was excessively glad to hear it, and hoped that he would stay at home and give his family the benefit of his high spirits. As there were five other gentlemen to come before them he would suggest that they should come to a determination.

The Bursar thought that the plea of sobriety should be taken in extenuation.

The Dean was sorry to be of a diametrically opposite opinion.

No one else taking up the cudgels for poor Charles, the Master said he was afraid he must rusticate him.

Charles said he hoped they wouldn't.

The Dean gave a short laugh, and said that if that was all he had to say he might as well have held his tongue. And then the Master pronounced sentence of rustication for a year, and Charley, having bowed, withdrew.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN MARSTON.

Charles returned to his room, a little easier in his mind than when he left it. There still remained one dreadful business to get over—the worst of all, that of letting his father know. Non-University men sneer at rustication; they can't see any particular punishment in having to absent yourself from your studies for a term or two. But do they think that the Dons don't know what they are about? Why, nine spirited young fellows out of ten would snap their fingers at rustication, if it wasn't for the *home* business. It is breaking the matter to the father, his just anger, and his mother's still more bitter reproaches. It must all come out, the why and the wherefore, without concealment or palliation. The college write a letter to justify themselves, and then a mine of deceit is sprung under the parents' feet, and their eyes are opened to things they little dreamt of. This, it appears, is not the first offence! The college has been longsuffering, and has pardoned when it should have punished repeatedly! The lad who was thought to be doing so well, has been leading a dissipated, riotous life, and deceiving them all! This is the bitterest blow they have ever had. How can they ever

trust him again?—And so the wound takes long to heal, and sometimes is never healed at all. That is the meaning of rustication.

A majority of young fellows at the University deceive their parents, especially if they come of serious houses. It is almost forced upon them sometimes, and in all cases the temptation is strong. It is very unwise to ask too many questions. Home questions are, in some cases, unpardonable. A son can't tell a father, as one man can tell another, to mind his own business. No. The father asks the question suddenly, and the son lies, perhaps, for the first time in his life. If he told the truth his father would knock him down.

Now Charles was a little better off than most young fellows in this respect. He knew his father would scold about the rustication, and still more at his being in debt. He wasn't much afraid of his father's anger. They two had always been too familiar to be much afraid of one another. He was much more afraid of the sarcasms of Mackworth, and he not a little dreaded his brother; but with regard to his father he felt but slight uneasiness.

He found his scout and his servant William trying to get the room into some order, but it was hopeless. William looked up with a blank face as he came in, and said—

"We can't do no good, sir; I'd better go for Herbert's man, I suppose?"

"You may go, William," said Charles, "to the stables, and prepare my horses for a journey. Ward, you may pack up my things, as I go down to-morrow. I am rusticated."

They both looked very blank, especially William, who, after a long pause, said—

"I was afraid of something happening yesterday after Hall, when I see my lord—" here William paused abruptly, and, looking up, touched his head to some one who stood in the doorway.

It was a well-dressed, well-looking young man of about Charles's age, with a handsome florid face, and short, light hair. Handsome though his face was, it was hardly pleasing in consequence of a certain lowering of the eyebrows which he indulged in every moment—as often, indeed, as he looked at any one—and also a slight cynical curl at the corners of the mouth. There was nothing else noticeable about Lord Welter except his great appearance of personal strength, for which he was somewhat famous.

"Hallo, Welter!" shouted Charles, "yesterday was an era in the annals of intoxication. Nobody ever was so drunk as you. I did all I could for you, more fool I, for things couldn't be worse than they are, and might be better. If I had gone to bed instead of looking after you I shouldn't have been rusticated."

"I'm deuced sorry, Charley, I am, 'pon my soul. It is all my confounded folly, and I shall write to your father and say so. You are coming home with me, of course?"

"By Jove, I never thought of it. That wouldn't be a bad plan, eh? I might write from Ranford, you know. Yes, I think I'll say yes. William, you can take the horses over to-morrow. That is a splendid idea of yours. I was thinking of going to London."

"Hang London in the hunting season," said the other. "By George, how the governor will blow up. I wonder what my grandmother will say. Somebody has told her the world is coming to an end next year. I hope there'll be another Derby. She has cut homœopathy and taken to vegetable practice. She has deuced near slaughtered her maid with an over-dose of Linum Catharticum, as she calls it. She goes digging about in waste places like a witch, with a big footman to carry the spade. She is a good old body though; hanged if she ain't."

"What does Adelaide think of the change in the opinions, medical and religious?"

"She don't care, bless you. She laughs about the world coming to an end, and, as for the physic, she won't stand that. She has pretty much her own way with the old lady, I can tell you, and with every one else, as far as that

goes. She is an imperious little body; I'm afraid of her. How do, Marston?"

This was said to a small, neatly-dressed, quiet-looking man, with a shrewd, pleasant face, who appeared at this moment looking very grave. He returned Welter's salutation, and that gentleman sauntered out of the room after having engaged Charles to dinner at the Cross at six. The new comer then sat down by Charles, and looked sorrowfully in his face.

"So it has come to this, my poor boy," said he, "and only two days after our good resolutions. Charley, do you know what Issachar was like?"

"No."

"He was like a strong ass stooping between two burdens," replied the other, laughing. "I know somebody who is, oh, so very like him. I know a fellow who could do capitally in the schools and in the world, who is now always either lolling about reading novels, or else flying off in the opposite extreme, and running, or riding, or rowing like a madman. Those are his two burdens, and he is a dear old ass also, whom it is very hard to scold, even when one is furiously angry with him."

"It's all true, Marston; it's all true as Gospel," groaned Charles.

"Look how well you did at Shrewsbury," continued Marston, "when you were forced to work. And now, you haven't opened a book for a year. Why don't you have some object in life, old fellow? Try to be captain of the University Eight or the Eleven; get a good degree; anything. Think of last Easter vacation, Charley. Well, then, I won't ——Be sure that pot-house work won't do. What earthly pleasure can there be in herding with men of that class, your inferiors in everything except strength? and you who can talk quite well enough for any society?"

"It ain't my fault," bróke in Charley, piteously. "It's a good deal more the fault of the men I'm with. That Easter vacation business was planned by Welter. He wore a velveteen shooting-coat and knee-breeches, and called himself—"

"That will do, Charley; I don't want to hear any of that gentleman's performances. I entertain the strongest personal dislike for him. He leads you into all your mischief. You often quarrel; why don't you break with him?"

"I can't."

"Because he is a distant relation? Nonsense. Your brother never speaks to him."

"It isn't that."

"Do you owe him money?"

"No, it's the other way, by Jove! I can't break with that man. I can't lose the run of Ranford. I must go there. There's a girl there I care about more than all the world beside; if I don't see her I shall go mad."

Langston looked very thoughtful. "You never told me of this," he said; "and she has—— she has refused you, I suppose?"

"Ay! how did you guess that?"

"By my mother wit. I didn't suppose that Charley Ravenshoe would have gone on as he has under other circumstances."

"I fell in love with her," said Charley, rocking himself to and fro, "when she was a child. I have never had another love but her; and the last time I left Ranford I asked her—you know—and she laughed in my face, and said we were getting too old for that sort of nonsense. And, when I swore I was in earnest, she only laughed the more. And I'm a desperate beggar, by Jove, and I'll go and enlist, by Jove."

"What a brilliant idea!" said Marston. "Don't be a fool, Charley. Is this girl a great lady?"

"Great lady! Lord bless you, no; she's a dependant, without a sixpence."

"Begin all over again with her. Let her alone a little. Perhaps you took too much for granted, and offended her. Very likely she has got tired of you. By your own confession you have been making love to her for ten years; that must be a great bore for a girl, you know. I suppose you are thinking of going to Ranford, now?"

"Yes, I am going for a time."

"The worst place you could go to

much better go home to your father. Yours is a quiet, staid, wholesome house, not such a bear garden as the other place—but, let us change the subject. I am sent after you."

"By whom?"

"Musgrave. The University Eight is going down, and he wants you to row four. The match with Cambridge is made up."

"Oh, hang it!" said poor Charley; "I can't show after this business. Get a waterman; do, Marston. They will know all about it by this time."

"Nay, I want you to come; do come, Charley. I want you to contrast these men with the fellows you were with last night, and to see what an effect three such gentlemen and scholars as Dixon, Hunt, and Smith have in raising the tone of the men they are thrown among."

On the barge Charley met the others of the eight—quiet, staid, gentlemanly men, every one of whom knew what had happened, and was more than usually polite in consequence. Musgrave, the captain, received him with manly courtesy. He was sorry to hear Ravenshoe was going down—had hoped to have had him in the eight at Easter; however, it couldn't be helped; hoped to get him at Henley; and so on. The others were very courteous too, and Charles soon began to find that he himself was talking in a different tone of voice, and using different language, from that which he would have been using in his cousin's rooms; and he confessed this to Marston that night.

Meanwhile the University eight, with the little blue flag at her bows, went rushing down the river on her splendid course. Past heavy barges and fairy skiffs; past men in dingys, who ran high and dry on the bank, to get out of the way, and groups of dandys, who ran with them for a time. And before any man was warm—Ifley. Then across the broad mill-pool, and through the deep crooks out into the broads and past the withered beds of reeds which told of coming winter. Bridges, and a rushing lasher—Sandford. No rest here. Out of the dripping well-like lock. Get your oars out and away again, past the yellowing willows, past the long wild grey meadows, swept by the singing autumn wind. Through the swirling curves and eddies, onward under the westering sun towards the woods of Nunenham.

It was so late when they got back, that those few who had waited for them, those faithful few who would wait till midnight to see the eight come in, could not see them, but heard afar off the measured throb and rush of eight oars as one, as they came with rapid stroke up the darkening reach. Charles and Marston walked home together.

"By George," said Charles, "I should like to do that and nothing else all my life. What a splendid stroke Musgrave gives you, so marked, and so long, and yet so lively. Oh, I should like to be forced to row every day like the watermen."

"In six or seven years you would probably row as well as a waterman. At least, I mean, as well as some of the second-rate ones. I have set my brains to learn steering, being a small weak man; but I shall never steer as well as little Tims, who is ten years old. Don't mistake a means for an end—"

Charley wouldn't always stand his friend's good advice, and he thought he had had too much of it to-day. So he broke out into sudden and furious rebellion, much to Marston's amusement, who treasured up every word he used in his anger, and used them afterwards with fearful effect against him.

"I don't care for you," bawled Charley; "you're a greater fool than I am, and be hanged to you. You're going to spend the best years of your life, and ruin your health to get a first. *A first! A first!* Why that miserable little beast, Lock, got a first. A fellow who is, take him all in all, the most despicable little wretch I know! If you are very diligent you may raise yourself to *his* level. And, when you have got your precious first, you will find yourself utterly unfit for any trade or profession whatever (except the Church, which you don't mean to

enter). What do you know about modern languages or modern history? If you go into the law, you have got to begin all over again. They won't take you in the army; they are not such *muffs*. And this is what you get for your fifteen hundred pounds!"

Charles paused, and Marston clapped his hands and said "hear! *hear!*" which made him more angry still.

"I shouldn't care if I *was* a waterman. I'm sick of all this pretension and humbug; I'd sooner be anything than what I am, with my debts, and my rustication, and keeping up appearances. I wish I was a billiard marker; I wish I was a jockey; I wish I was Alick Reed's Novice; I wish I was one of Barclay and Perkins's draymen. Hang it, I wish I was a cabman! Queen Elizabeth was a wise woman, and she was of my opinion."

"Did Queen Elizabeth wish she was a cabman?" said Marston gravely.

"No, she didn't," said Charles, very tartly. "She wished she was a milkmaid, and I think she was quite right. Now, then!"

"So you would like to be a milkmaid!" said the inexorable Marston. "You had better try another Easter vacation with Welter," said Marston. "Mrs. Sherrat will get you a suit of cast-off clothes from some of the lads. Here's the Cross, where you dine. Bye, bye!"

Charles Marston knew, and knew well, nearly every one worth knowing in the University. He did not appear particularly rich; he was not handsome; he was not brilliant in conversation; he did not dress well, though he was always neat; he was not a cricketer, a rower, or a rider; he never spoke at the Union; he never gave large parties; no one knew anything about his family; he never betted; and yet he was in the best set in the University.

There was, of course, some reason for this; in fact, there were three good and sufficient reasons, although above I may seem to have exhausted the means of approach to good University society. First, He had been to Eton as a town boy, and had been popular there. Second, He had got one of the great open scholarships. And third, His behaviour had always been most correct and gentlemanly.

A year before this he had met Charles as a freshman in Lord Welter's rooms, and had conceived a great liking for him. Charles had just come up with a capital name from Shrewsbury, and Marston hoped that he would have done something; but no. Charley took up with riding, rowing, driving, &c. &c. not to mention the giving and receiving of parties, with all the zest of a young fellow with a noble constitution, enough money, agreeable manners, and the faculty of excelling to a certain extent in every sport he took in hand.

He very soon got to like and respect Marston. He used to allow him to blow him up, and give him good advice when he wouldn't take it from any one else. The night before he went down Marston came to his rooms, and tried to persuade him to go home, and not to "the training stables," as he irreverently called Ranford; but Charley had laughed and laughed, and joked, and given indirect answers, and Marston saw that he was determined, and discontinued pressing him.

CHAPTER IX.

ADELAIDE.

The next afternoon Welter and Charles rode up to the door at Ranford. The servants looked surprised; they were not expected. His lordship was out shooting; her ladyship was in the poultry-yard; Mr. Pool was in the billiard-room with Lord Saltire.

"The deuce!" said Lord Welter; "that's lucky. I'll get him to break it to the governor."

That venerable nobleman was very much amused by the misfortunes of these ingenuous youths, and undertook the commission with great good nature. But, when he heard the cause of the

mishap, he altered his tone considerably, and took on himself to give the young men what was for him a severe lecture. He was sorry this had come out of a drunken riot; he wished it * * * * which, though bad enough, did not carry the disgrace with it that the other did. Let them take the advice of an old fellow who had lived in the world, ay, and moved with the world for above eighty years, and take care not to be marked, even among their own set, as drinking men. In his day, he allowed, drinking was entirely *de rigueur;* and indeed nothing could be more proper and correct than the whole thing they had just described to him, if it had happened fifty years ago. But a drunken row was an anachronism. Nobody drank now. He had made a point of watching the best young fellows, and none of them drank. He made a point of taking the time from the rising young fellows, and every one ought to do so who wished to go with the world. In his day it was the custom to talk with considerable freedom on sacred subjects, and he himself had been somewhat notorious for that sort of thing; but look at him now: he conformed with the times, and went to church. Every one went to church now. Let him call their attention to the fact that a great improvement had taken place in public morals of late years.

So the good-natured old heathen gave them what, I dare say, he thought was the best of advice. He is gone now to see what his system of morality is worth. I am very shy of judging him, or the men of his time. It gives me great pain to hear the men of the revolutionary era spoken of flippantly. The time was so exceptional. The men of that time were a race of giants. One wonders how the world got through that time at all. Six hundred millions of treasure spent by Britain alone! How many millions of lives lost none may guess! What wonder if there were hell-fire clubs and all kinds of monstrosities? Would any of the present generation have attended the fête of the goddess of reason, if they had lived at that time, I wonder? Of course they wouldn't.

Charles went alone to the poultry-yard; but no one was there except the head keeper, who was administering medicine to a cock, whose appearance was indictable—that is to say, if the laws against cock-fighting were enforced. Lady Ascot had gone in; so Charley went in too, and went up-stairs to his aunt's room.

One of the old lady's last fancies was sitting in the dark, or in a gloom so profound as to approach to darkness. So Charles, passing out of a light corridor, and shutting the door behind him, found himself unable to see his hand before him. Confident, however, of his knowledge of localities, he advanced with such success that he immediately fell crashing headlong over an ottoman, and in his descent, imagining that he was falling into a pit or gulf of unknown depth, uttered a wild cry of alarm. Whereupon the voice of Lady Ascot from close by answered, "Come in," as if she thought she'd heard somebody knock.

"Come up, would be more appropriate, aunt," said Charles. "Why do you sit in the dark? I've killed myself, I believe."

"Is that you, Charles?" said she. "What brings you over? My dear, I am delighted. Open a bit of the window, Charles, and let me see you."

Charles did as he was desired; and, as the strong light from without fell upon him, the old lady gave a deep sigh.

"Ah, dear, so like poor dear Petre about the eyes. There never was a handsome Ravenshoe since him, and there never will be another. You were quite tolerable as a boy, my dear; but you've got very coarse, very coarse and plain indeed. Poor Petre!"

"You're more unlucky in the light than you were in the darkness, Charles," said a brisk, clear, well-modulated voice from behind the old lady. "Grandmamma seems in one of her knock-me-down moods, to-day. She had just told me that I was an insignificant chit, when you made your graceful and

noiseless entrance, and saved me anything further."

If Adelaide had been looking at Charles when she spoke, instead of at her work, she would have seen the start which he gave when he heard her voice. As it was, she saw nothing of it; and Charles, instantly recovering himself, said in the most nonchalant voice possible,

"Hallo, are you here? How do you contrive to work in the dark?"

"It is not dark to any one with eyes," was the curt reply. "I can see to read."

Here Lady Ascot said that, if she had called Adelaide a chit, it was because she had set up her opinion against that of such a man as Dr. Going; that Adelaide was a good and dutiful girl to her; that she was a very old woman, and perhaps shouldn't live to see the finish of next year; and that her opinion still was that Charles was very plain and coarse, and she was sorry she couldn't alter it.

Adelaide came rapidly up and kissed her, and then went and stood in the light beside Charles.

She had grown into a superb blonde beauty. From her rich brown crêpé hair to her exquisite little foot, she was a model of grace. The nose was delicately aquiline, and the mouth receded slightly, while the chin was as slightly prominent; the eyes were brilliant, and were concentrated on their object in a moment; and the eyebrows surmounted them in a delicately but distinctly marked curve. A beauty she was, such as one seldom sees; and Charles, looking on her, felt that he loved her more madly than ever, and that he would die sooner than let her know it.

"Well, Charles," she said, "you don't seem overjoyed to see me."

"A man can't look joyous with broken shins, my dear Adelaide. Aunt, I've got some bad news for you. I am in trouble."

"Oh dear," said the old lady, "and what is the matter now? Something about a woman, I suppose. You Ravenshoes are always—"

'No, no, aunt Nothing of the kind. Adelaide, don't go, pray; you will lose such a capital laugh. I've got rusticated, aunt."

"That is very comical, I dare say," said Adelaide, "but I don't see the joke."

"I thought you would have had laugh at me, perhaps," said Charles; "it is rather a favourite amusement of yours."

"What, in the name of goodness, makes you so disagreeable and cross, to-day, Charles? You were never so before, when anything happened. I am sure, I am very sorry for your misfortune, though I really don't know its extent. Is it a very serious thing?"

"Serious, very. I don't much like going home. Welter is in the same scrape; who is to tell her?"

"This is the way," said Adelaide, "I'll show you how to manage her."

All this was carried on in a low tone of voice, and very rapidly. The old lady had just begun in a loud, querulous, scolding voice to Charles, when Adelaide interrupted her with—

"I say, grandma, Welter is rusticated too."

Adelaide good-naturedly said this to lead the old lady's wrath from Charles, and throw it partly on to her grandson; but, however good her intentions, the execution of them was unsuccessful. The old lady fell to scolding Charles; accusing him of being the cause of the whole mishap, of leading Welter into every mischief, and stating her opinion that he was an innocent and exemplary youth, with the fault only of being too easily led away. Charles escaped as soon as he could, and was followed by Adelaide.

"This is not true, is it?" she said. "It is not your fault?"

"My fault, partly, of course. But Welter would have been sent down before, if it hadn't been for me. He got me into the scrape this time. He mus'n't go back there. You mus'n't let him go back."

"I let him go back, forsooth! What on earth can I have to do with his

lordship's movements?" she said bitterly. "Do you know who you are talking to? —a beggarly orphan."

"Hush! don't talk like that, Adelaide. Your power in this house is very great. The power of the only sound head in the house. You could stop anything you liked from happening."

They had come together a conservatory door; and she put her back against it, and held up her hand to bespeak his attention more particularly.

"I wish it was true, Charles; but it isn't. No one has any power over Lord Ascot. Is Welter much in debt?"

"I should say, a great deal," was Charles's reply. "I think I ought to tell you. You may help him to break it to them."

"Ay, he always comes to me for that sort of thing. Always did from a child. I'll tell you what, Charles, there's trouble coming or come on this house. Lord Ascot came home from Chester looking like death; they say he lost fearfully both there and at Newmarket. He came home quite late, and went up to grandma; and there was a dreadful scene. She hasn't been herself since. Another blow like it will kill her. I suspect my lord's bare existence depends on this colt winning the Derby. Come and see it gallop," she added, suddenly throwing her flashing eyes upon his, and speaking with an animation and rapidity very different from the cold stern voice in which she had been telling the family troubles. "Come, and let us have some oxygen. I have not spoken freely for a month. I have been leading a life like a nun's; no, worse than any nun's, for I have been bothered and humiliated by—ah! such wretched trivialities. Go and order horses. I will join you directly."

So she dashed away and left him, and he hurried to the yard. Scarcely were the horses ready when she was back again, with the same stern, cold expression on her face, now more marked, perhaps, from the effect of the masculine habit she wore. She was a consummate horsewoman, and rode the furious black Irish mare, which was brought out for her, with ease and self-possession, seeming to enjoy the rearing and plunging of the sour-tempered brute far more than Charley, her companion, did, who would rather have seen her on a quieter horse.

A sweeping gallop under the noble old trees, through a deep valley, and past a herd of deer, which scudded away terrified, through the thick-strewn leaves, brought them to the great stables, a large building at the edge of the park, close to the downs. Twenty or thirty long-legged, elegant, nonchalant-looking animals, covered to the tips of their ears with cloths, and ridden each by a queer-looking brown-faced lad, were in the act of returning from their afternoon exercise. These Adelaide's mare, "Molly Asthore," charged and dispersed like a flock of sheep; and then, Adelaide pointing with her whip to the downs, they hurried past the stables towards a group they saw a little distance off.

There were only four people—Lord Ascot, the stud groom, and two lads. Adelaide was correctly informed; they were going to gallop the Voltigeur colt (since called Haphazard), and the cloths were now coming off him. Lord Ascot and the stud groom mounted their horses, and joined our pair, who were riding slowly along the measured mile the way the horse was to come.

Lord Ascot looked very pale and worn; he gave Charley a kindly greeting, and made a joke with Adelaide; but his hands fidgeted with his reins, and he kept turning back towards the horse they had left, wondering impatiently what was keeping the boy. At last they saw the beautiful beast shake his head, give two or three playful plunges, and then come striding rapidly towards them, over the short, springy turf.

Then they turned, and rode full speed, and looked not back: soon they heard the mighty hollow-sounding hoofs behind, that came rapidly towards them, devouring space. Then the colt rushed by them in his pride, with his chin on his chest, and his hind feet coming for-

ward under his girth every stride, and casting the turf behind him in showers. Then Adelaide's horse, after a few mad plunges, bolted, overtook the colt, and actually raced him for a few hundred yards; then the colt was pulled up on a breezy hill, and they all stood a little together talking and congratulating one another on the beauty of the horse.

Charles and Adelaide rode away together over the downs, intending to make a little détour, and so lengthen their ride. They had had no chance of conversation since they parted at the conservatory door, and they took it up nearly where they had left it. Adelaide began, and, I may say, went on, too, as she had most of the talking.

"I should like to be a duchess; then I should be mistress of the only thing I am afraid of."

"What is that?"

"Poverty," said she; "that is my only terror, and that is my inevitable fate."

"I should have thought, Adelaide, that you were too high-spirited to care for that, or anything."

"Ah, you don't know; all my relations are poor. *I* know what it is; *I* know what it would be for a beauty like me."

"You will never be poor or friendless while Lady Ascot lives."

"How long will that be? My home now depends very much on that horse; oh, if I were only a man, I would welcome poverty; it would force me to action."

Charles blushed. Not many days before Marston and he had had a battle royal, in which the former had said that the only hope for Charles was that he should go two or three times without his dinner, and be made to earn it, and that as long as he had a "mag" to bless himself with, he would always be a lazy, useless humbug; and now here was a young lady uttering the same atrocious sentiments. He called attention to the prospect.

Three hundred feet below them Father Thames was winding along under the downs and yellow woodlands, past chalk quarry and grey farm-house, blood-red beneath the setting sun; a soft, rich, autumnal haze was over everything; the smoke from the distant village hung like a curtain of pearl across the valley; and the long, straight dark wood that crowned the high grey wold, was bathed in a dim purple mist, on its darkest side; and to perfect the air of dreamy stillness, some distant bells sent their golden sound floating on the peaceful air. It was a quiet day in the old age of the year; and its peace seemed to make itself felt on these two wild young birds, for they were silent more than half the way home; and then Charles said, in a low voice,—

"Dear Adelaide, I hope you have chosen aright. The time will come when you will have to make a more important decision than any you have made yet. At one time in a man's or woman's life, they say, there is a choice between good and evil. In God's name, think before you make it."

"Charles," she said, in a low and disturbed voice, "if a conjuror were to offer to show you your face in a glass, as it would be ten years hence, should you have courage to look?"

"I suppose so; would you?"

"Oh, no, no, no! How do you know what horrid thing would look at you, and scare you to death? Ten years hence; where shall we be then?"

CHAPTER X.

LADY ASCOT'S LITTLE NAP.

THERE was a very dull dinner at Ranford that day. Lord Ascot scarcely spoke a word; he was kind and polite—he always was that—but he was very different from his usual self. The party missed his jokes; which, though feeble and sometimes possibly "rather close to the wind," served their purpose, served to show that the maker of them was desirous to make himself agreeable to the best of his ability. He never laughed once during dinner, which was very unusual. It was evident that Lord Saltire had performed his commission,

and Charles was afraid that he was furiously angry with Welter; but, on one occasion when the latter looked up suddenly and asked him some question, his father answered him kindly in his usual tone of voice, and spoke to him so for some time.

Lady Ascot was a host in herself. With a noble self-sacrifice, she, at the risk of being laughed at, resolved to attract attention by airing some of her most remarkable opinions. She accordingly attacked Lord Saltire on the subject of the end of the world, putting its total destruction by fire at about nine months from that time. Lord Saltire had no opinion to offer on the probability of Dr. Going's theory, but sincerely hoped that it might last his time, and that he might be allowed to get out of the way in the ordinary manner. He did not for a moment doubt the correctness of her ladyship's calculations; but he put it to her as a woman of experience, whether such an occurrence as she described would not be in the last degree awkward and disconcerting?

Adelaide said she didn't believe a word of it, and nothing should induce her to do so until it took place. This brought the old lady's wrath down upon her and helped the flagging conversation on a little. But, after dinner, it got so insufferably dull in spite of every one's efforts, that Lord Saltire confided to his young friend, as they went upstairs, that he had an idea that something was wrong; but, whether or no, the house was getting so insufferably dull that he must cut, pardieu, for he couldn't stand it. He should rat into Devon to his friend Segur.

Welter took occasion to tell him that Lord Ascot had sent for him, and told him that he knew all about what had happened, and his debts. That he did not wish the subject mentioned (as if I were likely to talk about it!); that his debts should, if possible, be paid! He had then gone on to say that he did not wish to say anything harsh to Welter on the subject—that he doubted whether he retained the right of reproving his son. That they both needed forgiveness one from the other, and that he hoped in what was to follow they would display that courtesy and mutual forbearance to one another which gentlemen ought to. "And what the deuce does he mean, eh? He never spoke like this before. Is he going to marry again? Ay, that's what it is, depend upon it," said this penetrating young gentleman; "that will be rather a shame of him, you know, particularly if he has two or three cubs to cut into my fortune;" and so from that time Lord Welter began to treat his father with a slight coolness, and an air of injured innocence most amusing, though painful, to Charles and Adelaide, who knew the truth.

As for Adelaide, she seemed to treat Charles like a brother once more. She kept no secret from him; she walked with him, rode with him, just as of old. She did not seem to like Welter's society, though she was very kind to him; and he seemed too much taken up with his dogs and horses to care much for her society. So Charles and she were thrown together, and Charles's love for her grew stronger day by day, until that studied indifferent air which he had assumed on his arrival became almost impossible to sustain. He sustained it, nevertheless, treating Adelaide almost with rudeness, and flinging about his words so carelessly that sometimes she would look suddenly up indignant, and make some passionate reply, and sometimes she would rise and leave the room—for aught I know, in tears.

It was a sad house to stay in; and his heart began to yearn for his western home in spite of Adelaide. After a short time came a long letter from his father, a scolding loving letter, in which Densil showed plainly that he was trying to be angry, and could not, for joy at having his son home with him—concluding by saying that he should never allude to the circumstance again—and prayed him to come back at once from that wicked, cock-fighting, horse-racing Ranford. There was an enclosure for Lord Saltire, the reading of which

caused his lordship to take a great deal of snuff, in which he prayed him, for old friendship's sake, to send his boy home to him, as he had once sent him home to his father. And so Lord Saltire appeared in Charles's dressing-room before dinner one day, and, sitting down, said that he was come to take a great liberty, and, in fact, was rather presuming on his being an old man, but he hoped that his young friend would not take it amiss from a man old enough to be his grandfather, if he recommended him to leave that house, and go home to his father's. Ranford was a most desirable house in every way; but, at the same time, it was what he believed the young men of the day called a fast house; and he would not conceal from his young friend that his father had requested him to use his influence to make him return home; and he did beg his old friend's son to believe that he was actuated by the best of motives.

"Dear Lord Saltire," said Charley, taking the old man's hand; "I am going home to-morrow; and you don't know how heartily I thank you for the interest you always take in me."

"I know nothing," said Lord Saltire, "more pleasing to a battered old fellow like myself than to contemplate the ingenuousness of youth, and you must allow me to say that your ingenuousness sits uncommonly well upon you—in fact, is very becoming. I conceived a considerable interest in you the first time I saw you, on that very account. I should like to have had a son like you, but it was not to be. I had a son, who was all that could be desired by the most fastidious person, brought up in a far better school than mine; but he got shot in his first duel, at one-and-twenty. I remember to have been considerably annoyed at the time," continued the old gentleman, taking a pinch of snuff, and looking steadily at Charles without moving a muscle, "but I dare say it was all for the best; he might have run in debt, or married a woman with red hair, or fifty things. Well, I wish you good day, and beg your forgiveness once more for the liberty I have taken."

Charles slipped away from the dinner-table early that evening, and, while Lady Ascot was having her after-dinner nap, had a long conversation with Adelaide in the dark, which was very pleasant to one of the parties concerned, at any rate.

"Adelaide, I am going home to-morrow."

"Are you really? Are you going so suddenly?"

"I am, positively. I got a letter from home to-day. Are you very sorry or very glad?"

"I am very sorry, Charles. You are the only friend I have in the world to whom I can speak as I like. Make me a promise."

"Well."

"This is the last night we shall be together. Promise that you won't be rude and sarcastic as you are sometimes—almost always, now, to poor me—but talk kindly, as we used to do."

"Very well," said Charles. "And you, promise you won't be taking such a black view of the state of affairs as you do in general. Do you remember the conversation we had the day the colt was tried?"

"I remember."

"Well, don't talk like that, you know."

"I won't promise that. The time will come very soon when we shall have no more pleasant talks together."

"When will that be?"

"When I am gone out for a governess."

"What wages will you get? You will not get so much as some girls, because you are so pretty and so wilful, and you will lead them such a deuce of a life."

"Charles, you said you wouldn't be rude."

"I choose to be rude. I have been drinking wine, and we are in the dark, and aunt is asleep and snoring, and I say just what I like."

"I'll wake her."

"I should like to see you. What shall we talk about? What an old Roman Saltire is. He talked about his son who was killed to me to-day, just as I should talk about a pointer dog."

"Then he thought he had been showing some signs of weakness. He always speaks of his son like that when he thinks he has been betraying some feeling."

"I admire him for it," said Charles. "So you are going to be a governess, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"Why don't you try being barmaid at a public-house? Welter would get you a place directly; he has great influence in the licensed victualling way. You might come to marry a commercial traveller, for anything you know."

"I would not have believed this," she said, in a fierce, low voice. "You have turned against me and insult me, because ——Unkind, unjust, ungentlemanlike."

He heard her passionately sobbing in the dark, and the next moment he had her in his arms, and was covering her face with kisses.

"Lie there, my love," he said; "that is your place. All the world can't harm or insult my Adelaide while she is there. Why did you fly from me and repulse me, my darling, when I told you I was your own true love?"

"Oh, let me go, Charles," she said, trying, ever so feebly, to repulse him. "Dear Charles, pray do; I am frightened."

"Not till you tell me you love me, false one."

"I love you more than all the world."

"Traitress! And why did you repulse me and laugh at me?"

"I did not think you were in earnest."

"Another kiss for that wicked, wicked falsehood. Do you know that this rustication business has all come from the despair consequent on your wicked behaviour the other day?"

"You said Welter caused it, Charles. But oh, please let me go."

"Will you go as a governess now?"

"I will do nothing but what you tell me."

"Then give me one, your own, own self, and I will let you go."

Have the reader's feelings of horror, indignation, astonishment, outraged modesty, or ridicule, given him time to remember that all this went on in the dark, within six feet of an unconscious old lady? Such, however, was the case. And scarcely had Adelaide determined that it was time to wake her, and barely had she bent over her for that purpose, when the door was thrown open, and —enter attendants with lights. Now, if the reader will reflect a moment, he will see what an awful escape they had; for the chances were about a thousand to one in favour of two things having happened: 1st, the groom of the chambers might have come into the room half a minute sooner; and 2d, they might have sat as they were half a minute longer; in either of which cases Charles would have been discovered with his arm round Adelaide's waist, and a fearful scandal would have been the consequence. And I mention this as a caution to young persons in general, and to remind them that, if they happen to be sitting hand in hand, it is no use to jump apart and look very red just as the door opens, because the incomer can see what they have been about as plain as if he had been there. On this occasion, also, Charles and Adelaide set down as usual to their own sagacity what was the result of pure accident.

Adelaide was very glad to get away after tea, for she felt rather guilty and confused. On Charles's offering to go, however, the old lady, who had been very silent and glum all tea-time, requested him to stay, as she had something serious to say to him. Which set that young gentleman speculating whether she could possibly have been awake before the advent of candles, and caused him to await her pleasure with no small trepidation.

Her ladyship began by remarking that digitalis was invaluable for palpitation, and that she had also found camomile, combined with gentle purgatives, efficient for the same thing when suspected to proceed from stomach. She opined that, if this weather continued, there would be heavy running for the Cambridgeshire, and Commissioner would probably stand as well as any horse. And, then, having, like a pigeon, taken a few airy

circles through stable-management, theology, and agriculture, she descended on her subject, and frightened Charles out of his five wits by asking him if he didn't think Adelaide a very nice girl.

Charles decidedly thought she was a very nice girl; but he rather hesitated, and said,—"Yes, that she was charming."

"Now, tell me, my dear," said Lady Ascot, manœuvring a great old fan, "for young eyes are quicker than old ones, did you ever remark anything between her and Welter?"

Charles caught up one of his legs, and exclaimed, "The devil!"

"What a shocking expression, my dear! Well, I agree with you. I fancy I have noticed that they entertained a decided preference for one another. Of course, Welter will be throwing himself away, and all that sort of thing, but he is pretty sure to do that. I expect every time he comes home that he will bring a wife from behind the bar of a public-house. Now, Adelaide—"

"Aunt! Lady Ascot! Surely, you are under a mistake. I never saw anything between them."

"H'm."

"I assure you I never did. I never heard Welter speak of her in that sort of way, and I don't think she cares for him."

"What reason have you for thinking *that?*"

"Well—why, you know it's hard to say. The fact is I have rather a partiality for Adelaide myself, and I have watched her in the presence of other men."

"Oho! Do you think she cares for you? Do you know she won't have a sixpence?"

"We shall have enough to last till next year, aunt; and then the world is to come to an end, you know, and we shan't want anything."

"Never you mind about the world, sir. Don't you be flippant and impertinent, sir. Don't evade my question, sir. Do you think Adelaide cares for you, sir?"

Charles looked steadily and defiantly at his aunt, and asked her whether she didn't think it was very difficult to find out what a girl's mind really was—whereby we may conclude that he was profiting by Lord Saltire's lesson on the command of feature.

"This is too bad, Charles," broke out the old lady, "to put me off like this after your infamous and audacious conduct of this evening—after kissing and hugging that girl under my very nose—"

"I thought it!" said Charles, with a shout of laughter; "I thought it, you were awake all the time!"

"I was not awake all the time, sir—"

"You were awake quite long enough, it appears, aunty. Now, what do you think of it?"

At first Lady Ascot would think nothing of it but that the iniquity of Charles's conduct was only to be equalled by the baseness and ingratitude of Adelaide's; but by degrees she was brought to think that it was possible that some good might come of an engagement; and, at length, becoming garrulous on this point, it leaked out by degrees, that she had set her heart on it for years, that she had noticed for some time Charles's partiality for her with the greatest pleasure, and recently had feared that something had disturbed it. In short, that it was her pet scheme, and that she had been coming to an explanation that very night, but had been anticipated.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND BEFORE BURNS.

BY JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

THERE was a time, long since gone, when poetry and music were one. If there was instrumental music without poetry, there was no word-poetry without either vocal or instrumental music, or both. But in time the twin sisters were sundered, 'not without tears.' If the separation brought some gain to each, it brought also some loss. In one kind of poetry alone has the divorce not been effected—in those vocal melodies which now monopolise the name of song. In all the other forms of modern poetry it is complete; only some hint of the former union still lives in the words "lyre," "harp," and such like, applied to the poet's work—words now so wide of the reality as to have become trite and meaningless. Yet, notwithstanding this long divorce, there is a kinship between the inward swell of all emotion and musical sound, which nothing can destroy—a subtle connexion, to which no form of merely read words, however perfect, is adequate, but which forces those who feel it deeply to give it utterance by not reading, but chanting all high poetry. No man ever yet felt the power of a fine poem without being tempted to intone it. Every poet, I suppose, chants, not reads, his own poetry, thus unconsciously vindicating the old name of singer, or ἀοιδος. It is as if poetry, even after centuries of separation, still remembered the home of her childhood, and went wandering back in search of her long-lost sister. An interesting subject of thought this kinship between poetry and music, on which, however, I cannot linger, but must turn to the one kind of poetry in which they are still combined. And nowhere is that union more perfect than in the national songs of Scotland.

It is not, however, on their musical, so much as on their poetical side that I shall now regard them. While they interest us by representing, in the best sense of the word, the poetry of the people, they win our admiration by their literary excellence. Often, the songs or poems which have found most favour with the poor are not excellent, while those which are excellent have not pleased the poor.

The greatest poets of our country, Milton, Spenser, Wordsworth, even Shakspere—these require, at least, some education for their appreciation. However wide be their audience, it is still limited. As you descend in the social scale, you reach a class, and that numerically by far the largest, into which they have never penetrated. How many a worthy artisan and field-labourer has there been in England to whom Shakspere was a name uncared for, perhaps unknown! But in the songs of Scotland we meet with words, which, while they thrill the simplest, most untutored bosoms, as no book-poetry can, find a scarcely less full response in hearts the most educated and refined. This, then, their catholicity, their power of commanding a universal sympathy, is their first strong claim on our regard.

Akin to this is that other characteristic of them—their transparent truthfulness. No other poetry I know keeps so close to life and nature, giving the fact as truly as a photograph, yet idealizing it. Veritable Pre-Raphaelites these old song-makers must have been, without knowing it. It would almost seem as if there was no art, no literature, in them; as though they were the very words, as they fell from the lips, of actual men and women. These are the true pastorals, by the side of which all pastorals and idylls, ancient and modern, look artificial and unreal. The productions, many of them, not of book-learned men, but of country people, with country life, cottage characters and incidents for their subject, they utter the very feelings which poor men have

felt, in the very words and phrases which poor men have used. No wonder the people love them; for never was the heart of any people more fully rendered in poetry than Scotland's heart in these songs. Like the hoddin gray, the cotters' wear in former times, warp and woof, they are entirely home-spun. The stuff out of which they are composed,

> "The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
> The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't,"

is the fibre of a stout and worthy peasantry. Here are no Arcadian lawns nor myrtle bowers, but the heathery 'knowes' and broomy 'burnsides,' the 'bught,' the byre, the stackyard, and blazing 'ingle'—no Damons or Chloes, but Willie and Jeanie—the Allans and Marions of our villages and heather-thatched cottage-homes. Every way you take them—in authorship, in subject, in sentiment, in tone, in language—they are the creation and the property of the people. And, if educated men and high born ladies, and even some of the Scottish kings have added to the store, it was only because they had lived familiarly among the peasantry—felt as they felt, and spoke their language—that they were enabled to sing such strains as their country's heart would own. For the whole character of these melodies, various as they are, is so peculiar and pronounced that the smallest foreign element introduced, one word out of keeping, grates on the ear, and mars the music.

Note also their power to unite past with present, blending ancient with modern life. Laying such a hold on the far past, they so bring it down into the present, they have such antiquity of style, yet such continuity, that in them old things are new, and new old. Homeliest occurrences of to-day are rescued from vulgarity, and take new interest and dignity, when touched with their mellowing light. Rising far back in the warlike centuries, they come down through all changes of Scottish life, even till the present hour, full of the rugged manhood, the drollery, the humour broad or sly, the light-hearted merriment, the simple tenderness, here and there the devout pathos, of the men who first sang them; letting in, with a word or two, the whole scenery of a countryside for back-ground; condensing into a line a whole world of Scottish manners and character—heart-music as they are, of many generations of its people. They have a strain for every season of life, for every mood of soul—seed time and harvest, bridal and burial, childhood's mirth, manhood's strength, mellow evening of age, the fair and the rocking, house heatings and harvest homes, the burnside tryst, married fellowship of joy and sorrow, jest and laughter, lamentation and tears.

Lastly, as they faithfully represent the peasant life of Scotland, so they throw back on it that consecration which only song can give. There is not a mossed-thatched cottage and kail yard from Tweed to Tay but looks more beautiful for these songs. Blended with the lives of men and women, how many else unknown localities have they made dear, even to eyes that never looked on them! When the Canadian, of Scottish descent, returns after the second or third generation, to visit the land of his ancestors, the names of these melodies are his guides. They come to us, in many tones but one harmony, from Border streams whose very names are songs, Annan, Tweedside, Yarrow—from dusky moorlands, where the shy whaaps are screaming; from Lothian furrows, with their sturdy ploughmen; from 'hairst-rigs' of Ayrshire, blithe with shearers' voices, mingled with wilder Celtic cadences from 'out-ouer the Forth.' The Braes of Atholl and Balquhidder are in them, Lochaber, and Moidart, and the far blue Hebrides.

But, though the Highlands have lent some glorious gleams to these songs, they are but gleams, such as the far-off Highland Bens cast down on the plains or lowlier hills of the Lowlands. The Highlanders have their own Celtic music and Celtic songs, of a character entirely distinct. The songs I speak of belong wholly to the Scottish Lowlanders, though they may have caught some

of their wildness from the Highlands—a fact I need not have mentioned, but that so many English men and women confound the Scottish Lowlands and Highlands, as if they were all one, knowing not how wide apart they have been, and still are, in their history, their character, and their language.

A like confusion is often made between our ballads and our songs. Though there are a few which might be ranked indifferently under either head, such as are 'The bonny Earl o' Moray,' and 'Bonny George Campbell,' yet, as a general rule, they are easily distinguishable. Let those who may be ignorant of the difference compare any of the ballads collected by Scott in his Border Minstrelsy with the best known songs of Burns—'The Outlaw Murray,' or 'The Douglas Tragedy,' for instance, with 'O' a' the airts,' or 'John Anderson, my Jo.' He will at once see that, in the ballad, narrative is the main element, and the effect is produced by the under-current of power or pathos with which the story is told and the incidents are selected; that the song, on the other hand, is the embodiment of an emotion or sentiment, which is simple, direct, all-pervading; what narrative or reflection there may be is quite subordinate, and is used as the mere framework on which the inspiring sentiment is hung. The moment that narrative predominates, you have a ballad; that thought becomes prominent, a reflective lyric; but in either case the pure song is gone—for emotion or sentiment is song's vital air, in which alone it lives, removed from which it dies. Lastly, the song must be composed of the simplest, most familiar, most musical words, with that native lilt in them which is melodious feeling become audible—which, coming from the heart, goes straight to the heart.

It is believed by many in the south, and even by some natives of the north, that Scotland's song began with Burns, that he is the creator of it, and that all else there is of it is but an echo of his primal melody. This opinion is contrary to all analogy, is disproved by abundant facts, and would have been disclaimed by no one more indignantly than by Burns himself. It might be truly said that Burns stands to our song, as Shakspere does to the English drama. What centuries of mystery plays, popular legends, stories from English history, acted in rude fashion to village audiences, must have pioneered the way ere the English drama could culminate in Shakspere! And for how many generations had Scotland been warbling her native songs ere she uttered herself in the perfect melodies of Burns! To each of these belongs, not the creation, but the ripe glory of his own peculiar art. None knew better, or felt more deeply, than Burns how much he owed to these old nameless song-makers of Scotland. He never alludes to them but with the kindliest affection, and fain would have rescued their names and memory from oblivion.

But though, no doubt, the lineage of the words of these songs is old, yet older than them all, and behind them all, lies that great background of native music, which has been the true inspirer of the words, which has come down to us a heritage unidentified with any personal name, but sounding like the far-heard music of nature and time and foregone humanity blending in one. The origin of these tunes, whether they be the remains of the old Roman plain chant, surviving in the people's memory long after it has been banished from their worship; or whether, as some have vainly thought, their seeds were first sown by foreign Court-musicians, such as Rizzio; or whether they came to us through our Norse forefathers, as their likeness to the Norwegian tunes and to songs still sung by the lone Faroe Islanders would perhaps indicate, no one has as yet determined. Mr. Chappell, in his 'Popular Music of the Olden Time,' has lately claimed for England several tunes which have long been held native to Scotland; but we may leave it to Scottish antiquarians and musicians to maintain the nativity of our tunes, as well as to explain their genius, the sudden transitions from scale to scale, the omission

of certain sounds common in other music, the peculiar tonality, which are said to form their most marked characteristics. This only I know—they are like no other tunes. Simple, wild, irregular, yet with a marked, dignified, expressive character quite their own, "caller" as the mountain air, yet old as the mountains over which it blows—strong and full of purpose, yet with a pleasing vagueness that carries you far away into solitary places, or back into a dim antiquity, or deep down to the child's heart long buried within the man's—often humorous and droll, lively and light-hearted, with the skylark's tones in them, yet earnest as nature's own light-heartedness—oftener sorrowful, with a sadness deepening into profoundest pathos, yet always manly—always, whether in joy or lamentation, truthful, kindly, human-hearted!

The mystery that hangs over the first composers of our oldest airs and words, much as we may long to pierce it, adds I know not how much to their imaginative charm. As we read or hear them, there mingles with their cadences a vague feeling of sympathy with those old nameless song-makers, lying in their unknown graves all Scotland over, 'buried,' as Wilson beautifully says, 'centuries ago in kirkyards that have 'themselves perhaps ceased to exist, 'and returned to the wilderness—lone-'some burial-places, such as one some-'times sees among the hills, where 'man's dust continues to be laid after 'the house of God has been removed 'elsewhere.' Whatever charm there may be in this unknown authorship, there is little fear of its being broken by any results of inquiry. The oldest extant songs cannot be proved, at least, to have existed before the year 1600. Before that, none of our present ones, even if they may have had an oral life, had any existence in print. Nor is this wonderful. What little printing there was in Scotland during the foregoing century was employed on other documents than the songs of the people. Naturally, these are always the last kind of literature to find their way to the printing-press. But though no individual songs can be identified before A.D. 1600, the lineage of the race can be traced three centuries farther back.

Almost the earliest scrap of our national song that survives is a snatch of a triumphal song for the victory of Bannockburn.

"Maydens of England, sore may you mourne,
For your lemmans ye have lost at Bannock-
isburne;
With heve a lowe.
What! weeneth the kyng of England
So soone to have won Scotland
With rumbylowe."

'This song,' says the English chronicler who preserved it, 'was, after many days, sung in dances in the carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland, to the reproofe and disdayne of Englishmen, *with dyvers other*, which I overpass.' Some other snatches of song have come down to us from the same age, all in the same strain, jeers and gibes of the Scots against 'their auld ennemie of England.' About a century later, the first James, the ablest of all his race, and one of the most accomplished princes of Europe in the middle age, is well known to have been eminent both as a poet and a musician. During his English captivity, he composed the 'King's Quhair'—a poem which Ellis, a good judge, and no Scot, thinks will stand comparison with any like poem of Chaucer. After his return to Scotland, notwithstanding his life-long strifes with his untamed barons, he still found time to compose other poems and songs, and among them a highly humorous poem, called 'Peblis to the Play,' which contains the first lines of two songs then sung by the country people. "There fure ane man to the holt" (there went a man to the wood), and "Thair sal be mirth at our meting zit." His two long poems still remain; his songs have all either perished, or perhaps, having become blended with others of later date, are now unidentified.

From the death of James, A.D. 1437, down to the opening of the seventeenth century, the thread of song has been

traced by such facts as these: that a rude comic poem, called 'Cockleby's Sow,' of the middle of the fifteenth century, in the description of a rustic merrymaking, gives the titles, or first lines, of about thirty tunes and songs, sung or danced to by the peasantry—titles which, if not exactly the same as, are entirely in the style and tone of, our oldest extant songs; that Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in the prologues to his translation of the 'Ænead' into 'Scottish metir'—a book which is a regular mine of the Scottish language, mentions the first lines of several 'ring-sangis, dances, ledis, and roundis,' commonly sung by the country-people of his day; that Wedderburn's 'Complaynt of Scotland,' the first original work printed in Scottish prose, A.D. 1549, has embedded in it a whole layer of fossil songs, some of which are perhaps the same as individual songs still well known, while of the greater part the first lines prove them akin to those we still have; lastly, that before the seventeenth century, while an English traveller in Palestine was passing through a village not far from Jerusalem, he overheard a woman, as she sat at her door and dandled her child, singing to herself, 'Bothwell bank, thou blumest fayre.' The Englishman addressed her, and found that she was a Scotch woman, who had married an officer under the Turk, and gone with him first to Venice and thence to Palestine, where she was now soothing her exile with this song from her own country. These and many more like facts serve to mark the existence and course of our national songs before they come down to the age of written evidence, like the thin silver thread among black mountain precipices by which the eye traces the headlong torrent up where distance still keeps it silent and inaccessible.

The seventeenth century is, as has been said, the earliest to which we can with certainty trace back any of our still extant songs, though some of them may be of older date, or may incorporate in themselves older strains. The grounds for fixing the opening of the seventeenth century as the birth-time of our oldest is, that when men began early in last century to collect the most popular songs, there were many which they put down as of unknown antiquity, and which, therefore, cannot be of later date than the time I have named. Shakspere enables us to fix the date of one of them, or, at least, the time later than which it cannot have been made. Iago quotes, with some striking variations from our set, two verses of the well-known Scotch song, 'Tak your auld cloak about ye'—a song, by the way, which when the late Duke of Wellington once heard sung at a Scottish dinner in London, he was so taken with it, that he asked to have it sung a second time. The occurrence of two verses of this song in the play of 'Othello,' first published A.D. 1602, and the variations from the Scotch set, suggest one or two interesting questions, which, however, I cannot now stay to consider. There were many things going on in Scotland during that seventeenth century which might have been expected to have driven song-making out of men's heads. Among the educated classical learning had just come in, and much of the best wit of the time spent itself on writing Latin verses. There were educated poets, too, in Scotland then, such as Drummond of Hawthornden, and Alexander, Earl of Stirling; but they disdained their homely mother tongue, and wrote their sonnets in the best English they could achieve. As the century wore on, the people were busy with the Covenant, first maintaining and enforcing it, then suffering for it. And the ministers of that age, it is well known, discouraged all song as profane—not without some reason, it must be owned, from the coarseness and looseness of many that were then most popular. But neither modern learning nor religious wars could drive out of the people's heart the love of their native minstrelsy. From out-of the-way nooks, here and there, came true snatches of the old strain, genuine outpourings of the old spirit, still pure from the mixture of modern classicalities

which a little later nearly put an end to our native melodies. Such are—

1. "The gaberlunzie man."
2. "The auld gudeman."
3. "Todlen but and Todlen ben."
4. "Andro' and his cutty gun."
5. "Although I be but a country lass."
6. "O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly."
7. "Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie." (Old set.)
8. "My love, he's built a bonnie ship, and set her on the sea."
9. "A cock laird fou cadgie wi' Jennie did meet."
10. "On Ettrick banks, ae simmer nicht,
    At gloamin, when the sheep gaed hame."
11. "Fy! let us a' to the bridal, for there will be lilting there."
12. "O saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she."

It were easy to go on multiplying the names of songs like these, of undoubtedly the old time; that is, which were reckoned so 150 years ago, when men first began to collect the country melodies which till then had only an oral existence. They are born of a kind of life, once universal in Scotland, which has now nearly disappeared before large sheep-walks and high farming, with its bothy-system, or, at least, has retired into the most out-of-the-way moorlands, whither these twin products of modern times have not yet penetrated. They bring before us the 'theekit' green moss-roofed farms, with their old-fashioned 'buts' and 'bens,' in which dwelt the gudeman, farmer, or bonnet laird, wearing the antique broad blue bonnet, and clad in home-spun hoddin-gray, who tilled the 'mailen,' or, maybe, small lairdship, with his own labour and that of his family. In such a life, master and servant, if servant there was, lived on a footing of equality and kindliness; dined on the same homely fare, at the same board; sat when work was over by the same ingle cheek. It was a healthful state, in which wants were few, life was strong, and if, in some respects, coarse to our apprehensions, it was full of a kindliness and neighbourliness, such as is always most marked in early times, and in a retired narrow country. The occurrence of a wedding between a 'neibur' lad and lass, a dispute between a 'gudeman' and his 'kimmer,' a harvest 'kirn,' or a curling 'bonspiel,' was enough deeply to excite the neighbourhood, and to draw forth the fun and broad drollery latent in a whole country side.

Here is one specimen, called 'The barrin' o' the door.' Tradition reports the scene of it to have lain in Crauford Muir, a high upland district, near the springs of Clyde, between Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire; and those who in coaching days may have travelled over it in winter time, on the top of the Glasgow or Carlisle mail, will enter feelingly into the situation of the wedded pair, with their door open to a Martinmas moorland wind on a winter night in such a place :—

"It fell about the Martinmas time,
"And a gay time it was than,
"When our gudewife had puddins to mak,
"And she boiled them in a pan.
"And the barrin' o' our door, weil, weil, weil,
"And the barrin' o' our door weil.

"The wind blew cauld frae south to north,
"And blew into the floor;
"Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"'Get up and bar the door.'
"And the barrin', &c.

"'My hand is in my hussyfe skep,
"Gudeman, as ye may see;
"And it shou'd na be barred thir hunner year,
"It's no be barr'd for me,' &c.

"They made a paction 'tween them twa,
"They made it firm and sure,
"The first that spak the foremost word
"Shou'd rise and bar the door, &c.

"Then by there came twa gentlemen,
"At twal' o' clock at nicht,
"And they could neither see house nor ha',
"Nor coal nor candle licht, &c.

"'Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
"Or whether is it a puir?'
"But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
"For barrin' o' the door, &c.

"And first they ate the white puddins,
"And syne they ate the black;
"Tho' muckle thocht the gudewife to hersel,
"Yet ne'er a word she spak, &c.

"Then said the t'ane unto the t'other,
"'Hae, man, tak ye my knife;
"Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
"And I'll kiss the gudewife,' &c.

"'But there's nae water in the house,
"And what shall we do than?'
"'What ails ye, at the puddin' broo,
"That boils into the pan?' &c.

"O, then up startit our gudeman,
"And an angry man was he:
"'Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,
"And scaud me wi' puddin' bree?' &c.

"Then up and startit our gudewife,
"Gied three skips on the floor:
"'Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
"Get up and bar the door.'"

Of probably the same age, though in a far other spirit, is that heart-broken strain, beginning—

"O, Waly, Waly, up the bank."

Let no Englishman read it, 'Waily, Waily,' as they sometimes do, but as broadly as they can get their lips to utter it—'O Wawly, Wawly.'

Chambers, following Motherwell, supposes the subject of it to have been a Lady Barbara Erskine, married in 1670, to the second Marquis of Douglas, who, having had his mind poisoned by the foul slander of some former lover of his wife's, deserted her, while she was confined in child-bed, and never saw her more. However this may be, poetry has nowhere anything more forsaken and heart-lorn,—

"O, Waly, Waly, up the bank,
"And Waly, Waly, down the brae,
"And Waly, Waly, yon burnside,
"Where I and my luve were wont to gae!
"I leaned my back unto an aik,
"I thoucht it was a trusty tree,
"But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
"Sae my true luve did lichtlie me.

"O, Waly, Waly, but luve be bonnie,
"A little time while it is new;
"But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
"And fades away like morning dew.
"O, wherefore should I busk my head?
"Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
"For my true has me forsuke,
"And says he'll never luve me mair.

"'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
"Nor blawing snaws inclemensie;
"'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
"But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
"When we came in by Glasgow toun,
"We were a comely sicht to see;
"My luve was clad in black velvet,
"And I mysel' in cramasie.

"But had I wist, afore I kissed,
"That luve had been so ill to win,
"I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
"And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

"Oh! oh! if my young babe were born,
"And set upon the nurse's knee,
"And I mysel' were dead and gane,
"And the green grass growing over me!"

These two samples fairly represent the style and range of our oldest extant songs. The name of no author claims them—indeed, few authors' names have come down to us from earlier than the eighteenth century. Two of the seventeenth, however, may be mentioned—Semple of Beltrees, reputed author of 'Fy! let us a' to the bridal,' and 'Maggy Lauder,' though his claims to these is not beyond question, and Lord Yester, maker of the oldest and best set of words to the air of "Tweedside."

But the most marked epoch in the history of song before Burns was the advent of Allan Ramsay, and the publication of his 'Tea-table Miscellany,' A.D. 1724. Allan was born and lived, till his fifteenth year, among the Lead Hills, by the springs of Clyde, a pastoral district, rich in native song and music, the love of which clung to him throughout his life, which was spent in very different scenes. When he was only fifteen he left for good his native hills, and came to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to a perukemaker, then a flourishing trade, as this was the age when perukes roofed all fashionable skulls. But as soon as his time was out, Allan quitted the wig-making trade, lucrative though it was—a good wig then cost from twenty to fifty guineas—and opened a bookseller's shop; choosing rather, in his own words, 'to line the inside of the pash, than to theek the out.' From this shop issued, from time to time on single sheets, Ramsay's songs and other productions, which were greedily bought up as they appeared. In 1724, they were all given to the world in the 'Tea-table Miscellany,' a collection of songs, containing four distinct kinds—1st, Old characteristic songs, which had floated among the people 'time out of mind;' 2d, Songs of the same kind, but changed and recocted at the discretion of the editor; 3d, About sixty songs by Allan himself, with thirty by 'some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with his undertaking that

'they generously lent him their assist-'ance.' These are generally headed by, and bear the names of, very old tunes, and were probably substituted for others of the antique stamp, which Allan may have deemed too homely, or, it may be, sometimes too coarse for publication. 4th, A number of English songs.

The appearance of this miscellany was remarkable many ways, but it was not for the excellence of the majority of its contents. In truth, we should not lose much if, of the four divisions, the last two were utterly expunged. For Allan himself no Scot but must entertain a most kindly feeling. He was an honest, social, blithe-hearted 'chield,' not without a strain of his country's humour, and every way a patriotic Scot. But while we thank him for what of our songs he has preserved, we are provoked that he should not have preserved more while he might. As for his own songs, not to mention those written by his friends, not one of them is of the highest order. I am not sure that there is one of them all which a critical editor, intent on culling only the flower of Scottish melody, could admit into his collection. With a natural line, sometimes a genuine verse here and there, there is not one that has the ring of the true metal from end to end.

It must be said, however, that Burns never speaks of him but with warmest gratitude. In his poem on 'Pastoral Poetry,' after lamenting the scarcity of true pastoral poets, he breaks out into this hearty strain—

"Yes, there is ane, a Scottish callan—
"There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
"Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
"A chiel sae clever!
"The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
"But thou's for ever!

"In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
"Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
"Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes
"Wi' hawthorns gray,
"Where blackbirds join the shepherds' lays
"At close o' day."

But this applies rather to his pastoral drama, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' than ot his songs.

The fact is, that Allan had a genuine love of our native songs, but his town life, and the literature then fashionable, were too much for him. From his fifteenth year he lived solely in Edinburgh, with only brief glimpses of the country, so that there is in his would-be pastoral songs an unreality and a mawkishness, along with a coarseness and obtuseness in the sentiment, if not in the words, very unlike the directness and heartiness of the old. Then he lived among the classicalities and frigidities of the Queen Anne poetry, than which can anything be imagined more alien to our old minstrelsy? Can we wonder that Ramsay could not set at nought its influence, but tried to engraft some of its refinements on the old stock? But the result was a very deluge of vapid classicalities, which had nearly extinguished the native fire—Scottish lads and lasses appearing as Damon, Phyllis and Chloris, calling the sun Phœbus, and the moon Cynthia, and vowing fidelity by Jove and Pallas.

But even in its greatest obscuration, during the first half of last century, the ancient lyrical inspiration never failed. However those who were exposed to the then nascent literature of Edinburgh, and to the Pope style of poetic diction, may have had their finer sense of song dulled, the springs of it were still running clear in country places, south and north, remote from such contagions. In the very time that Ramsay's 'Miscellany' was in its first access of popularity, the north country gave birth, among other songs that might be named, to that well-known and most sweet melody, both air and words, "O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie, the Laird." It was composed about 1736, by George Halkett, schoolmaster, of Ratten, in Aberdeenshire, known in his day for a most devoted Jacobite, who let loose many a strain and squib in favour of the exiled family to float about, to the delight of the country people and the danger of his own head. There is another as genuine strain, born a little later, in the north country, too, "My daddie is a caukert carle." Its author,

James Carnegie, was laird of Balnamoon on the slopes of the Grampians, to the north-west of Brechin, and was remembered long after as 'a curious body.' He, too, was a stanch Jacobite, was out in the forty-five, and, after Culloden, had to live for some time under hiding, as a shepherd to one of his own hill farmers. As Carnegie's song is less known than 'Logie o' Buchan,' though of not a less genuine stamp, it may be well to give it here—

Tune—"*Low doun i' the brume.*"

"My daddie is a caukert carle,
"He'll no twine wi' his gear;
"My Minnie, she's a scauldin' wife,
"Hauds a' the house asteer.

"But let them say, or let them do,
"It's a' ane to me,
"For he's low doun, he's in the brume,
"That's waitin' on me:

"Waiting on me, my love,
"He's waiting on me:
"For, he's low doun, he's in the brume,
"That's waiting on me.

"My Auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
"And sair she lightlies me;
"But weel ken I it's a' envy,
"For ne'er a Joe has she.
"But let them say, &c.

"My Cousin Kate was sair beguiled
"Wi' Johnnie o' the glen;
"And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware
"O' fause deluding men.
"But let them say, &c.

"Gleed Sandy he cam' wast yestreen,
"And spiered when I saw Pate;
"And aye sinsyne the neebors round,
"They jeer me air and late.
"But let them say, &c.

Let this show how the north country could still sing through its Jacobite laird, while the ingenious young gentlemen of Edinburgh were coquetting with their Chlorises and their Chloes. But the south, if anything, outdid the north in the exquisiteness of the songs it gave birth to during the same age.

How could it but sing—that delightsome Border land, with its hundred dales, not a stream of which but has lent its name to some immemorial ballad or familiar melody—with, midmost of all, Yarrow—the very sanctuary of song—lying there like a pensive, feeling heart, and sending through all the land its own pathetic undertone, to mellow whatever in our songs and character might else have been too robustly shrewd or too broadly humorous. In the early years of last century, that Border land gave birth to three ladies, of three of its oldest families, whose names come down to us, each linked to and immortalized by a single song. These sweet singers were Lady Grizzel Baillie, Miss Jane Elliot of Minto, and Miss Rutherford, of Fairnielee, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn.

These were hearts in which nature was too strong to be chilled by the fashion of the hour. The old peel-houses in which they were born looked out on the Border hills, and they themselves spent their youth in closest and kindliest intimacy with the dwellers of the scattered hamlets and 'farm-towns' among them. For this is one of the facts these songs bear witness to—the close interchange of feeling between the laird's family and that of the humblest cottar round about, long after feudalism had ceased. But for this, these ladies of gentle blood never had sung those strains that ever since have lived in all Scottish hearts, 'gentle and semple' alike. It was the 'owerword,' or refrain, of an old lament for the foresters who fell at Flodden that Miss Elliot caught up and wove into the oldest of the two sets of The Flowers of the Forest which we now have—a song so beautifully pathetic as almost to make up for the original dirge, hopelessly lost in our day, perhaps lost even in hers. Only a little less good, if indeed they be less, are Miss Rutherford's later words to the same air. They sang themselves through her heart, doubtless, while she lived at, or when in after life she recalled, the old enlarged peel of Fairnielee, the home, so blithe and beautiful, in which she was born and passed her childhood; from which she must so often have gazed over the Tweed and the woods of Yair up into the bosom of the Forest Hills. That now forsaken mansion, not yet roofless, but soon to be so, standing on the braeside among disappearing terraces, holly hedges run to

waste, trees few and forlorn with decay, hearing now no music but the Tweed far below, or the owlet's cry, or the wind soughing through its cobwebbed rooms, what an affecting commentary on the song first sung there!

"I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling;
"I've felt all its favours and found its decay."

The other lady singer I have mentioned was of an earlier day than these two, and her youth was cast on stormier times, which put her heart to proof, and showed it heroic. Grizzel Hume was daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, a stanch Presbyterian, when it cost something to be one, and, notwithstanding Lord Macaulay's unfavourable estimate, seemingly a true patriot and friend of freedom. In the Scottish Parliament, all through Charles the Second's reign, he withstood that King's despotisms, and for his free speech more than once suffered imprisonment. He was one of a small band of Scotchmen who entered into negotiations with the English Whigs to prevent a Popish succession—a cause for which, in England, Lord William Russell lost his life, and, in Scotland, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood. Baillie was an intimate friend of Hume's, and when he was thrown into prison it was time for Sir Patrick to look to his own head. But before he could find his way beyond seas, his first place of hiding was the family burial vault underneath the parish kirk of Polwarth. In that ghastly concealment, where, even by day, no light could enter, he passed many weeks of the autumn of 1684, with no attendant but his daughter Grizzel, then only twelve years old, who each night, after dark, made her way, all alone, from the family home to her father's retreat, bearing his food and what news she had been able to gather. It is said that, in order to avoid the suspicions, even of the household, she used to save off her own plate, at family meals, the food she bore him. During this time, her father wished to send a letter to his friend Baillie, in his cell, and to receive back some tidings from him. His daughter was the messenger. And it was during this visit to the Tolbooth that she is said to have met, for the first time, George Baillie, the son, who afterwards became her husband. As much for the character of the authoress as for its own worth, her single song is here given:—

"There was anes a may, and she loo'd na men;
"They biggit her a bouir down i' yon glen;
"But now she cries Dule, and well-a-day!
"Come doun the green gate, and come here
"away.
"But now she cries, &c.

"When bonnie young Jamie cam' ower the sea,
"He said he saw naething so lovely as me;
"He hecht me baith rings and monie braw
"things,
"And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
"He hecht me, &c.

"He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
"Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
"She raised sic' a pother 'twixt him and his
"mother,
"That were na my heart licht I wad dee.
"She raised, &c.

"The day it was set and the bridal to be;
"The wife took a dwam and lay down to dee;
"She mained and she graned, out o' dolour
"and pain,
"Till he vowed he never wad see me again.
"She mained, &c.

"They said I had neither cow nor caff,
"Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
"Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-ee;
"And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
"Nor pickles, &c.

"His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
"She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
"And then she ran in and made a loud din,
"'Believe your ain een an' ye trow na me.'
"And then she ran in, &c.

"His bonnet stood aye fou round on his brow,
"His auld ane looked aye as weel as some's
"new;
"But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
"And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
"But now he, &c.

"Were I young for thee as I hae been,
"We should hae been gallopin' down on yon
"green,
"And linkin it on yon lilie-white lea;
"And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
"And linkin it, &c."

The last two stanzas were once on the lips of Burns on an occasion first recorded by Lockhart, and since repeated by Carlyle. Late in his life, when, owing to suspected Republicanism and other things, the respectables had begun to turn their backs on Burns,

one fine summer evening, a friend of his, riding into Dumfries to attend a county ball, was surprised to see him walking alone on the shady side of the street, while the opposite side was thronged by gentlemen and ladies, drawn together by the ball, none of whom seemed willing to recognise the poet. The horseman dismounted, joined Burns, and proposed to him to cross the street with him. He replied, "Na, na, my young friend, that's all over now," and then, after a pause, quoted the two stanzas above mentioned. But 'it was 'little in Burns' character,' adds Lockhart, 'to let his feelings on certain 'subjects escape in this fashion. He 'immediately, after reciting these verses, 'assumed the sprightliness of his most 'pleasing manner; and, taking his young 'friend home with him, entertained him 'very agreeably till the hour of the ball 'arrived." This incident, which gives an extrinsic interest to the song, was first recorded by Lockhart, and drew forth from Carlyle a characteristic comment.

During Ramsay's time, then, it would seem that our sweetest singers—those who kept truest to the pure Scottish vein of song, when the men with a smattering of literature were doing their best to deprave it—were ladies who lived among the country people, and were one in feeling with them. And that line of songstresses which began at the dawn of last century with Lady Wardlaw, author of the ballad of 'Hardyknute,' and Lady Grizzel, if it did indeed begin with them, has never since been interrupted. It was carried on through the middle of last century by Miss Elliot and Miss Rutherford, taken up by Lady Anne Lindsay, authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray,' and, to pass over others, was brought down to our own day by Lady Nairne, the greatest of them all. Indeed, if asked to name the singer of the half-dozen best Scottish songs after Burns, I know not to whom I should turn before this last-named lady. Lord Cockburn has portrayed a generation of vigorous strong-featured Scottish dames, such as has made our more proper fair ones stand aghast. Those I have named, who belonged some to the same, others to an earlier age, would prove, if it had needed proof, that there were other things in our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' hearts besides masculine vigour and trenchant humour—other tones on their tongues than the unseemly words which his lordship has recorded. The fact is, these old dames were brimful of character, which swelled over in some into strong-mindedness, or humour, or sarcasm, in others into tender-hearted and deep pathos, as in those songs they have left behind.

Enough has now, I hope, been said to prove that Burns was not, as some think, the creator of Scottish song; that it was in vigorous existence, and that many a lovely strain had been sung up and down Scotland, long ere he was born; that he had a great background of song to draw upon, that he was born into an age and country with 'an atmosphere of legendary melody' floating all about, and that his great merit was to have drunk it into his heart of hearts, and re-uttered it in deeper, clearer, more varied compass than it had ever before attained. And—a thing that should never be forgotten—he purified it. It could hardly be that the popular heart of any country could pour itself so freely forth in all its moods without uttering some things base. And the earlier collections—Herd's, for instance—contain evidence enough that, when unrestrained,

> "Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue."

And though among Burns's own songs there are some which we could wish he had not written, yet we, who have inherited his labours, can hardly know how much he did to purify and elevate their prevailing tone; how many songs he purged of their baser leaven; how many tunes which he found attached to most unworthy words he married to healthy and beautiful words of his own.

This naturally suggests one thought which must not be passed by. I said, at the outset, that there is no mood of soul unexpressed in these songs. To this, however, I must make one marked

exception. Considering what the Scottish people have been—a devout people they have been, notwithstanding all that modern statistics urge against them—and considering how they loved their songs, it is strange how seldom these contain any direct expression of Christian feeling or aspiration. From this we might be apt to infer that song belonged to one class of men, religion to another. But any one who has known our older Scottish peasantry, knows that this is untrue, that the devoutness and the songs did not dwell in separate, but in the same hearts, so that the modern line is hardly an exaggeration which speaks of them as a people—

'Who sang by turns,
'The psalms of David and the songs of Burns.'

To give one instance. Margaret Laidlaw, mother of the Ettrick Shepherd, was known for her remarkable piety all over the Ettrick Forest—a piety which had come down to her from ancestors who, at the beginning of the last century, had been intimate with the good Thomas Boston, minister of Ettrick. Yet her mind was a very storehouse of legendary lore and popular melody, from which two poets gathered materials for their early inspiration. Scott, when traversing the Border hills on his ballad-raids, took down many of the finest in his 'Border Minstrelsy' from old Margaret's lips. From her, too, her son imbibed that rich wealth of legend, and that deep feeling of the old superstitions, which he employed his manhood in setting to prose and rhyme, and from which he has woven that delicate fairy poetry which has borne its consummate flower in 'The Bonny Kilmeny.'

How, then, are we to account for this marked absence of religious feeling from the songs, if it existed in the hearts, of the people? Partly from the undoubted fact that, two hundred years ago and less, many of the popular songs were so coarse as to justify the ministers in setting their faces against them. Partly also from another and more permanent cause—the divorce that Scottish religion has too much made between things secular and things profane. Song and all things pertaining to it were, it is to be feared, branded as unchristian by the religious teachers. Yet the love of it was too strong to be thus put down. It lived on in men's minds a separate life, railed off by a partition-wall from their conscious religion. And yet there is no warrant in the nature of things for such a divorce. Even if there were no other such song, Lady Nairne's 'Land o' the Leal' alone would for ever remove the barrier, and prove how easily Scottish melody can rise into the purest air of religion.

These songs naturally divide themselves into three eras:—Songs before Burns; songs of Burns and his few song-making contemporaries; songs since Burns. Some authors belonging to the third era were among us, as but yesterday. Many still in middle-life remember Hogg, and it is but a few years since Lady Nairne passed away. And now the question rises somewhat sadly, Is the roll of Scottish song-makers for ever closed? Can the old inspiration live and breathe new melodies ins o changed a world? Have not high farming, with its bothy system in the east, coal mines and manufactories in the west, money-getting everywhere, put out the old life of which song was the effluence? Is not the shriek of the railway whistle scaring it from all our hills, or is it tough enough to over-live steam, and normal schools, and mechanics' institutes, and all that they imply? A question I do not care to enter on. Only that beautiful saying of Allan Cunningham's comes painfully to mind,—'The fire, that burns up the 'whins on the braeside to make way for 'the plough-share, destroys also the nests 'of a thousand song-birds.' It may be so. For artificial cultivation of minds, as of fields, we must pay many penalties, and the loss of the power of song may be of them. And yet, not without a sigh can we let it go, if go it must. General information may be good, popular science good; and yet to me the heart than can carol forth one lilt, with the true old melody in it, is more precious than tons of useful information, and whole libraries of popular science.

ON THE EXCLUSION OF THOSE WHO ARE NOT MEMBERS OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH FROM FELLOWSHIPS AND OTHER PRIVILEGES OF THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

THE general public are so entirely unacquainted with even the meaning of the terms of university phraseology that it is necessary to enter into considerable detail, when a question of University Reform is brought upon the arena of popular discussion.

In the great majority of cases the universities may be most properly left to reform themselves. The authorities of Oxford and Cambridge have, of their own accord, introduced many most decided and important reforms; and it is, no doubt, hazardous to ask the members of a popular assembly to remodel an institution of whose working the majority are probably ill-informed. But, although all arrangements connected with the studies, and, perhaps, even with the administration of the revenues of the universities, cannot with advantage be subjected to extraneous interference, yet upon other points great principles are involved, upon which the nation is bound to express an opinion. I wish in these pages to direct attention to two restrictions which, I believe, are indefensible.

Each of the Colleges forming, in the aggregate, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge possesses large revenues, which are derived from tithe charges and from landed estates, situated in almost every county of England. In addition to this, the Colleges have a large amount of Church patronage at their disposal. These revenues are bestowed as pecuniary rewards for academical success. These rewards may be divided into two classes:—

1st. The Scholarships are intended to assist a student while he is reading for his degree. The average value of a Scholarship is about 50*l.* a year.

2dly. Fellowships are not only far more honourable distinctions, but are of far greater pecuniary value. The average value of a Fellowship is about 250*l.* a year.

At Cambridge, for many years past, all the Fellowships have been bestowed with the strictest justice and impartiality upon those students who most distinguished themselves in the university. Up to the present time a Fellowship has always been vacated by marriage; and in the majority of the Colleges a Fellowship could be retained by a layman only for a limited period, which varied from five to seven years after the M.A. degree. Many will be astonished to hear that the aggregate revenue of the Colleges at Cambridge approaches 200,000*l.* per annum, and that the income of Oxford is probably nearly as large. Within the last two or three years each of the Colleges, both at Oxford and Cambridge, has obtained new statutes. According to these new statutes there will in future be about 360 Fellowships at Cambridge, and a sum of about 30,000*l.* a year will be annually voted to Scholarships. No country has ever possessed such splendid endowments by which to reward intellectual acquirements.

The tenure of fellowships has, in some respects, been materially modified by the statutes recently passed. The colleges have now an opportunity of more largely remunerating those who conduct the educational work of the university; and an important change has been adopted by four or five of the smaller colleges at Cambridge, whose fellowships will now be retained for ten years from taking the degree of M.A. without any restriction as to celibacy. But there is a vague impression afloat that a reform of primary importance has been achieved, because it is popularly conceived that within the last few years Oxford and Cambridge have been thrown open to

Dissenters of every denomination. A brief explanation of the exact position in which those stand who do not profess adherence to the Church of England will, I believe, clearly demonstrate that this boasted legislation on behalf of the Dissenters is a compromise, useless to those whom its authors pretended to benefit. Dissenters have always been permitted to study in the university; they were received as students at any college, and they were allowed freely to enter as competitors into every examination; but no degree was conferred upon them, and scholarships and fellowships were strictly confined to members of the Church of England. Let us see how the position of a Dissenter has been affected by recent changes.

A Dissenter is now permitted to hold a scholarship, but he cannot be elected to a fellowship. He can obtain his B.A. and his M.A. degrees, but to a Dissenter the M.A. degree is shorn of half its dignity and advantage. An M.A. degree makes an Established Churchman a member of the Senate and an elector of the university; but the Dissenter is compelled to take the M.A. degree without any of these privileges. Before I proceed to enlarge upon the absurdity of these anomalies, I am anxious, as far as possible, to correct an erroneous impression with regard to the state of public opinion in the university. Dissenters are not debarred from the complete privileges of the university by the desire of fellows of colleges, for many amongst them have expressed a decided opinion in opposition to these restrictions. In my own college, whilst the new statutes were under discussion, more than one-third of the Fellows strongly urged the University Commissioners to permit Dissenters to be elected to fellowships. The reception which our proposals met will excite surprise. Liberal opinions in such a quarter, it was perhaps supposed, ought to be checked. We asked for bread, but we received a stone; instead of the restrictions being relaxed, they were materially tightened; for a new statute was forced upon us as well as upon every other college in Cambridge, by which the Fellows of a college are compelled, whether they wish to do so or not, "to remove a man from his "fellowship if, after he is elected, he "should openly secede from the Church "of England." In this respect, therefore, reform has not to be forced upon the university, but these disabilities affecting Dissenters are maintained by Act of Parliament.[1] There is one way, and only one way, by which an Act of Parliament can be repealed when it is based upon religious prejudices, and that is by popular agitation. Let such an agitation be intelligently and earnestly commenced, and the movement would probably receive an unexpected assistance from that liberalism which prevails in the universities.

The disabilities upon Dissenters to which I have alluded are rendered untenable by the concessions which have been made; and nothing can be more singularly inconsistent than the compromise upon which the present state of things is based. That policy is intelligible, which, during so many centuries, succeeded in preserving an intimate connexion between the universities and the State-Church; and we need not be surprised that those who consider it a primary duty of government to encourage only one particular form of religious worship, should endeavour on the one hand to reward the faithful followers of the Church by the honours and emoluments of the universities, and should on the other hand deprive their dissenting countrymen of these educational advantages. But the key of this position in which the friends of Church prerogative might formerly have entrenched themselves, has now been surrendered; for Dissenters are now encouraged to enter the universities. Their intellectual attainments are rewarded by scholarships; the same degrees are conferred upon them as upon Churchmen; but it would seem that some disabilities must be preserved. Fellowships are still confined to Churchmen, and no Dissenter is able to vote for a Member of Parlia-

[1] The Act of Uniformity.

ment for the university.[1] Old volumes of Hansard will abundantly acquaint us with the arguments on which rested the exclusion of Catholics from Parliament. What would have been thought of the wisdom of the legislature if Catholic emancipation had been passed with a compromise which permitted Catholics to enter Parliament, and allowed them to be under-secretaries of State, but closed the cabinet against them? Such a preposterous proposition could be maintained on only one ground. The cabinet has a certain control upon the appointment of Bishops; and it might have been urged that such high ecclesiastical duties ought to be exercised by Churchmen alone. This suggests the one solitary pretext for the exclusion of Dissenters from fellowships. Each college possesses many Church livings, and this Church patronage is in the hands of the Fellows. It may be therefore urged that it would be an objection to allow a Dissenter to have any voice in the bestowal of Church preferment. In order to state the case of my adversaries as fairly as possible, I have mentioned this apparent argument, which those who know the universities must at once detect to be a purely imaginary objection. For the universal custom at every college is to appoint to a college living according to seniority. When such a living is vacant, it is first offered to the senior clerical Fellow; and, in the event of his refusal, it passes down to the other Fellows in succession. This custom is so ancient and has been so uniformly observed that, according to the best opinions, the senior clerical Fellow could in a court of equity successfully enforce his claim to a living which was vacant in his college. The new statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, distinctly provide, that college livings should be offered to the clerical Fellows in order of their seniority. Dissenting Fellows would, therefore, have no power, even if they had the inclination, to undermine the stability of the Church by insidious clerical appointments.

It will be well to notice another objection, which may possibly be advanced. The colleges subscribe very liberally to support various charities, such as schools, in those places where they possess property or Church patronage. It may, therefore, be said that these charitable grants would be diverted if the majority of the Fellows of a college should cease to be members of the Church of England. But it is extremely improbable that those who dissent from the established Church would ever become a majority in any college. The old established public schools will continue to be the chief feeders of the universities. But, even supposing this were not the case, we have no right whatever to assume beforehand that a dissenting majority would be backward in assisting the spiritual and educational wants of those districts in which college property is situated.

It may perhaps also be said that, if the Fellows of a college did not all profess the same religious faith, disputes would be engendered, and that social harmony would be destroyed. But no such social disunion is created by the admission of students of every religious denomination; and experience shows that, when people are inclined to enter on religious bickerings, Church polemics afford a more ample arena for uncharitable quarrelling than religious Dissent.

The true friends of the Church are pursuing an injudicious policy, if they attempt to retain such a restriction. It can always be spoken of as a grievance; and whenever it is brought into operation in the case of an accomplished student, it is a grievance which will excite wide popular sympathy. Such a restriction, if intended to defend the Church, is "a barrier against conciliation," a cobweb "against hostility." The Church will be strengthened by conciliation, but a grievance will always feed and encourage Dissent.

It has been remarked by a most eminent authority, Sir J. Herschel, that the

[1] There is a distinction between the declarations required from the holder of a fellowship and a member of the Senate. In the first case it is: "I will conform to the Liturgy;" in the second: "I am a *bonâ-fide* member of the Church of England."

fellowships are the mainstay of the English university system. To them as a goal the most intellectual students are constantly striving. The race is a manly and a noble contest—manly, because no feelings of jealousy tarnish the keen competition; noble, because the contest is purely intellectual. What other coveted distinction is there which wealth and rank has no influence in securing? Cheap books and the extension of good schools have placed the rudiments, at least, of a good mathematical education within the reach of humble life. So large is now the fund which is devoted to scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge that a clever boy may maintain himself at the university. If, therefore, the religious disability upon fellowships was removed, they might be regarded as great rewards which our universities bestow upon the most intellectual of the nation.

Many most distinguished students have by this religious disability been excluded from fellowships. Their place has been occupied by men of inferior talent; and thus an encroachment is obliged to be made upon the important principle, that fellowships are great rewards which are uniformly conferred upon the most intellectual students. I would not refer to any particular instance in order to base an argument upon the plea of a personal grievance. Every one who enters the university knows that fellowships are confined to members of the Church of England; and therefore even a senior wrangler cannot feel that he is personally aggrieved because excluded. He is not excluded either by the desire, or on account of the prejudices of his college. The exclusion rests upon an Act of Parliament, which leaves the college no option in the matter. This suggests the most cogent objection to the restriction. Why should not the matter be left in the hands of the colleges themselves? A Dissenter may be appointed to the highest educational position in a college; why, therefore, may not the college be permitted to elect such an individual to a fellowship?

The anomaly of the present system may be readily illustrated. By the new statutes, prælectorships have been created. These are educational offices of the highest importance. A college may be compelled to exclude a high wrangler from a fellowship, and yet can appoint him to a prælectorship. Such an opportunity of retaining a distinguished mathematician upon the educational staff of the college may very probably be eagerly taken advantage of; but, if the high wrangler wished to leave Cambridge to prosecute his studies at the bar, then the college is prevented from rendering him that assistance which is given to a less distinguished student who happens to be a member of the Church of England.

The number of students at Oxford and Cambridge does not keep pace with the increase in the nation's wealth and population. Oxford and Cambridge have not now so many undergraduates as they had thirty years since. This diminution in numbers is no doubt due to many causes. Admission to holy orders is now readily obtained without a university degree; and the various appointments which have been thrown open to general competition, such as those in the Indian Civil Service, doubtless attract many who would otherwise matriculate at a university. But still it cannot be denied that there is an increasing demand for education, and that thriving collegiate institutions have, during the last few years, sprung up in different parts of the country. And yet, if there is any value or utility in endowments, educational establishments which are so poor that they must almost be self-supporting, ought not to be able to compete with Oxford and Cambridge, whose vast endowments are constantly augmenting in consequence of the increasing value of land. In many colleges at Oxford and Cambridge there is not a sufficient number of distinguished students upon whom to bestow the large funds which are devoted to scholarships and exhibitions.

Is it not then desirable to allow the whole nation freely to participate in these great advantages? Sometimes it is said, Why do not the Dissenters endow

colleges of their own? Oxford and Cambridge were endowed under circumstances which can never again occur. No confessional now exists to encourage charitable bequests; and, even if a new university were liberally endowed, but confined to one religious denomination, its influence must tend to stereotype sectarian differences. Any educational establishment, however liberally supported, must now be most insignificantly endowed, compared with the ancient foundations whose property may be estimated at ten or twelve millions, which has been accumulating during a long succession of ages, under a state of opinion and feeling that exists no longer, and that will never recur. Obedience to the original intention of founders has been long forgotten, and is a plea which it is now impossible to sustain. Gratitude to our liberal benefactors will be most appropriately shown by causing their munificent bequests to produce the greatest possible influence upon the intellectual advancement of the whole nation.

The deep sense of gratitude which I shall ever feel to my Alma Mater, prompts in me an earnest desire to give the largest number possible an opportunity of being benefited by the great advantages which the endowments of the universities can confer.

I wish now to direct attention to the restriction which confines the privileges of the Senate to members of the Church of England.

It will be necessary here only to consider the restriction in one of its aspects —namely, the exclusion of all who are not members of the Church of England from voting at elections for members of the university. The M.A. degree is now conferred upon persons of any religious denomination.

When an individual proceeds to the M.A. degree, he is asked by the Registrar of the university whether or not he is a member of the Church of England. If he replies in the affirmative, the M.A. degree confers upon him a vote for the university. The university franchise therefore is the only one which in our country is not based upon a property qualification. It is based upon an intellectual test, and therefore is the ideal franchise of philosophic reformers. But is it not unconstitutional to associate with this intellectual test a religious disability? All alike are permitted to wear the badge of this mental qualification. But it would seem that the intellectual test without a profession of religious faith is unworthy to confer the franchise.

How can it be said that the members for the university represent the university when it is decreed beforehand that the privilege of voting shall require the profession of certain defined opinions? Many are the blemishes in our representative system. Conservatives and Liberals profess alarm at a threatened and inevitable extension of the suffrage. A 6*l.* qualification, it is maintained, will cause the country to be controlled by masses who are inadequately educated. Constituencies, therefore, which are tarnished by none of this dreaded ignorance should be careful to demonstrate their superiority. An intellectual franchise has never been fairly tried in this country, because the unfavourable conditions under which it exists in the universities must certainly prevent any fair illustration of its success. The electors of the universities are scattered over every part of the country, and great numbers who come to the poll have travelled many hundreds of miles. Here, then, is a case in which voting-papers might be used with the greatest advantage. The signatures of these voting papers might be certificated by either the tutor or the bursar of the College to which the elector might happen to belong. The constituency would thus be saved a great and useless expenditure both of time and money. An election might, under these circumstances, be contested for a few pounds. This would induce a great number of eminent men to offer themselves as candidates. An opportunity would thus be afforded of making a good selection, and Cambridge and Oxford would be spared the reproach that the universities have not unfrequently proved a secure refuge to respectable mediocrity. I throw out this suggestion, which may,

perhaps, be regarded as a digression, because I believe that the value and importance of a vote for the university would be most materially increased if an election was conducted in the manner I have proposed. Under the present system a Dissenter may very reasonably regard a vote for the university as a privilege hardly worth contending for. Many Churchmen, now, never feel interested in the choice of the candidates who offer themselves; but, if voting-papers were introduced, there would, doubtless, appear at every election numerous candidates of every shade of political opinion, whose qualifications would be based upon high intellectual eminence. The result of a university election would then be eagerly watched by the nation, for it would be a fair indication of the public opinion of the intelligence of the country.[1]

It now only remains for me to point out a practical method of carrying the two important reforms which I have endeavoured here to explain and advocate.

I believe the reforms may be easily and peaceably obtained. The question ought to be taken up by some member of Parliament who is intimately acquainted with the practical details of our university system. Let him state the case fairly and dispassionately to the House of Commons; let him back his arguments with a petition, which may readily be obtained, influentially signed by resident members of the universities. And these privileges will then be not long withheld from those who dissent from the State-Church, and who have, on many occasions, violently agitated to obtain much less important reforms.

The questions I have discussed in this paper are so important that I was very anxious to obtain the opinion of a resident member of the university.

The Rev. W. G. Clark, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, most kindly perused these pages; and has permitted me to publish the following letter :—

"My dear Sir,

"I have read your MS. with much interest. I cordially sympathize with the object you have in view; for I have long been of opinion that the maintenance of these tests is highly impolitic, and injurious to the real interests both of the Universities and of the Church. They keep from the Universities many who might have been their ornament and support, and afford to the Church no security at all commensurate with the odium they excite.

"In fact, the only Dissenters they exclude are those who have a very scrupulous conscience and a very high sense of the obligation of a promise—precisely the men we should be most anxious to admit. The abolition of these tests will not endanger the connexion between the Universities and the Church.

"An immense majority of the students will still be, as heretofore, Churchmen; and, of the remainder, many will become so, when they cease to be embittered by a grievance.

"In the governing body of the several colleges, and among the members of the Senate, Dissenters will form a minority inappreciably small, and the social influences around them will always tend to assimilate them in feeling to the majority.

"The tests I speak of must sooner or later go the way of all tests. The Universities will do wisely if they make a grace of necessity, and offer spontaneously what cannot be long withheld.

"Let us petition Parliament on the subject, without delay.

"I am sorry to think that in this matter I shall be opposed to many friends for whose judgment I have great respect; but I feel that it would be cowardly, since you ask for my views, to shrink from expressing what is my firm and deliberate conviction.

"I am,

"My dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"William George Clark."

[1] Whilst going to press I notice with pleasure that Mr. Dodson has introduced a bill into Parliament for the purpose of allowing the electors of the University to vote in the manner here proposed.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1861.

ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEALTH OF INDIA.

BY THOMAS HARE.

India has afforded to the philosophical historian his most striking example of the inevitable force of the physical laws which govern the progress and condition of mankind. With a soil of great fertility, a climate rendering it in the highest degree prolific, and a vast population, it possesses the elements necessary for the accumulation of wealth. "The food of the labouring classes being "produced by the smallest degree of "toil, and labour being abundant, they "received the smallest possible share of "the wealth they created. The distri-"bution of wealth governs the distribu-"tion of power. There is no instance, "in any tropical country, in which, "wealth having been extensively accu-"mulated, the people have escaped "their fate;" and the Sudras, estimated at three-fourths of the Hindoos, are placed by the native laws below the ordinary scale of humanity. "The really "effectual progress of society depends, "not on the bounty of nature, but on "the energy of man." The supplies of seed, implements, and cattle, indispensable to the indigent cultivator, make him a borrower of money; and for a thousand years he has habitually paid fifty or sixty per cent. per annum. All reasoning and inquiry show, that it is capital, with European knowledge and energy to direct its employment, which is needed. Statesmen feel that their hopes rest in the capacity of the agriculture of India to supply the materials of European industry in exchange for its finished products. The factories of Europe wait with impatience for the raw materials of India. A deficiency in the supply of cotton might imperil the industry, and almost the existence, of multitudes. Parliamentary aid has been invoked; and to the complaints of our merchants and manufacturers that India yields so little to the necessities of commerce, the representatives of the Indian Government reply—"Why do "you not put your shoulders to the "wheel? Why do you not send agents "into the cotton districts? Take the "same measures to get cotton which the "drysalters have taken to get indigo, "namely—to promote the cultivation "of indigo."

This practical advice at home is converted into bitter irony by the acts of the Indian authorities; by which the cultivation of indigo, wherein many millions sterling are embarked, and several hundred thousand native labourers employed, is in a large degree suspended. British settlers, whose enterprise the cotton manufacturers were invited to emulate, and who are proved by the testimony of every enlightened and impartial witness, native and European, to have done more good to the country and people than any other class—men of education and character, probably better acquainted with the language of Bengal than any who are not natives—are driven to look to Guatemala or the banks of La Plata for that protection to their industry which is withdrawn from them in the British territories.

Those who devote themselves to the increase of the growth of cotton can expect no better fate. Advances to the

ryots are as indispensable for cotton as for indigo. Their warehouses once established, machinery imported, presses erected, and their floating capital placed in the hands of the ryots, and they, like the indigo planters, will be at the mercy of an arbitrary and irresponsible government and judiciary. No considerable increase of British settlers and no extensive development of the resources of the country, can be reasonably expected without—first, an abolition of the system which commits the government of India to the covenanted or exclusive service; and, secondly, a just administration of law.

I. British India contains two classes of Europeans, one solely employed in the business of government, and the other in the occupations of independent enterprise; and each class looks upon the other as its foe. Strange as this would seem, numerous as the individual exceptions doubtless are, and unconscious as many may be of this latent hostility, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it exists. Nor is it surprising. Let us suppose that in this country all the most important and lucrative offices in the civil and judicial departments of the State, except that of the prime minister and two or three of his colleagues in the cabinet, were necessarily filled by persons who had entered the service as clerks at the bottom of the offices, and had from that moment become a professional sect, a separate and distinct class, living in an official atmosphere, and having but a sort of esoteric interest in the affairs of the rest of the nation. As a class they would acquire narrow views and principles of action, however a few gifted men might succeed in shaking themselves free from their influence. Want of sympathy would lead to a want of confidence, and they would lose the credit they deserved for their best measures. Each class is placed in a false position, and one intolerable to both, except where the people have been habituated to a blind submission, or the ruling class is powerful enough to treat them with indifference. If this would be so under direct responsibility, it is far worse in a territory without a representative body; and where, moreover, despotic sway is exercised over millions accustomed to despotism, and remonstrance and complaint come only from men who have been traditionally regarded as intruders. Not in any country in Europe has a free press been more detested by the ruling body than in Calcutta; and nowhere has the press more boldly questioned public acts whenever it saw occasion. The British settlers have ever been thorns in the sides of the governing class, and endless evils have been predicted as inevitable from such settlement. From the interchange of legislative, judicial, and civil powers, the whole scheme of government becomes a gigantic bureaucracy. It is in the nature of such a form of administration to proceed upon reports often inaccurate, upon crude notions of expediency and imperfect theories, unenlightened by free inquiry and discussion. It meddles with affairs which are beyond its knowledge or its just powers, and hampers and controls by impracticable rules and directions those whose business it is to act at the place and on the exigency of the time and occasion. The recent treatment of the European settlers by the Bengal executive shows how true that Government has been to the instincts of its exclusive constitution, and bureaucratic character.

Sometime in 1859 a ryot, it is said, complained to a civil servant in Lower Bengal, having magisterial duties, that a planter had forcibly sowed his lands with indigo. A wrong, if proved, should have been redressed; but, instead of such a simple and unambitious performance of duty, the civil officer forthwith caused an order to be promulgated in the indigo districts, in the Bengal language, of which the import was that the Government considered the planters as oppressors, against whom the ryots needed warning and protection. The planters, Englishmen, residing either alone or with none but their own families and native servants, scattered over the country in open houses, without a semblance of defence, became immediately in the eyes of the natives around them a proscribed

race; their contracts were repudiated, repayment of their loans refused, and an immense capital thus practically confiscated. Their rents as landowners were at the same time withheld; and, the tenancies being multitudinous, they saw nothing before them but hopeless and interminable litigation. Mr. Wilson, who had no class antipathies, procured a summary law for enforcing contracts, to rescue something from the wreck. The magistrates were then directed by the Government to deal with actions upon contracts according to "equitable principles"—principles, the application of which, in courts of law, still perplexes Westminster Hall; and a minute was issued imputing to the planters a habit of suing upon false and fraudulent documents. The Government further intimated to the magistrates that their "powers would not be retained for a day," if they did not show themselves competent to do "full and ample justice to all parties"—parties who had been thus not obscurely indicated as oppressed ryots and fraudulent planters. The Government followed this up by circulating, as a precedent for the guidance of other judges, a decision against a planter, pronounced almost under its own dictation, and directly against evidence which would have been sufficient in any English court.

It is difficult to realize the possibility of these things under an English government—still less that the reason assigned is that the planters did not pay the ryots sufficient for the plant to make the cultivation profitable to them, which everywhere else would have been left to the undisturbed operation of private contract. The antagonistic spirit of class is vividly exhibited in the tone of this discussion. The apologists of the Government (*A Blue Mutiny, Fraser's Mag., Jan.* 1861) accuse the planters of "violence," "fraud," "evasion," "avarice," "unscrupulousness," "misrepresentation," and "disregard of conscience;" and wind up by describing "the unofficial Englishmen and public writers" as the fomenters of political and national animosity, and very *sans-culottes*. The indigo manufacturers have neither been slow to reply, nor very measured in their language. (*Brahmins and Pariahs*, Ridgway, 1861.) The misfortune of personal attack is to withdraw attention from the system the evil of which it proves. It is just and not invidious to attribute the acts of its officers to the Government itself.

The documents recently proceeding from the Bengal authorities display their prejudices. The minute on the Indigo Commission (17 Dec. 1860) collects from half a century of history every offence in which, in a semi-barbarous country, factory servants have been implicated, whether justly or unjustly; and, perhaps, judicial statistics have rarely shown so little of wrong amongst so many millions of people. The author of the Government minute seems dissatisfied with this result, and inverts the rule of presumptive innocence by treating the absence of complaint as only a proof of aggravated oppression. Avoiding any notice of the corruption and cruelty of the police, he leaves the uninformed reader to suppose that the tyranny of the European settler is all the natives have to fear. When the supposed feeling against him is to be magnified, the minute tells of demonstrations "by hundreds of thousands of people, having a far more important meaning than a dispute concerning a blue dye," dimly alluding to some undefined perils, as indicated by the signs of the times. When the conduct of the Government is to be palliated, the extent of the indigo manufacture in jeopardy, we are told, is after all only about 20,000 maunds, or fourteen per cent. of the whole production. Instead of meeting the charges of the planters against the Government, it accuses them of conducting their business unwisely. The minute says to them in effect—"Your "house would sooner or later have "taken fire; the Government did but "apply the torch."

The papers concerning the honorary magistracy are not less instructive. When Lord Stanley was informed of the withdrawal of magisterial func-

tions from gentlemen who were admitted to have discharged them "with "marked success, in times of difficulty "and distrust," he expressed regret, and invited its early reconsideration. As it was possible that a new ministry might rescind this demand, the Government of Bengal left it unnoticed for fifteen months. On the revival of the subject by Lord Canning, another elaborate minute of that Government appeared. Referring to the regulation that prohibits the civil servants from holding land, it tells us that "the "severance of the trader from the holder "of executive power at once put a stop "to abuses which were sapping the "British power"—and that "the objec- "tions to a person whose livelihood de- "pends on his official conduct are aggra- "vated tenfold when he is an un- "trained and independent *amateur;*" and, though the Government acquiesces in the suggested appointment, it is with a condition the meaning of which might be that no gentleman shall be a magistrate in the county in which he has estates!

One portion of this minute ought not to be passed over in silence. As evidence unfavourable to the honorary magistracy in the hands of Europeans, it brings forward statements of native witnesses—several of whom were of the same family—before the Indigo Commission, intimating that they were discouraged from seeking justice, because the person against whom they had a cause of complaint was an honorary magistrate. The worthlessness of such native evidence, generally, will be shown in the part of this paper that deals with the courts of justice. Of this the legal profession in Calcutta will judge, and the Government cannot be ignorant. On an important question of civil policy, if the testimony of these witnesses deserved to be cited, it deserved also to be tested by local and close examination; and the use made of it, without any attempt to investigate its truth, is in the highest degree reprehensible. The fact that the charge was denied, and the circumstances which gave rise to it explained by the magistrate, to which the minute does not even allude, is less important: it is but a particular injustice, whilst the unqualified introduction of such statements is a principle fraught with evil. It will destroy all reliance on conclusions arrived at by such means. The Government must well know that if their native officers should suspect that native evidence of any kind is acceptable, a crowd of witnesses will pour in; and the testimony of a host of natives that English magistrates are unpopular in the Mofussil is not unlikely to reach the Indian Council by the next mail. The minute seems to fall back upon the Hindoo and Mahommedan for that support which the Europeans withhold. If, instead of doing what is just and wise, the Government has come to invoke and depend upon popularity with the natives, it may abandon the country at once; for, certainly, no act would be more popular with those classes of natives whose opinions are most decided. The minute of Lord Canning (13th December, 1860) pursuing the policy of Lord Stanley, and repudiating, with the feeling of an English gentleman, any restriction on the honorary magistracy which should imply distrust, together with the cordial concurrence of Sir Bartle Frere, are a more satisfactory termination of this humiliating episode.

The reasons assigned for an adherence to an exclusive system which places the governing class in constant collision with the rest of their countrymen are that this apprenticeship to the art of government is the salvation of India.— "As it is, the prize is not good enough; "and, if you diminish its value by taking "away from the service a considerable "number of the appointments in India, "you will get a still inferior class. You "are trying to get the *élite* of the rising "generation; but you destroy with one "hand what you endeavour to build up "with the other."

The Indian service no more requires the *élite* of the nation than any other avocation in which the moral and intellectual powers are called into exercise.

It requires the average of each generation, and, like other employments of life, it will have an average portion of contemporary superiority suited to eminent place. There is no machinery for securing it. Guizot has well remarked that all the modern appliances for education, beneficial as they are to mankind, do not produce more great men. In the creation of genius nature asserts her prerogative. The very certainty that, after admission to the service is gained, mediocrity is sure of steady advancement without any great effort, has a benumbing influence. It tends to encourage a cringing subserviency rather than independent thought. Men are tempted to consider less how they can render the best service to the State, than how they can render themselves agreeable to the dispensers of the prizes of office. Careful and provident parents, no doubt, prefer to select for their sons a career offering advancement by gradual and easy steps to places of dignity and profit, with little danger, when the door is once entered, of competition from without to impede the tranquil ascent. It is not surprising that a board of elderly gentlemen should look upon any rude disturbance of this quiet progress to fortune, as something which will rob the service of half its charms. But, in the choice of a profession, the inducements of the aged and prudent guardian, in whom the vicissitudes of life awake less of hope than of fear, are happily not those which guide and stimulate youth and early manhood, when the mind, in its full vigour, energy, and confidence, is—

"Yearning for the large excitement that
the coming years shall yield."

At that time of life to feel the way with the timorous step of advanced years is a sign of weakness and decrepitude. The close system excludes all those whose parents are unable to afford them an expensive education, and all self-taught men. It is a method of political selection repugnant to the spirit of our institutions. The covenanted system is in truth a forcing-house to rear magistrates and legislators, and preserve them in a state of sickly delicacy from the rough pressure and chilling exposure of the world without. It is not by such artificial training that the mind attains the strength and stature of high design, or great performance. The civil servants are not to purchase land, and are recommended not to be very intimate with planters. They are to have no ties or connexions which shall give them a personal interest in the country in aid of the cold precepts of duty; and they are to live in social estrangement from their most influential countrymen. This is not the robust, civil life of Englishmen. It subjects honourable men to a puerile discipline, and leaves but little for them, in the long repose of the tropical noon, but to count the hours of their expatriation, and dream of the time when they may leave India for ever.

The alternative does not, as Lord Macaulay feared, expose India to nepotism and political corruption. Knowledge of India and of the special duties required, and acquaintance with native languages, may be insisted upon as conditions of appointment. With proper guards, every career that India affords—agricultural, commercial, legal, official, or political—may be thrown open as it is in England, and in her colonies; and there is no reason to fear that competent men will not be found for public life, and individual effort.

II. The official theory for the administration of the laws is, that primary jurisdiction in all causes should be vested in native judges, with an ultimate appeal to European judges, which it is insisted will be a sufficient superintendence. Europeans are told that their coming to India is voluntary, and, if they cannot accommodate themselves to the system, they should stay away. It is folly to shut our eyes to the difference between the Hindoo and the European mind and character, and it is not less unphilosophical to make one the subject of praise and the other of blame. It is a question of fact and not of relative merit. Religion, as well as philosophy, extin-

guishes pride of race by teaching us that human character is governed by causes over which the individual has small control. When we find the Hindoo or Mahommedan arriving at conclusions and acting upon principles wholly different from our own, it is a superficial judgment which pronounces that he is therefore a bad or immoral man. The scientific historian refers us to the potent influences of nature. "In the great "centre of Asiatic civilization the "energies of the human race are con- "fined, and, as it were, intimidated by "the surrounding phenomena"—mountains which seem to touch the sky, discharging mighty rivers, that change their course and oscillate from side to side, half justifying the impersonation which regards them as living deities; impassable forests; countries lined with interminable jungle; the dangers of tropical climates; fierce animals; great seas ravaged by sudden and violent tempests—all teaching man his own feebleness, and his inability to cope with the forces around him. "Ob- "stacles of every sort were so numerous "and so alarming, that the difficulties of "life could only be solved by constantly "appealing to the direct agency of super- "natural causes. These causes being be- "yond the understanding, the imagina- "tion was incessantly occupied in study- "ing them; the imagination itself was "overworked, its activity became danger- "ous, it encroached on the understand- "ing, and the equilibrium of the whole "was destroyed." Hence all literature took the form of poetry; history carried back the lives of kings and saints for millions of years; religion was based on the most extravagant terrors, as is manifest in the forms of their temples, the dogmas of their theology, and the character of their gods. It is everywhere the helpless, the feeble, and the infant, that the Hindoo deities seek to devour. The suttee, infanticide, human sacrifices, Ghaut murders, personal inflictions with hot irons—nothing purifying nor exalting proceeds from the religion or religious usages of the Hindoo, but everything tends to familiarise his mind with frightful images and prompt him to wickedness. A conscientious native judge may act upon views both of actual fact and moral rectitude unintelligible to European minds. If one man sue another for ploughing up or destroying his crop, the judge may be convinced in his own mind, though he is too prudent to declare it, that the mischief arose from a supernatural cause —from witchcraft, or from the wrath of some offended spirit; and he may disregard the evidence of any number of witnesses. This is not less so if the judge be a Mahommedan; for the strict unitarianism of that creed is practically found to admit an endless retinue of inferior spirits. The utter indifference to truth on the part of native witnesses leaves it entirely open to the judge to act upon his own convictions; and it is to such courts that the Indian government is endeavouring to subject all European settlers, except the official classes, whose position makes it tolerably sure they will escape their jurisdiction, and whom, in fact, it has been proposed to exempt from it by an express law. All the objections are supposed to be answered by the shallow observation, "If the courts are good enough for "the natives, they are good enough for "Europeans." Upon the issue of this struggle depends, probably more than on anything else, not only the commercial prosperity of the country, but the elevation of the native character. The judgment of the Hindoo or the Mahommedan will in all cases be a matter of chance, and a chance which will generally incline against the European, because he relies upon reasons which the judge is unable to appreciate, and will not descend to the fabrication of evidence, in which his opponent, if a native, is commonly skilled. Instead of covering the land with a network of Moonsifs, and Sudder Ameens, and Principal Sudder Ameens, the British settlers demand that their causes shall be determined by British judges accustomed to judicial investigation, and whose notions of truth and justice are founded upon the knowledge and morality which is their noblest inherit-

ance. The question is not one of equality or domination, of merit or demerit; the question is, whether there are not pervading characteristics of mind and morals which at present disqualify the natives for judicial functions involving the interests and security of another people, whose principles of action and modes of conduct they cannot comprehend. It may be hoped that from constant intercourse and contact with the people of Europe, there may grow up in the Asiatic a reason and a conscience less distorted; but this is not to be accomplished by at once investing him with judicial powers. There must be a longer preparation. Time must be given for the operation of causes, which are probably at work, silently yet more rapidly than is at all conceived. The British settler is the pioneer of a regenerating faith. His footsteps are followed by more or less of "instruction in physical science, and in "that intelligent observation of nature "which introduces a conception of the "universe, and a mode of interpreting "its phenomena, in continual conflict "with the sacred stories of the Hindoo "triad, and accustoming men to refer to "physical causes and natural laws what "were conceived by their ancestors as "voluntary interventions of supernatural "beings in wrath or favour to mortals." It will thus proceed, not by reforming Brahminism or Mahommedanism, which is impossible, but by overthrowing the belief in them, and thereby opening the ears, and preparing the minds of the people for the gentle accents and humanising doctrine of the Christian morality and creed.

A slight acquaintance with practical jurisprudence is enough to show that reliance on appeal courts is a delusion. Not to mention that in the majority of cases the costs of appeal are a greater evil than the loss of the cause, the uprightness and discretion of the judgment-seat cannot be ensured by any possible facility of appeal, unless all the evidence and the circumstances surrounding it, adduced before the primary court, can be repeated before the courts of appeal—a system which, even if it were possible, would be most oppressive. The loss and annoyance to which prosecutors and witnesses are subject in our courts in India, are a source of very great evil. They enable police-officers everywhere to grow rich upon the concealment of crimes. The first and radical difficulty in all proceedings before our tribunals is the absence of a sufficiently strong motive in the native mind for a regard to truth. The more we know of the cause of this moral condition, the less we shall use it as a reproach; but, owing to this fact, it is impossible to weigh testimony as in England it is weighed. In such courts it is well observed that a mere knowledge of law is a secondary thing; but the same reasoning shows the utter inadequacy of appeal. "In "India, to a degree almost unknown "perhaps in any other country, the duty "of a judge is not so much to decide "upon the evidence, as upon probabili-"ties. Twenty men will swear point "blank to one side of the case upon a "mere matter of fact, and twenty men "will swear point blank to the other "side. It is utterly hopeless that a "judge should decide by the mere "weighing of the evidence. If men "be condemned upon the mere evidence "of eye-witnesses—which in England is "the best evidence—no man's life would "be safe." He who presides in such a court is, in truth, an arbiter rather than a judge in the English sense. If he be a native, he may in his inmost heart believe that the mischief or devastation complained of has been no more than the execution of the will of some all-powerful, offended, and vindictive being, and that the defendants, like another Jael, have been the meritorious instruments of that will. In obedience to such a faith, he may with impunity disregard the irreconcilable statements of a hundred witnesses, and his judgment, whatever be its ostensible grounds, may be inwardly responsive to the song of Barak, without his inspiration,—"So let all thine enemies perish."

As the decision is a chance, so it is obvious that an appeal is merely another

turn of the dice-box. It may suit a gambler, or one who desires only to postpone or avert a day of settlement, but it is no remedy for a responsible and honest suitor. Justice is in the midst of a quicksand of falsehood: the appeal has nothing to rest on. The practitioners before the Privy Council know how impotent the highest court is to correct the decisions founded upon native testimony. Those learned judges do not venture to disturb the conclusions of the Indian courts on evidence, and it is on it that ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will turn.

The great problem of administering justice at once to the natives of the East and West, in which the ablest men perceive the most difficulty, is yet not incapable of solution. It will be found in a radical change of the existing system, and the introduction of another, which shall be built on our knowledge of the nature of man, and the influences which govern and modify his character. "There is wanting in India less of cen-"tral and more of local government." All the best features of the Indian character are exhibited in the social relations, especially as villagers and neighbours. In India "there has seldom been any "idea of a reciprocity of duties and "rights between the governing and the "governed. The village communities "were everywhere left almost entirely "to self-government, and the virtues of "truth and honesty, in all their rela-"tions with each other, were found "necessary. A common interest often "united many such communities in a "bond of union, and established a kind "of brotherhood over extensive tracts of "richly-cultivated land. In their rela-"tions with each other they spoke "truth; in their relations with the "Government they told lies. If a man "told a lie to cheat his neighbour, he "became an object of hatred and con-"tempt; if to save his neighbour's field "from an increase of rent or tax, he "was esteemed and respected. The "cotton and other trees are occupied by "minor deities, who superintend the "affairs of the district or the village. In "their own tribunals, under the peepul-"tree or cotton-tree, imagination com-"monly did what the deities, who were "supposed to preside, had the credit of "doing. If the deponent told a lie, he "believed that the deity, who sat on the "sylvan throne above him, and searched "the heart of man, must know it; and "from that moment he knew no rest; "he was always in dread of his venge-"ance. In our tribunals such people "soon find that the judges who preside "can seldom search deeply into the "hearts of men, or clearly distinguish "truth from falsehood. They learn that "these judges, instead of being like "those of their own woods, able to "detect and punish falsehood, are fre-"quently the persons most blind to the "real state of the deponent's mind, and "that they are labouring in the dark-"ness, created by the native officers "around them; that they may tell what "lies they please, and not one of them "will become known to the circle in "which they move, and whose good "opinion they value. If by his lies "a witness robs another man of his "character, his property, or his life, he "easily persuades that circle that it was "not from his false statements, but from "the blindness of the judge, or the "wickedness of his native officers, for "that blindness and wickedness is every-"where thought to be very great."

In this abolition of central government, except in matters of imperial moment, the great amelioration must consist. Local authority in every district and village should, as soon as possible, be established or restored. The native disposition and habits are eminently fitted for local administration, and it is moreover in accordance with the structure and spirit of their most ancient institutions—many of which, such as the hereditary offices, the head ryot or sirdar, the elders of the village, and the punchayet, still exist. The peasantry are accustomed to the discussion of matters of local interest, and on these they are orators by nature. Every village should be encouraged and invited to elect its own magistrate to be both judge and

collector, with power to appoint and remove the inferior officers, and responsible for the peace and revenue of the village. The ryots of Bengal are not only ripe for this change, but, it seems, have actually prayed for it. The Hindoo charter should be that no native may, without his own consent, be forced to sue or be sued, in any cause in which natives only are interested, in any other than a native court. If the local community be enabled annually to continue or displace the officer thus appointed according to their appreciation of his merit, they will soon learn to protect themselves from oppression, and may be gradually prepared for even higher political functions.

The native magistrates being elected by the native communities, and no longer appointed by the Government, there ceases to be anything invidious or unjust in reserving the decision of every cause in which the person or property of the European is concerned to European judges, except in those cases in which the European shall consent to sue or be sued before the native judge; cases which would be likely to increase in number as he became more liberated from the difficulties created by his education, and his appreciation of European notions of probity and justice became more manifest. The removal of every cause affecting natives only, from European jurisdiction, would bring the business subject to that jurisdiction within a comparatively small compass, and within the reach of competent European judges, whose circuits will be more rapidly performed, and who will be, therefore, made more accessible by every increased facility of locomotion. In suits between Europeans and natives, the natives might be further protected by the native judge having notice of, and being in all cases invited to be present at the adjudication, and being also invested with a right, and even with a duty, of protesting against the decision if he believes it to be wrong, and of forwarding his protest, with his reasons, to the immediate court of appeal. The appeal court from the native judge may be constituted of natives; that from the European nearly as it now is. The parties, or the Advocate-General on behalf of the Government in cases in which any question of imperial law or policy is involved, might have an ultimate appeal to a Supreme Court, and to the Privy Council.

The natives of India do not appreciate the complication of offices, and the refinements in jurisprudence, which have accompanied the establishment of our rule. Their idea of a judge is that of the representative of the prince, sitting in the gate administering justice; and, if he be an upright man, they would desire to see him clothed with all the powers and functions of the various departments of the State. The establishment of a less artificial system would relieve the law of India from difficulties which have been created entirely by our forms. These forms have given countenance to the notion that there is some natural and fundamental difference between what we term civil and criminal justice, and that they are to be administered by distinct judges upon different principles. The distinction between public and private wrongs was unknown to the ancient world. No trace of such a separation of obligations and penalties is found in the ordinances of Menu. It rests on a relation between the king and the people which the Oriental mind has never understood. The man who owes and will not pay if he has the power, or who refuses to restore to the lender the borrowed property, is not less a wrong doer than he who steals his neighbour's ox or his plough. Positive laws alone create distinction between public crimes and private injuries. A Roman pursued and recovered his stolen goods by a civil action of theft. The English lawyers are daily extricating themselves from the difficulties they have raised up, not by enlarging their definition of private, but by extending that of public wrongs, in transferring breaches of trusts and offences against commercial faith to the category of crimes. The poverty of the agricultural classes of Bengal prevents them from raising crops re-

quiring preparatory outlay without advances made upon the security of the produce. The manufacturers, who make these advances, reasonably ask for a law which shall afford a ready means of enforcing the contract, or of recovering adequate damages from the defaulter, and of committing him to prison if he fails to pay them. The common sense of Lord William Bentinck, superior to legal technicalities, passed such a law, which the official class did not long permit to remain. The late acts of the Government of Bengal have put an end to the confidence which the manufacturers had reposed in the good faith of the ryots, and, by teaching the latter how impossible it is for one man to carry on litigation with a multitude, have encouraged them to set the planter at defiance. He no longer knows whom to trust, and reasonably demands a summary law of contract; but he is met by the official argument that such speedy and effectual justice would treat the defaulter "as a criminal for what is "acknowledged by the general law not "to be a crime." The Government, instead of seeking, in such a state of society, how to promote confidence, by affording the best reparation for wrong, enters upon a pedantic discussion of fictions entirely unsuited to the people which it governs.

The subject is too vast for the space which can be afforded; I can but briefly, and I fear obscurely, indicate the great points, in which reformation is indispensable. Connected with the second head is the necessity for a registration of contracts to supply that evidence which cannot safely be left to oral testimony. On this head the indigo planters scarcely expect from the Bengal Government anything that will lessen their difficulties. Stamps also on documents and on proceedings at law increase the obstacles in the way of justice. Little will probably be done until the whole Indian service shall be placed on a different footing, and the legislative body shall have a representative character. Ruinous as the late acts of the Bengal Government have been to individuals, if they should, by attracting public attention to the system, sound its knell, there will be a national gain.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XI.

GIVES US AN INSIGHT INTO CHARLES'S DOMESTIC RELATIONS, AND SHOWS HOW THE GREAT CONSPIRATOR SOLILOQUIZED TO THE GRAND CHANDELIER.

It may be readily conceived that a considerable amount of familiarity existed between Charles and his servant and foster-brother William. But, to the honour of both of them be it said, there was more than this—a most sincere and hearty affection; a feeling for one another which, we shall see, lasted through everything. Till Charles went to Shrewsbury he had never had another playfellow. He and William had been allowed to paddle about on the sand, or ride together on the moor, as they would, till a boy's friendship had arisen, sufficiently strong to obliterate all considerations of rank between them. This had grown with age, till William had become his confidential agent at home during his absence, and Charles had come to depend very much on his account of the state of things at head-quarters. He had also another confidential agent, to whom we shall be immediately introduced. She, however, was of another sex and rank.

William's office was barely a pleasant one. His affection for his master led him

most faithfully to attend to his interests; and, as a Catholic, he was often brought into collision with Father Mackworth, who took a laudable interest in Charles's affairs, and considered himself injured on two or three occasions by the dogged refusal of William to communicate the substance and result of a message forwarded through William, from Shrewsbury, to Densil, which seemed to cause the old gentleman some thought and anxiety. William's religious opinions, however, had got to be somewhat loose, and to sit somewhat easily upon him, more particularly since his sojourn at Oxford. He had not very long ago confided to Charles, in a private sitting, that the conviction which was strong on his mind was that Father Mackworth was not to be trusted, God forgive him for saying so; and, on being pressed by Charles to state why, he point blank refused to give any reason whatever, but repeated his opinion with redoubled emphasis. Charles had a great confidence in William's shrewdness, and forbore to press him, but saw that something had occurred which had impressed the above conviction on William's mind most strongly.

He had been sent from Oxford to see how the land lay at home, and had met Charles at the Rose and Crown, at Stonnington, with saddle horses. No sooner were they clear of the town than William, without waiting for Charles's leave, put spurs to his horse and rode up alongside of him.

"What is your news, William?"

"Nothing very great. Master looks bothered and worn."

"About this business of mine."

"The priest goes on talking about it, and plaguing him with it, when he wants to forget it."

"The deuce take him! He talks about me a good deal."

"Yes; he has begun about you again. Master wouldn't stand it the other day, and told him to hold his tongue, just like his own self. Tom heard him. They made it up afterwards, though."

"What did Cuthbert say?"

"Master Cuthbert spoke up for you, and said he hoped there wasn't going to be a scene, and that you weren't coming to live in disgrace, for that would be punishing every one in the house for you."

"How's Mary?"

"She's well. Master don't trust her out of his sight much. They will never set him against you while she is there. I wish you would marry her, Master Charles, if you can give up the other one."

Charles laughed and told him he wasn't going to do anything of the sort. Then he asked, "Any visitors?"

"Ay; one. Father Tiernay, a stranger."

"What sort of man?"

"A real good one. I don't think our man likes him, though."

They had now come to the moor's edge, and were looking down on the amphitheatre which formed the domain of Ravenshoe. Far and wide the tranquil sea, vast, dim, and grey, flooded bay and headland, cave and islet. Beneath their feet slept the winter woodlands; from whose brown bosom rose the old house, many-gabled, throwing aloft from its chimneys hospitable columns of smoke, which hung in the still autumn air, and made a hazy cloud on the hill side. Everything was so quiet that they could hear the gentle whisper of the ground-swell, and the voices of the children at play upon the beach, and the dogs barking in the kennels.

"How calm and quiet old home looks, William," said Charles; "I like to get back here after Oxford."

"No wine parties here. No steeplechases. No bloomer balls," said William.

"No! and no chapels and lectures, and being sent for by the Dean," said Charles.

"And none of they dratted bones, neither," said William, with emphasis.

"Ahem! why, no! Suppose we ride on."

So they rode down the road through the woodland to the lodge, and so through the park—sloping steeply up on their left, with many a clump of oak and holly, and many a broad patch of crimson

fern. The deer stood about in graceful groups, while the bucks belled and rattled noisily, making the thorn-thickets echo with the clatter of their horns. The rabbits scudded rapidly across the road; and the blackbird fled screaming from the mountain ash tree, now all afire with golden fruit. So they passed on until a sudden sweep brought them upon the terrace between the old grey house and the murmuring sea.

Charles jumped off, and William led the horses round to the stable. A young lady, in a straw hat, brown gloves, with a pair of scissors and a basket, standing half-way up the steps, came down to meet him, dropping the basket, and holding out the brown gloves before her. This young lady he took in his arms, and kissed; and she, so far from resenting the liberty, after she was set on her feet again, held him by both hands, and put up a sweet dark face towards his, as if she wouldn't care if he kissed her again. Which he immediately did.

It was not a very pretty face, but oh! such a calm, quiet, pleasant one. There was scarcely a good feature in it, and yet the whole was so gentle and pleasing, and withal so shrewd and *espiègle*, that to look at it once was to think about it till you looked again; and to look again was to look as often as you had a chance, and to like the face the more each time you looked. I said there was not a good feature in the face. Well, I misled you; there was a pair of calm, honest, black eyes, which were a very good feature indeed, and which, when you had once seen, you were not likely to forget. And also, when I tell you that this face and eyes belonged to the neatest, trimmest, little figure imaginable, I hope I have done my work sufficiently well to make you envy that lucky rogue Charley, who, as we know, cares for no woman in the world but Adelaide, and who, between you and me, seems to be much too partial to this hugging and kissing work.

"A thousand welcomes home, Charley," said the pleasant little voice which belonged to this pleasant little personage. "Oh! I am so glad you're come."

"You'll soon wish me away again. I'll plague you."

"I like to be plagued by you, Charley. How is Adelaide?"

"Adelaide is all that the fondest lover could desire" (for they had no secrets, these two), "and either sent her love, or meant to do so."

"Charles, dearest, she said eagerly, "come and see him now! come and see him with me!"

"Where is he?"

"In the shrubbery, with Flying Childers."

"Is he alone?"

"All alone, except the dog."

"Where are *they?*"

"They are gone out coursing. Come on; they will be back in an hour, and the Rook never leaves him. Come, come."

It will be seen that these young folks had a tolerably good understanding with one another, and could carry on a conversation about "third parties" without even mentioning their names. We shall see how this came about presently; but, for the present, let us follow these wicked conspirators, and see in what deep plot they are engaged.

They passed rapidly along the terrace, and turned the corner of the house to the left, where the west front overhung the river glen, and the broad terraced garden went down step by step towards the brawling stream. This they passed, and, opening an iron gate, came suddenly into a gloomy maze of shrubbery that stretched its long vistas up the valley.

Down one dark alley after another they hurried. The yellow leaves rustled beneath their feet, and all nature was pervaded with the smell of decay. It was hard to believe that these bare damp woods were the same as those they had passed through but four months ago, decked out with their summer bravery—an orchestra to a myriad birds. Here and there a bright berry shone out among the dull-coloured twigs, and a solitary robin quavered his soft melancholy song alone. The flowers were dead, the birds were flown or mute, and brave, green leaves were

stamped under foot; everywhere decay, decay.

In the dampest, darkest walk of them all, in a far-off path, hedged with holly and yew, they found a bent and grey old man walking with a toothless, grey, old hound for his silent companion. And, as Charles moved forward with rapid elastic step, the old man looked up, and tottered to meet him, showing as he did so, the face of Densil Ravenshoe.

"Now, the Virgin be praised," he said, "for putting it in your head to come so quick, my darling. Whenever you go away now, I am in terror lest I should die and never see you again. I might be struck with paralysis, and not know you, my boy. Don't go away from me again."

"I should like never to leave you any more, father dear. See how well you get on with my arm. Let us come out into the sun; why do you walk in this dismal wood?"

"Why?" said the old man, with sudden animation, his grey eye kindling as he stopped. "Why? I come here because I can catch sight of a woodcock, lad! I sprang one by that holly just before you came up. Flip flap, and away through the hollies like a ghost! Cuthbert and the priest are away coursing. Now you are come, surely I can get on the grey pony, and go up to see a hare killed. You'll lead him for me, won't you? I don't like to trouble *them*."

"We can go to-morrow, dad, after lunch, you and I, and William. We'll have Leopard and Blue-vein—by George, it will be like old times again."

"And we'll take our little quiet bird on *her* pony, won't we?" said Densil, turning to Mary. "She's such a good little bird, Charley. We sit and talk of you many an hour. Charley, can't you get me down on the shore, and let me sit there? I got Cuthbert to take me down once; but Father Mackworth came and talked about the Immaculate Conception through his nose all the time. I didn't want to hear him talk; I wanted to hear the surf on the shore. Good man! he thought he interested me, I dare say."

"I hope he is very kind to you, father?"

"Kind! I assure you, my dear boy, he is the kindest creature; he never lets me out of his sight; and so attentive!"

"He'll have to be a little less attentive in future, confound him!" muttered Charles. "There he is; talk of the devil! Mary, my dear," he added aloud, "go and amuse the Rooks for a little, and let us have Cuthbert to ourselves."

The old man looked curious at the idea of Mary talking to the rooks; but his mind was drawn off by Charles having led him into a warm, southern corner, and set him down in the sun.

Mary did her errand well; for, in a few moments, Cuthbert advanced rapidly towards them. Coming up, he took Charles's hand, and shook it with a faint (not unkindly) smile.

He had grown to be a tall and somewhat handsome young man,—certainly handsomer than Charles. His face, even now he was warmed by exercise, was very pale, though the complexion was clear and healthy. His hair was a good deal gone from his forehead, and he looked much older than he really was. The moment that the smile was gone his face resumed the expression of passionless calm that it had borne before; and, sitting down by his brother, he asked him how he did.

"I am as well, Cuthbert," said Charles, "as youth, health, a conscience of brass, and a whole world full of friends can make me. *I'm* all right, bless you. But you look very peaking and pale. Do you take exercise enough?"

"I? Oh, dear, yes. But I am very glad to see you, Charles. Our father misses you. Don't you, father?"

"Very much, Cuthbert."

"Yes. I bore him. I do, indeed. I don't take interest in the things he does; I can't; it's not my nature. You and he will be as happy as kings talking about salmon, and puppies, and colts."

"I know, Cuthbert; I know. You

never cared about those things as we do."

"No, never, brother; and now less than ever. I hope you will stay with me—with us. You are my own brother. I will have you stay here," he continued, in a slightly raised voice; "and I desire that any opposition or impertinence you may meet with may be immediately reported to me."

"It will be immediately reported to those who use it, and in a way they won't like, Cuthbert. Don't you be afraid; I shan't quarrel. Tell me something about yourself, old boy."

"I can tell you but little to interest you, Charles. You are of this world, and rejoice in being so. I, day by day, wean myself more and more from it, knowing its worthlessness. Leave me to my books and my religious exercises, and go on your way. The time will come when your pursuits and pleasures will turn to bitter dust in your mouth, as mine never can. When the world is like a howling wilderness to you, as it will be soon, then come to me and I will show you where to find happiness. At present you would not listen to me."

"Not I," said Charles. Youth, beauty, talent, like yours—are these gifts to despise?"

"They are clogs to keep me from higher things. Study, meditation, life in the past with those good men who have walked the glorious road before us—in these consist happiness. Ambition! I have one earthly ambition—to purge myself from earthly affections, so that, when I hear the cloister-gate close behind me for ever, my heart may leap with joy, and I may feel that I am in the antechamber of heaven."

Charles was deeply affected, and bent down his head. "Youth, love, friends, joy in this beautiful world—all to be buried between four dull white walls, my brother!"

"This beautiful earth, which is beautiful indeed—alas! how I love it still! shall become a burden to us in a few years. Love! the greater the love, the greater the bitterness. Charles, remember *that*, one day, will you, when your heart is torn to shreds? I shall have ceased to love you then more than any other fellow-creature; but remember my words. You are leading a life which can only end in misery, as even the teachers of the false and corrupt religion which you profess would tell you. If you were systematically to lead the life you do now, it were better almost that there were no future. You are not angry, Charles?"

There was such a spice of truth in what Cuthbert said that it would have made nine men in ten angry. I am pleased to record of my favourite Charles that he was not; he kept his head bent down, and groaned.

"Don't be hard on our boy, Cuthbert," said Densil; "he is a good boy, though he is not like you. It has always been so in our family—one a devotee and the other a sportsman. Let us go in, boys; it gets chill."

Charley rose up, and, throwing his arm round his brother's neck, boisterously gave him a kiss on the cheek; then he began laughing and talking at the top of his voice, making the nooks and angles in the grey old façade echo with his jubilant voice.

Under the dark porch they found a group of three—Mackworth; a jolly-looking, round-faced Irish priest, by name Tiernay; and Mary. Mackworth received Charles with a pleasant smile, and they joined in conversation together heartily. Few men could be more agreeable than Mackworth, and he chose to be agreeable now. Charles was insensibly carried away by the charm of his frank, hearty manner, and for a time forgot who was talking to him.

Mackworth and Charles were enemies. If we reflect a moment, we shall see that it could hardly be otherwise.

Charles's existence, holding, as he did, the obnoxious religion, was an offence to him. He had been prejudiced against him from the first; and, children not being very slow to find out who are well disposed against them, or the contrary, Charles had early begun to regard the priest with distrust and dislike. So a

distant, sarcastic line of treatment on the one hand, and childish insolence and defiance on the other, had grown at last into something very like hatred on both sides. Every soul in the house adored Charles but the priest; and, on the other hand, the priest's authority and dignity were questioned by none but Charles. And, all these small matters being taken into consideration, it is not wonderful, I say, that Charles and the priest were anything but friends, even before anything had occurred to bring about an open rupture.

Charles and Mackworth seldom met of late years without a "sparring match;" on this day, however—partly owing, perhaps, to the presence of a jolly good-humoured Irish priest—they got through dinner pretty well. Charles was as brave as a lion, and, though by far the priest's inferior in scientific "sparring," had a rough, strong, effective method of fighting, which was by no means to be despised. His great strength lay in his being always ready for battle. As he used to tell his crony William, he would as soon fight as not; and often, when rebuked by Cuthbert for what he called insolence to the priest, he would exclaim, "I don't care; what did he begin at me for? If he lets me alone, I'll let him alone." And, seeing that he had been at continual war with the reverend gentleman for sixteen years or more, I think it speaks highly for the courage of both parties that neither had hitherto yielded. When Charles afterwards came to know what a terrible card the man had held in his hand, he was struck with amazement at his self-possession in not playing it, despite his interest.

Mackworth was hardly so civil after dinner as he was before; but Cuthbert was hoping that Charles and he would get on without a battle-royal, when a slight accident brought on a general engagement, and threw all his hopes to the ground. Densil and Mary had gone up to the drawing-room, and Charles, having taken as much wine as he cared for, rose from the table and sauntered towards the door, when Cuthbert quite innocently asked him where he was going.

Charles said also in perfect good faith that he was going to smoke a cigar, and talk to William.

Cuthbert asked him, Would he get William or one of them to give the grey colt a warm mash with some nitre in it; and Charles said he'd see it done for him himself; when, without warning or apparent cause, Father Mackworth said to Father Tiernay,

"This William is one of the grooms. A renegade, I fancy! I believe the fellow is a Protestant at heart. He and Mr. Charles Ravenshoe are very intimate; they keep up a constant correspondence when apart, I assure you."

Charles faced round instantly, and confronted his enemy with a smile on his lips; but he said not a word, trying to force Mackworth to continue.

"Why don't you leave him alone?" said Cuthbert.

"My dear Cuthbert," said Charles, "pray don't humiliate me by interceding; I assure you I am greatly amused. You see he doesn't speak to me; he addressed himself to Mr. Tiernay."

"I wished," said Mackworth, "to call Father Tiernay's attention, as a stranger to this part of the world, to the fact of a young gentleman's corresponding with an illiterate groom in preference to any member of his family."

"The reason I do it," said Charles, speaking to Tiernay, but steadily watching Mackworth to see if any of his shafts hit, "is to gain information. I like to know what goes on in my absence. Cuthbert here is buried in his books, and does not know everything."

No signs of flinching there. Mackworth sat with a scornful smile on his pale face, without moving a muscle.

"He likes to get information," said Mackworth, "about his village amours, I suppose. But, dear me, he can't know anything that the whole parish don't know. I could have told him that that poor deluded fool of an underkeeper was going to marry Mary Lee, after all that had happened. He will be dowering a wife for his precious favourite some day."

"My precious favourite, Father Tier-

nay," said Charles, still closely watching Mackworth, "is my foster-brother. He used to be a great favourite with our reverend friend; his pretty sister Ellen is so still, I believe."

This was as random an arrow as ever was shot, and yet it went home to the feather. Charles saw Mackworth give a start and bite his lip, and knew that he had smote him deep; he burst out laughing.

"With regard to the rest, Father Tiernay, any man who says that there was anything wrong between me and Mary Lee tells, saving your presence, a lie. It's infernally hard if a man mayn't play at love-making with the whole village for a confidant, and the whole matter a merry joke, but one must be accused of all sorts of villainy. Isn't ours a pleasant household, Mr. Tiernay?"

Father Tiernay shook his honest sides with a wondering laugh, and said, "Faix it is. But I hope ye'll allow me to put matters right betune you two. Father Mackworth begun on the young man; he was going out to his dudeen as peaceful as an honest young gentleman should. And some of the best quality are accustomed to converse their grooms in the evening over their cigar. I myself can instance Lord Mountdown whose hospitality I have partook frequent. And I'm hardly aware of any act of parliament, brother, whereby a young man shouldn't kiss a pretty girl in the way of fun, as I've done myself, sure. Whist now, both on ye! I'll come with ye, ye heretic, and smoke a cigar meself."

"I call you to witness that he insulted me," said Mackworth, turning round from the window.

"I wish you had let him alone, Father," said Cuthbert peevishly; "we were getting on very happily till you began. Do go, Charles, and smoke your cigar with Father Tiernay."

"I am waiting to see if he wants any more," said Charles, with a laugh. "Come on, Father Tiernay, and I'll show you the miscreant, and his pretty sister, too, if you like."

"I wish he hadn't come home," said Cuthbert, as soon as he and Mackworth were alone together. "Why do you and he fight like cat and dog? You make me perfectly miserable. I know he is going to the devil, in a worldly point of view, and that his portion will be hell necessarily as a heretic; but I don't see why you should worry him to death, and make the house miserable to him."

"It is for his good."

"Nonsense," rejoined Cuthbert. "You make him hate you; and I don't think you ought to treat a son of this house in the way you treat him. You are under obligations to this house. Yes, you are. I won't be contradicted now. I will have my say when I am in this temper, and you know it. The devil is not dead yet by a long way, you see. Why do you rouse him?"

"Go on, go on."

"Yes, I will go on. I'm in my own house, I believe. By the eleven thousand virgins, more or less, of the holy St. Ursula, virgin and martyr, that brother of mine is a brave fellow. Why, he cares as much for you as for a little dog barking at him. And you're a noble enemy for any man. You'd better let him alone, I think; you won't get much out of him. Adieu."

"What queer wild blood there is in these Ravenshoes," said Mackworth to himself, when he was alone. "A younger hand than myself would have been surprised at Cuthbert's kicking after so much schooling. Not I. I shall never quite tame him, though he is broken in enough for all practical purposes. He will be on his knees tomorrow for this. I like to make him kick; I shall do it sometimes for my amusement; he is so much easier managed after one of these tantrums. By Jove! I love the man better every day; he is one after my own heart. As for Charles, I hate him, and yet I like him after a sort. I like to break a pointless lance with that boy, and let him fancy he is my equal. It amuses me.

"I almost fancy that I could have fallen in love with that girl Ellen once. What a wild hawk she is! What a

magnificent move that was of hers, risking a prosecution for felony on one single throw, and winning. How could she have guessed that there was anything there? She couldn't have guessed it. It was an effort of genius. I soon found out that she knew half the truth, but I did not think she knew the whole, till she had found out that I knew it, and made her grand move. Her mother must have told her.

"How nearly that pigheaded fool of a young nobleman has gone to upset my calculations. His namesake the chess-player could not have done more mischief by his talents than his friend has by stupidity. I wish Lord Ascot would get ruined as quickly as possible, and then my friend would be safe out of the way. But he won't."

CHAPTER XII.

CONTAINING A SONG BY CHARLES RAVENSHOE, AND ALSO FATHER TIERNAY'S OPINION ABOUT THE FAMILY.

Charles and the good-natured Father Tiernay wandered out across the old court yard, towards the stables—a pile of buildings in the same style as the house, which lay back towards the hill. The moon was full, although obscured by clouds, and the whole court-yard was bathed in a soft mellow light. They both paused for a moment to look at the fine old building, standing silent for a time; and then Charles startled the contemplative priest by breaking into a harsh scornful laugh, as unlike his own cheery Ha! Ha! as it was possible to be.

"What are you disturbing a gentleman's meditations in that way for?" said the Father. "Is them your Oxford manners? Give me ye'r cigar-case, ye haythen, if ye can't appreciate the beauties of nature and art combined—laughing like that at the cradle of your ancestors too."

Charles gave him the cigar-case, and trolled out in a rich bass voice—

"The old falcon's nest
Was built up on the crest
Of the cliff that hangs over the sea;
And the jackdaws and crows,
As every one knows,
Were confounded respectful to he,
to he—e—e."

"Howld yer impudence, ye young heretic doggrel-writer; can't I see what ye are driving at?"

"But the falcon grew old,
And the nest it grew cold,
And the carrion birds they grew bolder;
So the jackdaws and crows,
Underneath his own nose,
Gave both the young falcons cold shoulder."

"Bedad," said the good-natured Irishman, "some one got hot shoulder to-day. Aren't ye ashamed of yourself, singing such ribaldry, and all the servants hearing ye?"

"Capital song, Father; only one verse more."

"The elder was quelled,
But the younger rebelled;
So he spread his wide wings and fled over the sea.
Said the jackdaws and crows,
'He'll be hanged I suppose,
But what in the deuce does that matter to we?'"

There was something in the wild, bitter tone in which he sang the last verse that made Father Tiernay smoke his cigar in silence as they sauntered across the yard, till Charles began again.

"Not a word of applause for my poor impromptu song? Hang it, I'd have applauded anything you sang."

"Don't be so reckless and bitter, Mr. Ravenshoe," said Tiernay, laying his hand on his shoulder. "I can feel for you, though there is so little in common between us. You might lead a happy, peaceful life if you were to come over to us; which you will do, if I know anything of my trade, in the same day that the sun turns pea-green. *Allons*, as we used to say over the water; let us continue our travels."

"Reckless! I am not reckless. The jolly old world is very wide, and I am young and strong. There will be a wrench when the tooth comes out; but it will soon be over, and the toothache will be cured."

Tiernay remained silent a moment, and then in an absent manner sang this line, in a sweet low voice—

"For the girl of my heart that I'll never see more."

"She must cast in her lot with me. Ay, and she will do it, too. She will follow me to the world's end, sir. Are you a judge of horses? What a question to ask of an Irishman: here are the stables."

The lads were bedding down, and all the great building was alive with the clattering of busy feet and the neighing of horses. The great Ravenshoe Stud was being tucked up for the night; and over that two thousand pounds' worth of horse-flesh at least six thousand pounds' worth of fuss was being made, under the superintendence of the stud groom, Mr. Dickson.

The physical appearance of Mr. Dickson was as though you had taken an aged Newmarket jockey and put a barrel of oysters, barrel and all, inside his waistcoat. His face was thin; his thighs were hollow; calves to his legs he had none. He was all stomach. Many years had elapsed since he had been brought to the verge of dissolution by severe training; and since then all that he had eaten, or drunk, or done, had flown to his stomach, producing a tympanitic action in that organ, astounding to behold. In speech he was, towards his superiors, courteous and polite; towards his equals, dictatorial; towards his subordinates, abusive, not to say blasphemous. To this gentleman Charles addressed himself, inquiring if he had seen William: and he, with a lofty, though courteous, sense of injury, inquired, in a loud tone of voice, of the stable-men generally, if any one had seen Mr. Charles's pad-groom.

In a dead silence which ensued, one of the lads was ill-advised enough to say that he didn't exactly know where he was; which caused Mr. Dickson to remark that, if that was all he had to say, he had better go on with his work, and not make a fool of himself—which the man did, growling out something about always putting his foot in it.

"Your groom comes and goes pretty much as he likes, sir," said Mr. Dickson. "I don't consider him as under my orders. Had he been so, I should have felt it my duty to make complaint on more than one occasion; he is a little too much of the gentleman for *my* stable, sir."

"Of course, my good Dickson," interrupted Charles, "the fact of his being my favourite makes you madly jealous of him: that is not the question now. If you don't know where he is, be so good as to hold your tongue."

Charles was only now and then insolent and abrupt with servants, and they liked him the better for it. It was one of Cuthbert's rules to be coldly, evenly polite, and, as he thought, considerate to the whole household; and yet they hated him, while they adored Charles, who would sometimes, when anything went wrong, "kick up," what an intelligent young Irish footman used to call "the divvle's own shindy." Cuthbert, they knew, had no sympathy for them, but treated them, as he treated himself, as mere machines; while Charles had that infinite capacity of good-will which none are more quick to recognise than servants and labouring people. And on this occasion, though Mr. Dickson might have sworn a little more than usual after Charles's departure, yet his feeling, on the whole, was, that he was sorry for having vexed the young gentleman by sneering at his favourite.

But Charles, having rescued the enraptured Father Tiernay from the stable, and having listened somewhat inattentively to a long description of the Curragh of Kildare, led the worthy priest round the back of the stables, up a short path through the wood, and knocked at the door of a long, low keeper's lodge, which stood within a stone's throw of the other buildings, in an open, grassy glade, through which

flowed a musical, slender stream of water. In one instant, night was hideous with rattling chains and barking dogs, who made as though they would tear the intruders to pieces; all except one foolish pointer pup, who was loose, and who, instead of doing his duty by barking, came feebly up, and cast himself on his back at their feet, as though they were the car of Juggernaut, and he was a candidate for paradise. Finding that he was not destroyed, he made a humiliating feint of being glad to see them, and nearly overthrew the priest by getting between his legs. But Charles, finding that his second summons was unanswered, lifted the latch, and went into the house.

The room they entered was dark, or nearly so, and at the first moment appeared empty; but, at the second glance, they made out that a figure was kneeling before the dying embers of a fire, and trying to kindle a match by blowing on the coals.

"Hullo!" said Charles.

"William, my boy," said a voice which made the priest start, "where have you been, lad?"

At the same moment a match was lit, and then a candle; as the light blazed up, it fell on the features of a grey-headed old man, who was peering through the darkness at them, and the priest cried, "Good God! Mr. Ravenshoe!"

The likeness for one moment was very extraordinary; but, as the eye grew accustomed to the light, one saw that the face was the face of a taller man than Densil, and one, too, who wore the dress of a gamekeeper. Charles laughed at the priest, and said—

"You were struck, as many have been, by the likeness. He has been so long with my father that he has the very trick of his voice, and the look of the eye. Where have you been to-night, James?" he added, affectionately. "Why do you go out so late alone? If any of those mining rascals were to be round poaching, you might be killed."

"I can take care of myself yet, Master Charles," said the old man, laughing; and, to do him justice, he certainly looked as if he could.

"Where is Nora?"

"Gone down to young James Holby's wife; she is lying-in."

"Pretty early, too. Where's Ellen?"

"Gone up to the house."

"See, Father, I shall be disappointed in showing you the belle of Ravenshoe; and now you will go back to Ireland, fancying you can compete with us."

Father Tiernay was beginning a story about five Miss Moriartys, who were supposed to rival in charms and accomplishments any five young ladies in the world, when his eye was attracted by a stuffed hare in a glass case, of unusual size, and very dark colour.

"That, sir," said James, the keeper, in a bland, polite, explanatory tone of voice, coming and leaning over him, "is old Mrs. Jewel, that lived in the last cottage on the right hand side, under the cliff. I always thought it had been Mrs. Simpson, but it was not. I shot this hare on the Monday, not three hundred yards from Mrs. Jewel's house; and on the Wednesday the neighbours noticed the shutters hadn't been down for two days, and broke the door open; and there she was, sure enough, dead in her bed. I had shot her as she was coming home from some of her devilries. A quiet old soul she was, though. No, I never thought it had been she."

It would be totally impossible to describe the changes through which the broad, sunny face of father Tiernay went, during the above astounding narration; horror, astonishment, inquiry, and humour were so strangely blended. He looked in the face of the old gamekeeper, and met the expression of a man who had mentioned an interesting fact, and had contributed to the scientific experience of the listener. He looked at Charles, and met no expression whatever; but the latter said—

"Our witches in these parts, Father, take the form of some inferior animal when attending their Sabbath or general meetings, which I believe are pre-

sided over by an undoubted gentleman, who is not generally named in polite society. In this case, the old woman was caught sneaking home under the form of a hare, and promptly rolled over by James; and here she is."

Father Tiernay said, "Oh, indeed!" but looked as if he thought the more.

"And there's another of them out now, sir," said the keeper; "and, Master Charles dear, if you're going to take the greyhounds out to-morrow, do have a turn at that big black hare under Birch Tor—"

"A black hare!" said Father Tiernay, aghast.

"Nearly coal-black, your reverence," said James. "She's a witch, your reverence, and who she is the blessed saints only know. I've seen her three or four times. If the master was on terms with Squire Netley, we might have the harriers over and run her down. But that can't be, in course. If you take Blue-ruin and Lightning out to-morrow, Master Charles, and turn her out of the brambles under the rocks, and leave the Master and Miss Mary against the corner of the stone wall to turn her down the gully, you must have her."

The look of astonishment had gradually faded from Father Tiernay's face. It is said that one of the great elements of power in the Roman Catholic priesthood is that they can lend themselves to any little bit of—well, of mild deception—which happens to be going. Father Tiernay was up to the situation. He looked from the keeper to Charles with a bland and stolid expression of face, and said—

"If she is a witch, mark my words, the dogs will never touch her. The way would be to bite up a crooked sixpence and fire at her with that. I shall be there to see the sport. I never hunted a witch yet."

"Has your reverence ever seen a white polecat?" said the keeper.

"No, never," said the priest; "I have heard of them, though. My friend, Mr. Moriarty, of Castledown (not Mountdown Castle, ye understand; that is the sate of my lord Mountdown, whose blessed mother was a Moriarty, the heavens be her bed!) claimed to have seen one; but, bedad, no one else ever saw it, and he said it turned brown again as the season came round. May the—may the saints have me sowl, if I believe a word of it."

"*I* have one, your reverence; and it is a rarity, I allow. Stoats turn white often in hard winters, but polecats rarely. If your reverence and your honour will excuse me a moment, I will fetch it. It was shot by my Lord Welter when he was staying here last winter. A fine shot is my lord, your reverence, for so young a man."

He left the room, and the priest and Charles were left alone together.

"Does he believe all this rubbish about witches?" said Father Tiernay.

"As firmly as you do the liquefaction of the blood of—"

"There, there; we don't want all that. Do you believe in it?"

"Of course I don't," said Charles; "but why should I tell him so?"

"Why do you lend yourself to such a humbug?"

"Why did you?"

"Begorra, I don't know. I am always lending. I lent a low-browed, hang-jawed spalpeen of a Belgian priest two pound the other day, and sorra a halfpenny of it will me mother's son ever see again. Hark!"

There were voices approaching the lodge—the voices of two uneducated persons quarrelling; one that of a man, and the other of a woman. They both made so much out in a moment. Charles recognised the voices, and would have distracted the priest's attention, and given those without warning that there were strangers within; but, in his anxiety to catch what was said, he was not ready enough, and they both heard this.

The man's voice said fiercely, "You did."

The woman's voice said, after a wild sob, "I did not."

"You did. I saw you. You are a liar as well as—"

"I swear I didn't. Strike me dead, Bill, if there's been anything wrong."

"No. If I thought there had, I'd cut his throat first and yours after."

"If it had been *him*, Bill, you wouldn't have used me like this."

"Never you mind that."

"You want to drive me mad. You do. You hate me. Master Charles hates me. Oh, I wish I was mad."

"I'd sooner see you chained by the waist in the straw, than see what I saw to-night." Then followed an oath.

The door was rudely opened, and there entered first of all our old friend, Charles's groom, William, who seemed beside himself with passion, and after him a figure which struck the good Irishman dumb with amazement and admiration—a girl as beautiful as the summer morning, with her bright brown hair tangled over her forehead, and an expression of wild terror and wrath on her face, such as one may conceive the old sculptor wished to express, when he tried, and failed, to carve the face of the Gorgon.

She glared on them both in her magnificent beauty only one moment. Yet that look, as of a lost soul out of another world, mad, hopeless, defiant, has never past from the memory of either of them.

She was gone, in an instant, into an inner room, and William was standing looking savagely at the priest. In another moment his eyes had wandered to Charles, and then his face grew smooth and quiet, and he said,—

"We've been a-quarrelling, sir; don't you and this good gentleman say anything about it. Master Charles, dear, she drives me mad sometimes. Things ain't going right with her."

Charles and the priest walked thoughtfully home together.

"Allow me to say, Ravenshoe," said the priest, "that, as an Irishman, I consider myself a judge of remarkable establishments. I must say honestly that I have seldom or never met with a great house with so many queer elements about it as yours. You are all remarkable people. And, on my honour, I think that our friend Mackworth is the most remarkable man of the lot.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACK HARE.

It was a glorious breezy November morning; the sturdy oaks alone held on to the last brown remnants of their summer finery; all the rest of the trees in the vast sheets of wood which clothed the lower parts of the downs overhanging Ravenshoe, had changed the bright colours of autumn for the duller, but not less beautiful, browns and purples of winter. Below, in the park, the deer were feeding among the yellow furze brakes, and the rabbits were basking and hopping in the narrow patches of slanting sun-light, which streamed through the leafless trees. Aloft, on the hill, the valiant blackcock led out his wives and family from the whortle-grown rocks, to flaunt his plumage in the warmest corner beneath the Tor.

And the Tors, too! How they hung aloft above the brown heather, which was relieved here and there by patches of dead, brown, king-fern! hung aloft like brilliant, clearly defined crystals, with such mighty breadths of light and shadow as Sir Charles Barry never could accomplish, though he had Westminster Abbey to look at every day.

Up past a narrow sheep path, where the short grass faded on the one side into feathery broom, and on the other into brown heather and grey stone, under the shadow of the Tor which lay nearest to Ravenshoe, and overhung those dark woods in which we saw Densil just now walking with his old hound, there was grouped, on the morning after the day of Charles's arrival, a happy party, every one of whom is already known to the reader. Of which circumstance I, the writer, am most especially glad. For I am already as tired of introducing new people to you as my lord chamberlain must be of presenting strangers to Her Majesty at a levée.

Densil first, on a grey cob, looking very old and feeble, straining his eyes up the glen whither Charles, and James, the old keeper, had gone with the greyhounds. At his rein stood William, whom we knew at Oxford. Beside the old man sat Mary on her pony, looking so riant and pleasant, that, even if there had been no glorious autumn sun overhead, one glance at her happy face would have lighted up the dullest landscape in Lancashire. Last, not least, the good Father Tiernay, who sat on his horse, hatless, radiant, scratching his tonsure.

"And so you're determined to back the blue dog, Miss Mary?" said he.

"I have already betted a pair of gloves with Charles, Mr. Tiernay," said Mary, "and I will be rash enough to do so with you. Ruin is the quickest striker we have ever bred."

"I know it; they all say so," said the priest; "but come, I must have a bet on the course. I will back Lightning."

"Lightning is the quicker dog," said Densil; "but Ruin! you will see him lie behind the other dog all the run, and strike the hare at last. Father Mackworth, a good judge of a dog, always backs him against the kennel."

"Where is Father Mackworth?"

"I don't know," said Densil. "I am surprised he is not with us; he is very fond of coursing."

"His reverence, sir," said William, "started up the moor about an hour ago. I saw him going."

"Where was he going to?"

"I can't say, sir. He took just over past the rocks on the opposite side of the bottom from Mr. Charles."

"I wonder," said Father Tiernay, "whether James will find his friend, the witch, this morning."

"Ah," said Densil, "he was telling me about that. I am sure I hope not."

Father Tiernay was going to laugh, but didn't.

"Do you believe in witches, then, Mr. Ravenshoe?"

"Why, no," said Densil, stroking his chin thoughtfully, "I suppose not. It don't seem to me now, as an old man, a more absurd belief than this new electro-biology and table-turning. Charles tells me that they use magic crystals at Oxford, and even claim to have raised the devil himself in Merton; which, for the Exhibition year, seems rather like reverting to first principles. But I am not sure I believe in any of it. I only know that, if any poor old woman has sold herself to Satan, and taken it into her head to transform herself into a black hare, my greyhounds won't light upon her. She must have made such a deuced hard bargain that I shouldn't like to cheat her out of any of the small space left her between this and, and,—thingamy."

William, as a privileged servant, took the liberty of remarking that old Mrs. Jewel didn't seem to have been anything like a match for Satan in the way of a bargain, for she had had hard times of it seven years before she died. From which—

Father Tiernay deduced the moral lesson, that that sort of thing didn't pay; and—

Mary said she didn't believe a word of such rubbish, for old Mrs. Jewel was as nice an old body as ever was seen, and had worked hard for her living, until her strength failed, and her son went down in one of the herring-boats.

Densil said that his little bird was too positive. There was the Witch of Endor, for instance—

Father Tiernay, who had been straining his eyes and attention at the movements of Charles and the greyhounds, and had only caught the last word, said with remarkable emphasis and distinctness,—

"A broomstick of the Witch of Endor,
Well shod wi' brass,"

and then looked at Densil as though he had helped him out of a difficulty, and wanted to be thanked. Densil continued without noticing him,—

"There was the Witch of Endor. And 'thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.' If there weren't such things as

witches, you know, St. Paul wouldn't have said that."

"I don't think it was St. Paul, papa, was it?" said Mary.

"It was one of them, my love; and. for that matter, I consider St. Peter quite as good as St. Paul, if not better. St. Peter was always in trouble, I know; but he was the only one who struck a blow for the good cause, all honour to him. Let me see; he married St. Veronica, didn't he?"

"Marry St. Veronica, virgin and martyr!" said the priest, aghast. "My good sir, you are really talking at random."

"Ah, well, I may be wrong; she was virgin, but she was no martyr."

"St. Veronica," said Father Tiernay, dogmatically, and somewhat sulkily, "was martyred under Tiberius; no less than that."

"I bet you what you like of it," cried Densil, "she died——"

But what was Densil's opinion about the last days of St. Veronica will for ever remain a mystery; for at this moment there came a "See, ho!" from Charles; in the next a noble hare had burst from a tangled mass of brambles at his feet; in another the two dogs were on her haunches, and Charles, carrying two little flags furled in his hand, had dashed at the rough rocks on the bottom of the valley, had brought his horse on his nose, recovered him, and was half way up the hill after the flying greyhounds.

It was but a short course. Puss raced for some broken ground under the hill, opposite to where our party stood. She was too close pressed, and doubled back for the open, but, meeting James, turned as a last desperate chance back to her first point. Too late; the dogs were upon her. There was a short scuffle, and then Charles, rising in his saddle, unfurled his blue flag, and waved it.

"Hurrah!" cried Mary, clapping her hands, "two pairs of gloves this morning; where will he try now, I wonder? Here comes James; let us ask him."

James approached them with the dead hare, and Densil asked where he was going to try. He said, just where they were.

Densil asked, had he seen Father Mackworth? and he was in the act of saying that he was gone over the down, when a shout from Charles, and a still louder one from James, made them all start. A large *black hare* had burst from the thorns at Charles's feet, and was bowling down the glen straight towards them, with the dogs close behind her.

"The witch," shouted James, "the witch! we shall know who she is now."

It seemed very likely indeed. Densil broke away from William, and, spurring his pony down the sheep-path at the risk of his neck, made for the entrance to the wood. The hare, one of such dark colour that she looked almost black, scudded along in a parallel direction, and dashed into the grass ride just in front of Densil; they saw her flying down it, just under the dogs' noses, and then they saw her dash into a cross ride, one of the dogs making a strike at her as she did so; then hare and greyhounds disappeared round the corner.

"She's dead, sir, confound her! we shall have her now, the witch!"

They all came round the corner pell-mell. Here stood the dogs, panting and looking foolishly about them, while, in front of them, a few yards distant, stood Father Mackworth, looking disturbed and flushed, as though he had been running.

Old James stared aghast; William gave a long whistle; Mary, for a moment, was actually terrified. Densil looked puzzled, Charles amused; while Father Tiernay made the forest ring with peal after peal of uproarious laughter.

"I am afraid I have spoilt sport, Mr. Ravenshoe," said Mackworth, coming forward; "the hare ran almost against my legs, and doubled into the copse, puzzling the dogs. They seemed almost inclined to revenge themselves on me for a moment."

"Ha, ha!" cried the jolly priest, not noticing, as Charles did, how confused the priest was. "So we've caught you

sneaking home from your appointment with your dear friend."

"What do you mean, sir, by appointment? You are overstepping the bounds of decorum, sir. Mr. Ravenshoe, I beg you to forgive me for inadvertently spoiling your sport."

"Not at all, my dear Father," said Densil, thinking it best, from the scared look of old James, to enter into no further explanations; "we have killed one hare, and now I think it is time to come home to lunch."

"Don't eat it all before I come; I must run up to the Tor; I have dropped my whip there," said Charles. "James, ride my horse home; you look tired. I shall be there on foot in half the time."

He had cast the reins to James, and was gone, and they all turned homewards together.

Charles, fleet of foot, was up on the Tor in a few minutes, and had picked up his missing property; then he sat him down on a stone, thinking.

"There is something confoundedly wrong somewhere, and I should like to find out what it is. What had that Jack priest been up to, that made him look so queer? And, also, what was the matter betwen Ellen and William last night? Whom has she been going on with? I will go down. I wish I could find some trace of him. One thing I know, and one thing only, that he hates me worse than poison; and that his is not likely to be a passive hatred."

The wood into which Charles descended was of very large extent, and composed of the densest copse, intersected by long, straight grass rides. The day had turned dark and chilly; and a low moaning wind began to sweep through the bare boughs, rendering still more dismal the prospect of the long-drawn vistas of damp grass and rotting leaves.

He passed musing on from one walk to another, and, in one of them, came in sight of a low, white building, partly ruinous, which had been built in the deepest recesses of the wood for a summer house. Years ago Cuthbert and Charles used to come and play there on happy summer holidays — play at being Robinson Crusoe and what not; but there had been a fight with the poachers there, and one of their young men had been kicked in the head by one of the gang, and rendered idiotic; and Charles had seen the blood on the grass next morning; and so they voted it a dismal place, and never went near it again. Since then it had been taken possession of by the pheasants to dust themselves in. Altogether it was a solitary, ghostly sort of place; and, therefore, Charles was considerably startled, on looking in at the low door, to see a female figure, sitting unmoveable in the darkest corner.

It was not a ghost, for it spoke. It said, "Are you come back to upbraid me again? I know my power, and you shall never have it." And Charles said, "Ellen!"

She looked up, and began to cry. At first a low, moaning cry, and afterwards a wild passionate burst of grief!

He drew her towards him, and tried to quiet her, but she drew away. "Not to-day," she cried, "not to-day."

"What is the matter, pretty one? What is the matter, sister?" said Charles.

"Call me sister again," she said, looking up. "I like that name. Kiss me, and call me sister, just for once."

"Sister dear," said Charles kindly, kissing her on the forehead, "What is the matter?"

"I have had a disagreement with Father Mackworth, and he has called me names. He found me here walking with Master Cuthbert."

"With Cuthbert?"

"Ay, why not? I might walk with you or him any time, and no harm. I must go."

"Before Charles had time to say one word of kindness, or consolation, or wonder, she had drawn him towards her, given him a kiss, and was gone down the ride towards the house. He saw her dress flutter round the last corner, and she disappeared.

To be continued.

TO NOVELISTS—AND A NOVELIST.

"To justify the ways of God to men."
Milton.

The history of a human life is a strange thing. It is also a somewhat serious thing—to the individual: who often feels himself, or appears to others, not unlike the elder-pith figure of an electrical experimentor—vibrating ridiculously and helplessly between influences alike invisible and incomprehensible. What *is* Life—and what is the heart of its mystery? We know not; and through Death only can we learn. Nevertheless, nothing but the blindest obtuseness of bigotry, the maddest indifference of epicureanism—two states not so opposite as they at first seem—can stifle those

"Obstinate questionings
Of sense and onward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized."

And continually in our passage through these "worlds not realized"—either the world of passion, or intellect, or beauty—do we lift up our heads from the chaos, straining our eyes to discern, if possible, where we are, why we are there, what we are doing, or what is being done with us, and by whom. Then if we think we have caught even the fag end of a truth or a belief, how eagerly do we sit down and write about it, or mount pulpits and preach about it, or get on a platform and harangue about it! We feel so sure that we have something to say; something which it must benefit the world to hear. Harmless delusion! Yet not ignoble, for it is a form of that eternal aspiration after perfect good, without which the whole fabric of existence, mortal and immortal, natural and supernatural, slides from us, and there remains nothing worth living for, nothing worth dying for; since the smallest animalcule in a drop of water—the meanest created organism which boasts the principle of life—is as noble a being as we.

Now there is something in us which *will not* "say Amen to that." We will not die—and die for ever: we will not while any good remains in us, cease to believe in a God, who is all we know or can conceive of goodness made perfect. As utterly as we refuse to regard Him as a mere Spirit of Nature, unto whom our individuality is indifferent and unknown, do we refuse to see in Him a Being omniscient as omnipotent, who puts us into this awful world without our volition, leaves us to struggle through it as we can, and, if we fail, finally to drop out of it into hell-fire or annihilation. Is it blasphemy to assert that, on such a scheme of existence, the latter only could be consistent with His deity?

No, human as we are, we must have something divine to aspire to. It is curious to trace this instinct through all the clouded wisdoms of the wise; how the materialist, who conscientiously believes that he believes in nothing, will on parting bid you "good bye and God bless you!" as if there were really a God to bless, that He could bless, and that He would take the trouble to bless *you*. Stand with the most confirmed infidel by the coffin of one he loved, or any coffin, and you will hear him sigh that he would give his whole mortal life, with all its delights, and powers, and possibilities, if he could only see clearly some hope of attaining the life immortal.

What do these facts imply? That the instinct which prompts us to seek in every way to unriddle the riddle of life, or as Milton puts it,

"To justify the ways of God to men,"

is as irrepressible as universal. It is at the root of all the creeds and all the

philosophies, of the solid literature which discourses on life, and the imaginative literature which attempts to pourtray it.

It were idle to reason how the thing has come about; but, undeniably, the modern novel is one of the most important moral agents of the community. The essayist may write for his hundreds; the preacher preach to his thousands; but the novelist counts his audience by millions. His power is threefold—over heart, reason, and fancy. The orator we hear eagerly, but as his voice fades from us its lessons depart: the moral philosopher we read and digest, by degrees, in a serious, ponderous way: but the really good writer of fiction takes us altogether by storm. Young and old, grave and gay, learned or imaginative, who of us is safe from his influence? He creeps innocently on our family-table in the shapes of those three well-thumbed library volumes—sits for days after, invisibly at our fireside, a provocative of incessant discussion: slowly but surely, either by admiration or aversion, his opinions, ideas, feelings, impress themselves upon us, which impression remains long after we have come to that age, if we ever reach it, which all good angels forbid! when we "don't read novels."

The amount of new thoughts scattered broadcast over society within one month of the appearance of a really popular novel, the innumerable discussions it creates, and the general influence which it exercises in the public mind, form one of the most remarkable facts of our day. For the novelist has ceased to be a mere story-teller or romancist. He—we use the superior pronoun in a general sense, even as an author should be dealt with as a neutral being, to be judged solely by "its" work,—he buckles to his task in solemn earnest. For what is it to "write a novel?" Something which the multitude of young contributors to magazines, or young people who happen to have nothing to do but weave stories, little dream of. If they did, how they would shrink from the awfulness of what they have taken into their innocent, foolish hands; even a piece out of the tremendous web of human life, so wonderful in its pattern, so mysterious in its convolutions, and of which—most solemn thought of all—warp, woof and loom, are in the hands of the Maker of the universe alone.

Yet this the true novel-writer essays to do; and he has a right to do it. He is justified in weaving his imaginary web side by side with that which he sees perpetually and invisibly woven around him, of which he has deeply studied the apparent plan, so as to see the under threads that guide the pattern, keener perhaps than other men. He has learned to deduce motives from actions, and to evolve actions from motives: he has seen that from certain characters (and in a less degree certain circumstances) such and such results, which appear accidental, become in reality as inevitable as the laws which govern the world. Laws physical and moral, with which no *Deus ex machinâ* can interfere, else the whole working of the universe would be disturbed.

Enough has been said, we trust, to indicate the serious position held by what used to be thought "a mere writer of fiction." Fiction forsooth! It is at the core of all the truths of this world; for it is the truth of life itself. He who dares to reproduce it is a Prometheus who has stolen celestial fire: let him beware that he uses it for the benefit of his fellow-mortals. Otherwise one can imagine no vulture fiercer than the remorse which would gnaw the heart of such a writer, on the clear-visioned mountain-top of life's ending, if he began to suspect he had written a book which would live after him to the irremediable injury of the world.

We do not refer to impure or immoral books. There can be but one opinion concerning *them*—away with them to the Gehenna from which they come. We speak of those works, blameless in plan and execution, yet which fall short—as great works only can—of the highest ideal: the moral ideal, for which, beyond any intellectual perfection, a great author ought to strive. For he is not like other men, or other writers.

His very power makes him the more dangerous. His uncertainties, however small, shake to their ruin hundreds of lesser minds, and

> "When he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
> "Never to rise again."

If a mountebank at a fair mouths his antics of folly or foulness, we laugh, or pass by—he is but a mountebank: he can do little harm: but when a hierophant connives at a false miracle, or an eloquent, sincere apostle goes about preaching a bewildering lie, we shrink, we grieve, we tremble. By and by, we take courage openly to denounce, not the teacher but the teaching. "You are an earnest man—doubtless, a true man—but your doctrine is not true. We, who cannot speak, but only feel—we *feel* that it is not true. You are treading dangerous ground. You have raised a ghost you cannot lay, you have thrown down a city which you cannot rebuild. You are the very Prometheus, carrying the stolen fire. See that it does not slip from your unwary hands, and go blasting and devastating the world."

Thoughts somewhat like these must have passed through the mind of many a reader of a novel, the readers of which have been millions. Probably the whole history of fiction does not present an instance of two such remarkable books following one another within so short a time as "Adam Bede," and "The Mill on the Floss." All the world has read them; and though some may prefer one, and some the other, and, in a moral point of view, some may admire and some condemn—all the world grants their wonderful intellectual power, and is so familiar with the details of them that literary analysis becomes unnecessary.

Nor do we desire to attempt it. The question which these books, and especially the latter, have suggested, is quite a different thing. It is a question with which literary merit has nothing to do. Nor, in one sense, literary morality,—the external morality which, thank heaven, our modern reading public both expects and exacts, and here undoubtedly finds. Ours is more an appeal than a criticism—an appeal which any one of an audience has a right to make, if he thinks he sees what the speaker, in the midst of all his eloquence, does not see—

> "The little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
> "That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all."

Of "The Mill on the Floss," in a literary point of view, there can be but one opinion—that, as a work of art, it is as perfect as the novel can well be made: superior even to "Adam Bede." For the impression it gives of *power*, evenly cultivated and clear sighted,—the power of creation, amalgamating real materials into a foreplanned ideal scheme; the power of selection, able to distinguish at once the fit and the unfit, choosing the one and rejecting the other, so as to make every part not only complete as to itself, but as to its relation with a well-balanced whole—the "Mill on the Floss" is one of the finest imaginative works in our language. In its diction, too: how magnificently rolls on that noble Saxon English—terse and clear, yet infinitely harmonious, keeping in its most simple common-place flow a certain majesty and solemnity which reminds one involuntarily of the deep waters of the Floss. The fatal Floss, which runs through the whole story like a Greek fate or a Gothic destiny—ay, from the very second chapter, when

> "Maggie, Maggie," continued the mother, in a tone of half-coaxing fretfulness, as this small mistake of nature entered the room, "where's the use o' my telling you to keep away from the water? You'll tumble in and be drownded some day, an' then you'll be sorry you didn't do as mother told you."

This is a mere chance specimen of the care over small things—the exquisite polish of each part, that yet never interferes with the breadth of the whole—which marks this writer as one of the truest *artists*, in the highest sense, of our or any other age.

Another impression made strongly by the first work of "George Eliot," and repeated by "his" (we prefer to respect the pseudonym) second, is the earnestness, sincerity, and heart-nobility of the author. Though few books are freer from that morbid intrusion of self in which many writers of fiction indulge, no one can lay down "The Mill on the Floss" without a feeling of having held commune with a mind of rare individuality, with a judgment active and clear, and with a moral nature, conscientious, generous, religious, and pure. It is to this moral nature, this noblest half of all literary perfectness, in our author, as in all other authors, that we now make appeal.

"George Eliot," or any other conscientious novelist, needs not to be told that he who appropriates this strange phantasmagoria of human life, to repaint and re-arrange by the light of his own imagination, takes materials not his own, nor yet his reader's. He deals with mysteries which, in their entirety, belong alone to the Maker of the universe. By the force of his intellect, the quick sympathies of his heart, he may pierce into them a little way—farther, perhaps, than most people—but at best only a little way. He will be continually stopped by things he cannot understand—matters too hard for him, which make him feel, the more deeply and humbly as he grows more wise, how we are, at best,

"Like infants crying in the dark,
"And with no language but a cry."

If by his dimly-beheld, one-sided, fragmentary representations, which mimic untruly the great picture of life, this cry, either in his own voice, or in the involuntary utterance of his readers, rises into an accusation against God, how awful is his responsibility, how tremendous the evil that he may originate!

We doubt not, the author of the "Mill on the Floss" would shudder at the suspicion of this sort of involuntary blasphemy, and yet such is the tendency of the book and its story.

A very simple story. A girl of remarkable gifts—mentally, physically, and morally; born, like thousands more, of parents far inferior to herself—struggles through a repressed childhood, a hopeless youth: brought suddenly out of this darkness into the glow of a first passion for a man who, ignoble as he may be, is passionately in earnest with regard to her: she is tempted to treachery, and sinks into a great error, her extrication out of which, without involving certain misery and certain wrong to most or all around her, is simply an impossibility. The author cuts the Gordian knot by creating a flood on the Floss, which wafts this poor child out of her troubles and difficulties into the other world.

Artistically speaking, this end is very fine. Towards it the tale has gradually climaxed. From such a childhood as that of *Tom* and *Maggie Tulliver*, nothing could have come but the youth *Tom* and the girl *Maggie*, as we find them throughout that marvellous third volume: changed indeed, but still keeping the childish images of little *Tom* and little *Maggie*, of Dorlcote Mill. Ay, even to the hour, when with that sense of the terrible exalted into the sublime, which only genius can make us feel—we see them go down to the deeps of the Floss "in an embrace never to be parted: "living through again, in one supreme "moment, the days when they had "clasped their little hands in love, and "roamed through the daisied fields to-"gether."

So far as exquisite literary skill, informed and vivified by the highest order of imaginative power, can go, this story is perfect. But take it from another point of view. Ask, what good will it do?—whether it will lighten any burdened heart, help any perplexed spirit, comfort the sorrowful, succour the tempted, or bring back the erring into the way of peace; and what is the answer? Silence.

Let us reconsider the story, not artistically, but morally.

Here is a human being, placed during her whole brief life—her hapless nineteen years—under circumstances the

hardest and most fatal that could befal one of her temperament. She has all the involuntary egotism and selfishness of a nature that, while eagerly craving for love, loves ardently and imaginatively rather than devotedly; and the only love that might have at once humbled and raised her, by showing her how far nobler it was than her own—Philip's—is taken from her in early girlhood. Her instincts of right, true as they are, have never risen into principles; her temptations to vanity, and many other faults, are wild and fierce; yet no human help ever comes near her to strengthen the one or subdue the other. This *may* be true to nature, and yet we think it is not. Few of us, calmly reviewing our past, can feel that we have ever been left so long and so utterly without either outward aid, or the inner voice—never silent in a heart like poor *Maggie's*. It is, in any case, a perilous doctrine to preach—the doctrine of overpowering circumstances.

Again, notwithstanding the author's evident yearning over *Maggie*, and disdain for *Tom*, we cannot but feel that if people are to be judged by the only fair human judgment, of how far they act up to what they believe in, *Tom*, so far as his light goes, is a finer character than his sister. He alone has the self-denial to do what he does not like, for the sake of doing right; he alone has the self-command to smother his hopeless love, and live on, a brave, hard-working life; he, except in his injustice to poor *Maggie*, has at least the merit of having made no one else miserable. Perfectly true is what he says, though he says it in a Pharisaical way, "Yes, *I* "have had feelings to struggle with, but "I conquered them. I have had a "harder life than you have had, but "I have found *my* comfort in doing my "duty." Nay, though perhaps scarcely intended, Bob Jakin's picture of the solitary lad, "as close as an iron biler," who "sits by himself so glumpish, a-"knittin' his brow, an' a-lookin' at the "fire of a night," is in its way as pathetic as *Maggie's* helpless cry to Dr. Kenn, at the bazaar, "O, I must go."

In the whole history of this fascinating *Maggie* there is a picturesque piteousness which somehow confuses one's sense of right and wrong. Yet what—we cannot help asking—what is to become of the hundreds of clever girls, born of uncongenial parents, hemmed in with unsympathising kindred of the Dodson sort, blest with no lover on whom to bestow their strong affections, no friend to whom to cling for guidance and support? They must fight their way, heaven help them! alone and unaided, through cloud and darkness, to the light. And, thank heaven, hundreds of them do, and live to hold out a helping hand afterwards to thousands more. "The "middle-aged" (says "George Eliot," in this very book), "who have lived "through their strongest emotions, but "are yet in the time when memory is "still half-passionate and not merely "contemplative, should surely be a sort "of natural priesthood, whom life has "disciplined and consecrated to be the "refuge and rescue of early stumblers "and victims of self-despair."

Will it help these—such a picture as *Maggie*, who, with all her high aspirations and generous qualities, is, throughout her poor young life, a stay and comfort to no human being, but, on the contrary, a source of grief and injury to every one connected with her? If we are to judge character by results—not by grand imperfect essays, but by humbler fulfilments—of how much more use in the world were even fond, shallow *Lucy*, and narrow-minded *Tom*, than this poor *Maggie*, who seems only just to have caught hold of the true meaning and beauty of existence in that last pathetic prayer, "If my life is to be long, let me live to bless and comfort," when she is swept away out of our sight and love for ever.

True this is, as we have said, a magnificent ending for the book; but is it for the life—the one human life which this author has created so vividly and powerfully, that we argue concerning it as if we had actually known it? Will it influence for good any other real lives—this passionately written presentment

of temptation never conquered, or just so far that we see its worst struggle as but beginning; of sorrows which teach nothing, or teach only bitterness; of love in its most delicious, most deadly phase; love blind, selfish, paramount, seeing no future but possession, and, that hope gone, no alternative but death—death, welcomed as the solution of all difficulties, the escape from all pain?

Is this right? Is it a creed worthy of an author who has pre-eminently what all novelists should have, "the brain of a man and the heart of a woman," united with what we may call a sexless intelligence, clear and calm, able to observe, and reason, and guide mortal passions, as those may, who have come out of the turmoil of the flesh into the region of ministering spirits, "αγγελοι," messengers between God and man? What if the messenger testify falsely? What if the celestial trumpet give forth an uncertain sound?

Yet let us be just. There are those who argue that this—perhaps the finest ending, artistically, of any modern novel, is equally fine in a moral sense: that the death of *Maggie* and *Tom* is a glorious Euthanasia, showing that when even at the eleventh hour, temptation is conquered, error atoned, and love reconciled, the life is complete: its lesson has been learnt, its work done; there is nothing more needed but the *vade in pacem* to an immediate heaven. This, if the author so meant it, was an idea grand, noble, Christian: as Christian (be it said with reverence) as the doctrine preached by the Divine Pardoner of all sinners to the sinner beside whom He died—"To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." But the conception ought to have been worked out so plainly that no reader could mistake it. We should not have been left to feel, as we do feel, undecided whether this death was a translation or an escape: whether if they had not died, *Maggie* would not have been again the same *Maggie*, always sinning and always repenting; and *Tom* the same *Tom*, hard and narrow-minded, though the least ray of love and happiness cast over his gloomy life, might have softened and made a thoroughly good man of him. The author ought to have satisfied us entirely as to the radical change in both; else we fall back upon the same dreary creed of overpowering circumstances: of human beings struggling for ever in a great quagmire of unconquerable temptations, inevitable and hopeless woe. A creed more fatal to every noble effort, and brave self-restraint—above all to that humble faith in the superior Will which alone should govern ours—can hardly be conceived. It is true that there occur sometimes in life positions so complex and overwhelming, that plain right and wrong become confused; until the most righteous and religious man is hardly able to judge clearly or act fairly. But to meet such positions is one thing, to *invent* them is another. It becomes a serious question whether any author—who, great as his genius may be, sees no farther than mortal intelligence can—is justified in leading his readers into a labyrinth, the way out of which he does not, first, see clearly himself, and next, is able to make clear to them, so as to leave them mentally and morally at rest, free from all perplexity and uncertainty.

Now, uncertainty is the prevailing impression with which we close "the Mill on the Floss." We are never quite satisfied in our detestation of the *Dodson* family, the more odious because so dreadfully natural that we feel we all are haunted by some of the race, could name them among our own connections, perhaps have even received kindnesses from a *Mrs. Pullet*, a *Mrs. Glegg*, or a *Mrs. Tulliver*. We are vexed with ourselves for being so angry with stern, honest, upright, business-like *Tom*—so contemptuously indifferent to gentle unsuspicious *Lucy*, with her universal kindness, extending from "the more "familiar rodents" to her silly *aunt Tulliver*. We question much whether such a generous girl as *Maggie* would have fallen in love with *Stephen* at all; whether she would not from the first have regarded him simply as her cousin's lover, and if his passion won anything

from her, it would but have been the half-angry half-sorrowful disdain which a high-minded woman could not help feeling towards a man who forgot duty and honour in selfish love, even though the love were for herself. And, last and chief perplexity of all, we feel that, granting the case as our author puts it, the mischief done, the mutual passion mutually confessed, *Stephen's* piteous arguments have some justice on their side. The wrong done to him in *Maggie's* forsaking him was almost as great as the wrong previously done to *Philip* and *Lucy*:—whom no self-sacrifice on her part or *Stephen's* could ever have made happy again.

And, to test the matter, what reader will not confess, with a vague sensation of uneasy surprise, to have taken far less interest in all the good injured personages of the story, than in this mad *Stephen* and treacherous *Maggie*? Who that is capable of understanding—as a thing which has been or is, or may one day be—the master-passion that furnishes the key to so many lives, will not start to find how vividly this book revives it, or wakens it, or places it before him as a future possibility? Who does not think with a horribly delicious feeling, of such a crisis, when right and wrong, bliss and bale, justice and conscience, seem swept from their boundaries, and a whole existence of *Dodsons*, *Lucys*, and *Tom Tullivers*, appears worth nothing compared to the ecstacy of that "one kiss—the last" between *Stephen* and *Maggie* in the lane?

Is this right? The spell once broken—broken with the closing of the book—every high and pure and religious instinct within us answers unhesitatingly—"No."

It is *not* right to paint *Maggie* only as she is in her strong, unsatisfied, erring youth—and leave her there, her doubts unresolved, her passions unregulated, her faults unatoned and unforgiven: to cut her off ignobly and accidentally, leaving two acts, one her recoil of conscience with regard to *Stephen*, and the other her instinctive self-devotion in going to rescue *Tom*, as the sole noble landmarks of a life that had in it every capability for good with which a woman could be blessed. It is *not* right to carry us on through these three marvellous volumes, and leave us at the last standing by the grave of the brother and sister, ready to lift up an accusatory cry, less to a beneficent Deity than to the humanly-invented Arimanes of the universe.—"Why should such things be? Why hast Thou made us thus?"

But it may be urged, that fiction has its counterpart, and worse, in daily truth. How many perplexing histories do we not know of young lives blighted, apparently by no fault of their own; of blameless lives dragged into irresistible temptations; of high natures so meshed in by circumstances that they, as well as we, judging them from without, can hardly distinguish right from wrong, guilt from innocence; of living and loveable beings so broken down by unmerited afflictions, that when at last they come to an end, we look on the poor dead face with a sense of thankfulness that there at least,

> "There is no other thing expressed
> "But long disquiet merged in rest."

All this is most true, *so far as we see.* But we never can see, not even the wisest and greatest of us, anything like *the whole* of even the meanest and briefest human life. We never can know through what fiery trial of temptation, nay, even sin,—for sin itself appears sometimes in the wonderful alchemy of the universe to be used as an agent for good,—a strong soul is being educated into a saintly minister to millions of weaker souls: coming to them with the authority of one whom suffering has taught how to heal suffering; nay, whom the very fact of having sinned once, has made more deeply to pity, so as more easily to rescue sinners. And, lastly, we never can comprehend, unless by experience, that exceeding peace—the "peace which passeth all understanding," which is oftentimes seen in those most heavily and hopelessly afflicted: those who have lost all, and gained their own souls: whereof they possess themselves in

patience: waiting until the "supreme moment" of which our author speaks, but which is to them not an escape from the miseries of this world, but a joyful entrance into the world everlasting.

Ay, thank heaven, though the highest human intellect may fail to hear it, there are millions of human hearts yet living and throbbing, or mouldering quietly into dust, who have felt, all through the turmoil or silence of existence, though lasting for threescore years and ten, a continual still small voice, following them to the end: "Fear not: for I am thy GOD."

Would that in some future book, as powerful as "*The Mill on the Floss*," the author might become a true "Αγγελος," and teach us this!

WORKHOUSE SKETCHES.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

IT is not as to a scene of touching pathos or tragic interest that we invite our readers, in asking them to examine the condition of our Workhouses. There *is* pathos there, and many an unwritten tragedy. Often have we thought, in hearing the tales so simply told from many a bed of suffering, "Talk of 'The Romance of the Peerage!'; 'The Romance of the Workhouse' would offer many a stranger and more harrowing incident." But these interests come later. We crave the reader's attention on this plea only: It is a DUTY laid on us all. In other countries the condition of the destitute poor is mostly determined by government. *Here* the whole community is answerable for their treatment. No system of democratic rule has ever been devised which, so effectually as the New Poor Law, casts the responsibility of action on the whole population, male and even female. What if it should some day be proved that under few despotisms have worse evils flourished?

In the present paper we cannot pretend to make anything like an exhaustive survey of the subject of the Poor Laws generally. We shall merely attempt a brief inquiry into three of the leading branches of workhouse arrangement, and state in conclusion the plans suggested, or in operation, for the removal of the more important evils in these.

We assume that the Poor Laws have a treble aim. 1st. They should repress pauperism, by making the lives of the vicious and idle disgraceful and wearisome. Thus he who is yet outside the workhouse may be spurred to industry and frugality, by knowing that it is no Castle of Indolence, but a stern mill-round of labour, which awaits him if he enter there, and the pauper himself, if redeemable, may be goaded to better habits. 2dly. The Poor Laws should provide for the education of orphan and friendless children in such a manner as should secure them against becoming either criminals or paupers (as their parents commonly have been), and should fit them to earn their bread honestly. 3dly. The Poor Laws should extend to the sick, the aged, the disabled, to all who have no other asylum, and whose present case is helpless and suffering, a shelter which should partake of none of the *penal* elements which belong to the treatment of the idle and vicious pauper.

Such being, it is assumed, the legitimate ends of a Poor Law, it remains to be considered whether on the whole the system commonly adopted effects any of these objects in a reasonably satisfactory degree.

First, then—Is pauperism repressed by our treatment of adult able-bodied paupers, male and female?

A pauper we may define to be "a

person who *can* work, but *will not* work without coercion:" one who might have supported himself independently by his labour, but has been degraded by idleness or vice to fling himself on the community for maintenance. To those who properly belong to this class it is obvious that indulgent treatment is no real charity in the highest sense of the word. A workhouse, where they may gossip and idle, and drone and grumble, is neither a threat nor a correction. On the other hand, the difficulty which already harasses us in our jails—to make confinement therein really penal, while forbearing all cruelty and affording all the means of health—is still more serious in the case of workhouses, where there is no crime to be punished, only the negative fault of idleness to be repressed.

On the whole, perhaps, as regards the *male* able-bodied paupers, the treatment pursued is less injudicious, and its results less unsatisfactory than in any other branch of workhouse discipline. Even here, however, the state of stagnation and hopelessness in which life is passed ought surely to be combated by the introduction of some system of rewards which should afford hope to the meritorious, and some penalties of a negative kind which should make the indolent feel that their position here was worse than that of the industrious. Captain Crofton has suggested that his system of marks, which has been found to work so wonderfully well among the convicts of Ireland, should be tried with some modifications in the workhouses. We should wish to see this subject properly considered.

But, whatever may be our judgment of the treatment of the male able-bodied paupers, very different must be our conclusions as regards the management of *female* adults, for whom it may be truly said that a residence in the workhouse is commonly moral ruin. The last rags and shreds of modesty which the poor creature may have brought in from the outer world are ruthlessly torn away, ere many weeks are past, by the hideous gossip over the degrading labour of oakum-picking, or in the idle lounging about the "women's yard." It is a common assertion that proper separations are made among the women, and the well-conducted freed from the contamination of the degraded. But, except in a few country unions, this rarely holds good, and perhaps could hardly be expected to do so. The case of one girl at this moment in a London workhouse (a case which we are sure might be paralleled in half the unions in England) offers to us a contemplation quite as horrible as if we were accustomed to shut up our destitute children in a fever hospital or a lazar-house. The girl of whom I speak had been decently educated in a district school. Forced to go into the workhouse, and there conducting herself irregularly, she was threatened with some usual penalty. "I shall take my discharge," she answered, "and go out of the house." "But how will you support yourself, my poor girl?" inquired the kindly-disposed master. The answer was horrible enough—she indicated bluntly the sinful "livelihood," whose secret she said she had learned since she came to the workhouse.[1]

Every master and matron could multiply cases like this, and corroborate the assertion that a "girl is ruined if once she passes into the adult ward." In well-ordered houses efforts are always made to save the children by passing them directly from school to service. But what then are the places which we support at public cost, and wherein it is contamination for a girl once to set her foot?

Again, for these miserable fallen women themselves. What are we doing to save *them*, now they have been cast up by the Dead Sea of vice, and left stranded for a time within our reach upon the shore? Here and there a few efforts are made, and warm, kind hands stretched out to draw them up. But usually we leave these most miserable beings unaided in their sin and shame—sin felt now, perhaps for the first time, in all its horror, under that iron monotony of life, and bound to the com-

[1] Workhouse Visiting Journal. No. 11, p. 532.

pany of souls lost like their own. The chaplain of a large union once described to us a scene which has haunted us ever since—a ward full of these "unfortunates," locked up together through the whole blessed summer time, wrangling, cursing, talking of all unholy things, till, mad with sin and despair, they danced, and shouted their hideous songs in such utter shamelessness and fury that none dared to enter their den of agony.

Now for the second object of the Poor Laws—the education of the young. How do we succeed in our proper aim of cutting off the entail of pauperism, and making the child of the drunken father or profligate mother an honest member of society?

It must be admitted that we have great difficulties to contend with in this undertaking; for the poor children are commonly physically burdened with disease inherited from their parents, or acquired in their own neglected infancy. Perhaps it is true that, in the inscrutable mysteries of Providence, there is also a moral proclivity to the coarser vices in such children, while the apparently happier lot of others is to win the heavenly goal through less miry paths of trial. However this may be, it is certain the pauper child requires very especial care. He needs good food and clothing to strengthen and purify his frame from the probable taint of scrofula; and he needs much tenderness and kindness of treatment, to draw out the affections and sentiments which will have to contend with a low organization.

Are these cares for body and mind really taken? Assuredly they are in some unions; and the healthy happy children are the just pride of the benevolent guardians. But all the experience we have been enabled to obtain, after long attention to the subject, and the visitation by ourselves and friends of a vast number of workhouses, leads us to the sad conclusion that these well-managed unions form the exceptions and not the rule. The pauper children in the majority of workhouses are *not* properly cared for. They are poorly fed, considering their constitutional depression, poorly clad, considering their cold abodes, and not only have no proper encouragement given them to the healthy sports of childhood, but are effectually debarred from them. Well can we recall how this fact struck us for the first time on seeing a group of children in a workhouse in the country, turned for our inspection into their "play-ground." Rarely have we beheld so dismal a sight; for the ugly yard miscalled by that pleasant name was three inches deep in coarse gravel, through which walking was difficult, and running impossible, even had not each poor little creature been weighed down like a galley-slave by a pair of iron-shod shoes as heavy as lead. The poor babes stood huddled in a corner, scared and motionless, when bidden by the matron in an unctuous manner to "play as usual, my dears!" We tried to play ourselves, but were utterly foiled by those sad childish looks. Our companion, the wife of the chairman of that union, promised a carriage load of toys next week. May she have remembered that promise to the poor little ones, to whom life had never yet brought such wonders as a ball or a skipping rope! Perhaps it was too late already to teach them what such sports might be.

A number of unions since visited, and many inquiries from experienced persons, have confirmed our impression that, in the usual treatment of children in workhouses, there is terrible disregard of the natural laws of a child's being, and that the consequences are most piteous and fatal. We cannot multiply examples; but the following little sketch given us by a friend, of her impressions of one of the rare gala-days of workhouse children, will sufficiently convey the general results of our investigations:—

"The first time I made acquaintance with the children of C—— Workhouse School, I went with some friends to see them receive presents of toys, sugar-plums, &c., collected for distribution among them by some kind-hearted ladies. We began with the nursery, where the babies and children under three years old are kept. It was a cheerless sight enough,

though the room was large and airy, and clean as whitewash could make it, and the babies—there were about twenty altogether—showed no sign of ill-usage or neglect. Most of them looked healthy and well fed, and all scrupulously neat and tidy.

"But it was the unnatural stillness of the little things that affected me painfully. They sat on benches hardly raised from the floor, except a few who were lying on a bed in a corner of the room. All remained perfectly grave and noiseless, even when the basket of toys was brought in and placed in the midst of the circle. There was no jumping up, no shouting, no eager demand for some particularly noisy or gaudy plaything. They held out their tiny hands, and took them when they were bid, just looked at them listlessly for a minute, and then relapsed into quiet dulness again, equally regardless of the ladies' simulated expressions of delight and surprise made for their imitation, or the good clergyman's exhortation to them 'to be good children, and deserve all the pretty things the kind ladies gave them.' I saw only two children who looked really pleased, and understood how to play with the toys given them; and they, I was told, had only been in the house a few days.

"I went to the bed, where three tiny little things were lying fast asleep; a fourth was sitting up wide awake, looking demurely at the strangers and unwonted display of toys, but not asking for anything. She was a pretty little girl of some two years old, with curly flaxen hair, and soft blue eyes,—a fair delicate little creature, who seemed made to be some fond mother's pet, but with the same languid spiritless look all the other children wore. I lifted her from the bed, and tried hard to bring a brighter expression to the childish face. I gave her one of the gayest toys, but it soon dropped from her passive hand. I showed her my watch; she looked and listened as I bade her, but gave no sign of pleasure. 'Ah,' said the nurse, 'that one's an orphan, and never knowed father or mother. She don't understand being made of or petted.' Poor little friendless one, and must she pass through all her desolate childhood, ignorant of what love or petting means? God help her! It was very pitiful to look at that innocent's face, and to think that it might be no look of love would ever rest on it! As I put her down again on the bed, I kissed her, whispering at the same time some words of baby endearment, and then she nestled a little closer to me, and looked up into my eyes with the first faint glimmer of a smile on her lips, as if my words and looks had roused some answering feeling in her baby heart. I do not think any one could have borne that appealing wistful gaze unmoved. I confess my heart felt very heavy, as I left her to relapse again into that mournful gravity, more touching to see in such young creatures than tears or noisy complaints. I must repeat again that I saw no signs of harshness or unkindness on the part of the two nurses; but they were both old women, one paralytic; and it is naturally their first object to hush their charges into the state of stupid joyless inactivity, which gives them the least fatigue and trouble. 'Goodness' and dull quiet are with them synonymous terms. I remembered the many complaints made to us by mistresses of workhouse girls, 'that those girls never so much as knew how to handle an infant, and could not be trusted for a minute alone with the children;' and I longed to turn some of the elder girls from the school into the nursery, for at least some hours every week, under the charge of some good motherly woman, who would teach them both by precept and example how to manage young children. I am told this plan has been tried in some workhouses and found to succeed. Surely, it would be well to adopt it in all.

"Leaving the nursery, strewed with neglected rattles, rag-dolls, &c., we passed on to the large school-room, where all the children, girls, boys, and infants, were to be regaled with tea and plum-cake. The room was, like the other, spotlessly clean and tidy, as were also the children, who stood in long hushed rows before the tables, waiting to sing their grace before they began. The children of the infant school were as still and solemn as the babies; not a smile among them. A little fellow, half hidden by a huge round plum-cake, which stood on the table before him, attracted my attention by his woe-begone face, and piteous efforts to repress an occasional sob. He was one of the healthiest-looking of all the children there, with a brown rosy face, sturdy brown legs, and fat, dimpled arms—a great contrast to some of his poor, pallid, stunted companions. I lingered behind the rest of the party to ask what ailed him. The sobs came louder as he faltered out 'Mammy!' I enlarged on the glories of the coming Christmas tree, hoping to direct his mind from his grief for a little; but my eloquence was quite wasted; he only looked up and wailed out, 'Mammy! mammy!' The sugar-plum I gave him was disdainfully thrown on the floor, as he begged, in passionate, broken accents, to be taken to 'mammy.' I was quite at a loss; but the mistress came up to us, and quieted him with the often repeated and often broken promise that, if Jemmy would be a good boy and leave off crying, she would take him very soon to see his mammy. The poor little fellow manfully choked down his sobs, and sat with eager black eyes fixed on the mistress, evidently trying hard to show her how good he was, in hopes of earning the promised reward.

"In answer to my questions, the mistress told me that Jemmy had only been in the house two days. He was brought in with his mother, a respectable woman from the country, who had been forced by adverse circumstances to seek shelter in the workhouse. She further said it was hard work getting mother and

child apart. 'He was her only one, and they had never been separated for so much as a day before, and, though he was three years old, he clung like a baby to her, and she, poor soul, was fretting worse for Jemmy than Jemmy was for her.' No doubt the boy will soon get used to do without his mother's daily love and care, and be satisfied with the weekly visits which children in the workhouse schools are allowed to pay to their parents; but she will have many a sore struggle before she can learn patiently to resign her only child to strangers' scant care and tenderness. I suppose the separation between mothers and children must exist, but I never felt so forcibly its hardship in particular cases. The perfect indifference with which the matron, a good-natured looking woman, talked of both mother and boy's distress, showed she was too well used to such scenes.

"While I was occupied with Jemmy, the children were standing quiet and silent before the yet untouched tea and plum-cake, listening to a long discourse from one of the clergymen, interspersed with anecdotes of sweet children, who unfortunately all died while still of very tender years, which it might perhaps have been better to defer till after the good things were disposed of. However, they were all too well drilled to manifest any signs of impatience, except one very small boy, who, after staring hard at his hot bowl of tea, was suddenly inspired by the idea that it was meant as a bath for his blue cold hands, and forthwith plunged them in, looking round at his companions with proud satisfaction, in spite of a whisper of 'Naughty boy! See to him then!' addressed to him by an older and better-informed child.

"At last the speeches were over, and the grace very nicely sung, and a refreshing clatter of spoons, and mugs, and subdued voices succeeded. . . . . I believe they all enjoyed themselves in their way; but still the difference between their general bearing and that of ordinary National-school children was very striking and very sad. By far the greater number had a depressed, down-cast, and spiritless look, almost as if they already felt themselves to belong to an inferior and despised class, and would never have energy even to try to rise above it. Surely it would be well not to go on herding pauper children constantly together, but to let them attend some National school (as is done at Upton-on-Severn, and a few other unions), and so be mixed for some hours every day with *non-pauper* children?"

Let us turn now to a stage beyond early childhood and judge how the workhouse system acts in education. I must confine myself to the case of the girls, lest the subject should surpass all bounds, and also because the tougher nature of boys enables them to escape with far less injury.

A few days ago a tradesman who has taken from a workhouse school a girl distinguished there for her good qualities, remarked to us with no little indignation, "I don't know why we build reformatories and penitentiaries and then rear these workhouse girls on purpose to fill them! What *can* happen to them when they are not able to earn a penny by honest labour? This girl has been with me three months, and my wife teaches her all she can, but she is like a fool. We cannot trust her to mind the baby, or sweep the room, or light the fire. She breaks every bit of crockery she touches. If we send her a message she cannot find her way down two streets. Poor people cannot afford to keep such a servant; but, if we part with her, what will become of her?—She is sure to go to ruin."

Now this is precisely what happens to these workhouse girls by hundreds every year in this kingdom. It is a most awful consideration how we leave these helpless creatures to almost inevitable destruction actually by system. We teach them indeed to read and write and sew and sing hymns. All that part of their education is probably quite as good as what is given in the day-schools of the ordinary poor. Also we teach them that portion of religion which may be conveyed in the form of question and answer by rote from a sharp "certified" teacher (generally armed with a cane) and a class of small scholars deeply interested in the employment of that theological instrument. But, if such literary and religious instruction as this be the creditor side of the account, what is the debtor one? It is only the sum of all that makes human nature (more emphatically *woman's* nature) beautiful, useful, or happy! Her moral being is left wholly uncultivated,—the little domestic duties and cares for aged parent or baby brother are unknown. She possesses nothing of her own, not even her clothes or the hair on her head! How is she to go out inspired with respect for the rights of property and

accustomed to control the natural impulses of childish covetousness? Worse than all, the human affections of the girl are all checked, and with them almost inevitably those religious ones which naturally rise through the earthly parent's love to the Father in heaven. The poor workhouse girl is "the child of an institution"—not of a human mother! Nobody calls her by her Christian name or treats her in any way as if she individually were of any interest to them. She bears her surname, if she luckily possess one, and the name of some neighbouring lane or field if she be a foundling. She is driven about with the rest of the dreary flock from dormitory to school-room, and from school-room to workhouse-yard — not harshly or unkindly, perhaps, but always as one of a herd whether well or ill cared for. She is nobody's "Mary" or "Kate" to be *individually* thought of, talked to, praised, or even perhaps impatiently scolded and punished. What matter? There would have been love at the bottom of the mother's harshness. For the workhouse girl, for "Harding" or "Oakfield," there is no question of love; and youth itself is shorn of every ray of warmth and softness as the poor creature grows up with her cropped hair and hideous dress, and too often with her face seamed and scarred by fell disease. As to knowing anything really useful, her mind is as blank as the white-washed walls of the dreary yard which her hapless infancy has had for its playground and its whole portion in God's world. The apparent stupidity of these girls when they go out to service, as we have said, is something deplorable—though easily understood when we remember how impossible it is for them to learn by intuition such simple "arts of life" as the lighting of fires, roasting meat, hushing babies, and touching utensils more liable to breakage than tin mugs and workhouse platters. The excellent ladies who have founded St. Joseph's Institute, near Dublin, for the purpose of employing these poor girls in a safe and happy home, have revealed to us the most grotesquely touching anecdotes of the ignorance of their young charges. "One day," says the kind lady, "soon after A. B.'s arrival in the establishment, having been instructed in the art of laying the table and other branches of the service, she was desired to bring up the potatoes for dinner. Very obediently she accepted the function, and accordingly produced the potatoes—*in the pot!*" —"The greater number of our girls had never been in an ordinary dwelling-house, and their awkwardness on entering one was both provoking and ludicrous. The use of knives and forks was unknown to them; the hall-mat seldom failed to trip them up; they had not presence of mind enough to carry a can of water, and it required practice and experience to enable them to get up and down stairs without falling."—"It was soon discovered that a course of rudimental object-lessons should be gone through before one of these girls (averaging in age 16½) could be trusted to execute the most trifling order or commission. What could be expected from a girl who, having never seen a railway train, could not contain her terror and surprise at being put into one—or from another who had indeed seen snow on the roofs and flagways of the union mansion, yet innocently asked, on finding the whole country white after a fall, 'How will the *dust* be got off the trees?'"—"Very difficult it is to teach these girls the value of property; their utter indifference, no matter what amount of mischief they may achieve, is equally perplexing and tantalising to those in charge of them."[1]

Among these Irish girls the evils of workhouse treatment seem to have produced more fatal results even than all the stupidity common to their class in England. The Superior of a large convent in Dublin herself assured us that fifty girls whom she had taken from one of the Dublin unions had proved far more vicious and unmanageable than the two hundred *convicts* placed under the charge of her order in a neigh-

[1] St. Joseph's Industrial Institute, p. 10.

bouring establishment. There is a peculiarly ferocious scream, really worthy of wild beasts, practised among these wretched girls whenever a mutiny takes place. It is commonly known in Ireland as the Workhouse Howl! Few things can be conceived more shocking than the state of affairs revealed by a letter from the Poor Law Commissioners to the Guardians of the South Dublin Union, January 9th, 1861, wherein permission is granted, in consideration of the outrageous conduct of the young females in the workhouse, to expel them from the house—*i.e.*, to turn them on the streets! Must not these guardians shudder to reflect that many of these girls have been under their charge from early infancy? If they *are* so hideously and hopelessly depraved that there is nothing left for them but the streets, in God's name we ask *on whom* lies the blame?

In England the workhouse girls are rather depressed and stupified than rendered thus defiant, but the result is the same in the end. When they go out to service they disgust their employers. The wretched girl is incapable, idle, insolent, and is treated perhaps harshly, perhaps with that worst cruelty which disregards her moral safety and sends her out at wrong times and places. The experience of agents appointed to help some of these children in one large city has revealed also that they are subjected to the most abominable injustice in the withholding of their pittance of wages. The girl soon learns on her errands through the streets that there is another way of earning her bread than in this drudgery of service—a far easier way they tell her.—A few years later the hapless friendless creature, now a woman ruined and broken down, goes back to the dreary workhouse where her joyless childhood was wasted. This time she is sent, not to the school, but to the "Black Ward!"[1]

[1] "In one metropolitan union, inquiries being made concerning eighty girls who had left the workhouse, and gone to service, it was found that *every one* was on the streets."—*The Workhouse Orphan.*

A better day, however, we trust, is dawning for these pauper children. For some time back the London unions have been alive to the necessity of having schools for their children out of town and separate from the workhouses. There are five of these district schools around London, containing in all 7,000 children; and Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds have followed the example. The house, certified as an industrial school, opened by the Honourable Mrs. Way, at Brockham, near Reigate, where workhouse girls from twelve years old are trained as servants, and Miss Louisa Twining's Home, in New Ormond Street, for girls from fifteen to twenty-five from London workhouses, promise much higher advantages again than the district schools. *Here* indeed the "entail of pauperism" may, we trust, be fairly cut off, and all the degrading circumstances of the pauper life removed. The girls are brought into smaller communities, where the indispensable element of individual care and feeling is brought to bear on their young hearts; and the nature of the house itself permits the practice of those housewifely duties which cannot be learned in the bare wards and among the machinery of huge troughs and boilers of a workhouse laundry and kitchen. For moral reasons also the smaller aggregations of girls are altogether preferable. As the late J. C. Symons, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, confessed, "Whenever the legislature establishes "district schools it will be well to con- "sider whether the girls' schools ought "not to be very limited in size. There "is reason to fear that any large groups "of girls are liable to become demo- "ralised." In speaking of the present state of things in the large district schools Miss Twining most justly remarks:—

"It is an *unnatural* system, and one entirely opposed to the order of God's providence as displayed in the arrangements of family life. Not only is it very difficult, if not impossible, to organise an establishment containing 500 or 1,000 persons so as in any way to resemble a family household, even as regards its material arrangements; but it is *absolutely* impossible to introduce into it the elements of family life,

which we maintain are essential to the development and well-being of the woman's nature. The necessary scale on which all the operations are conducted (combined with the total absence of all private property), leads to habits of waste and reckless consumption, which are totally incompatible with the future career of the girl, who is destined first for service in a small household, and afterwards will most probably become the poor wife of a labouring man. Establishments of these dimensions must also be served by an army of officials, in whom it is almost in vain to look for the element that will supply the place of home and family affections and sympathies to the poor outcast girl. We are far from saying that there are no remedies to be found for many of the evils which we have alluded to, as at present impeding the full benefit of district pauper schools, and still farther from implying that with all their defects they are not immeasurably superior to the pauperising 'workhouse school;' but we would earnestly ask those who have the power in their hands to pause before they consent to multiply, at enormous cost, schools containing under one roof and one management 1,000 or 1,600 children,[1] especially when at the head of this internal management is placed a man and woman who have previously only filled the post of workhouse master and matron.

"The *Womanly element* is sorely needed in these institutions; and it is most earnestly to be desired, not only that there should be a council of ladies to confer with the matron on all such matters as come within the province of women, but also that there should be *women inspectors* appointed and sanctioned to take cognisance of the education and progress of the girls, both morally and industrially.

"It is one of the most hopeful signs of the present time that so strongly are these convictions beginning to make themselves felt, that 'homes' for poor girls of the workhouse class are beginning to appear here and there through the country. We feel convinced that these are based upon a true and sound principle, and that their multiplication is earnestly to be desired. A motherly care and love, combined with thorough training in humble and household duties, and supplemented by a *continued watchful supervision* on leaving the house, surely provides, as far as human wisdom and thoughtful foresight can provide, for the successful start in life and future career of the poor friendless pauper girl; and we believe we are not presumptuous in looking for a large amount of success from the further development of such efforts."

All that is required for the success of this noble experiment is that the guardians should be enabled to pay to well-qualified ladies, or societies, who undertake to found such houses, the same amount which the girls now cost them in the workhouse. By the present order of the Poor Law Board, the guardians can give only the usual amount of *out-door* relief to girls who may be received as inmates of the house, and private charity must supply the remainder of the expense. But it is not just that the matter should remain on this footing, and we trust the necessary alterations in the Poor Law will be considered at the approaching discussion in parliament.

A temporary expedient, which has been tried in one city with entire success, we would earnestly commend to the attention of our readers who have time to bestow on a task wherein a vast amount of *preventive* good may be performed with no outlay of money. It is simply this—that in every union ladies should make themselves acquainted (through the workhouse master or otherwise) with the addresses of girls immediately on their being sent out to service. They should then call on each mistress, express their interest in her little servant, and request permission for her to attend a Sunday afternoon-class for workhouse girls. *Invariably* it has been found that the mistresses take in good part such visits, made with proper courtesy, and are led to greater consideration for their servants and attention to guard them against moral dangers. *Usually*, also, they have gladly availed themselves of the Sunday-school, which, of course, affords an admirable "basis of operations" for all sorts of good, religious and secular, to these poor children. The main object is effected either way; the girls feel they have a friend whose influence is wholly a moral one, and whose hand is ready to hold them up in the terrible dangers which attend their lot.

Finally, how do we accomplish the third end of the Poor Law, and afford support and comfort, *void of all penal element*, towards the sick and helpless who have no other asylum?

Let it be understood that there are many workhouses where this end is

[1] Hanwell is built to contain 1,600 children.

effectually accomplished, and many more where the intention to do it is sincere, though the absence of the female element of thoughtfulness for details and tenderness for infirmity *in the very place which the sternest contemners of the sex declare to be woman's proper post, namely, at the bedside of the sick and dying*—the absence, we say, of this element, constantly neutralises the good intentions of the Board. Further, however, than this. The fundamental system of workhouse management is incompatible with proper care of the sick. The infirmary is an *accident* of the house, not its main object; and proper hospital arrangements are consequently almost impracticable. The wards are hardly ever constructed for such a purpose as those of a regular hospital would be, with proper attention to warmth, light, and ventilation. In some cases their position with regard to the other buildings entails all sorts of miseries on the patients—as, for example, the terrible sounds from the wards for the insane. In the courtyard of one metropolitan workhouse carpet-beating is done as a work for the able-bodied paupers. The windows of the sick and infirm open on this yard, and during the summer cannot be opened because of the dust. In another court a blacksmith's shed has been erected close under the windows of the infirmary, and the smoke enters when they are opened, while the noise is so violent as to be quite bewildering to a visitor. Can we conceive what it must be to many an aching head in those wretched rooms?

The furniture of the workhouse infirmaries is commonly also unsuited to its destination. The same rough beds (generally made with one thin mattress laid on iron bars) which are allotted to the rude able-bodied paupers, are equally given to the poor, emaciated, bed-ridden patient, whose frame is probably sore all over, and whose aching head must remain, for want of pillows, in nearly a horizontal position for months together.[1] Hardly in any workhouse is there a chair on which the sufferers in asthma or dropsy, or those fading away slowly in decline, could relieve themselves by sitting for a few hours, instead of on the edges of their beds, gasping and fainting from weariness. Arrangements for washing the sick, and for cleanliness generally, are most imperfect. We cannot venture to describe the disgusting facts of this kind known to us as existing even in metropolitan workhouses, where neither washing utensils are found, nor the rags permitted to be retained which the wretched patients used for towels. Again, in other workhouses, cleanliness is attempted to an extent causing endless exasperation of disease to the rheumatic sufferers and those with pulmonary affections, to whom the perpetual washing of the floor is simply fatal.[2] In new country workhouses the walls of these sick-rooms are commonly of stone—not plastered, but constantly whitewashed—and the floor not seldom of stone also. Conceive a winter spent in such a prison: no shutters or curtains, of course, to the windows, or shelter to the beds, where some dozen sufferers lie writhing in rheumatism, and ten or fifteen more coughing away the last chances of life and recovery.

But even the unfitness of the wards and their furniture is second to the question of medical aid and nursing. The salaries usually given to workhouse surgeons are low, the pressure for employment in the medical profession being so great as to induce gentlemen to accept wholly

[1] A very simple invention might be used by charitable ladies at trifling expense to relieve this last misery. A knitted bed-rest, the shape of a half-shawl, five feet six inches long, and two feet deep in the middle, affords the most wonderful comfort. It should be made of common knitting-cotton, and tied by double tapes at the end to the ends of the bed, then passed round the patient's back, to which it forms a support like a cradle. Any lady who would send one of these to Miss Louisa Twining, 13, Bedford Place, Russell Square, would be sure to have her work well applied.

[2] Ought not the floors of all sick wards to be *waxed*, so as to obviate the necessity of washing? The damp is agony to the rheumatic patients, and death to those with consumption or erysipelas.

inadequate remuneration. But low as they are, with very rare exceptions, they are made to include the cost of all the drugs ordered to the patients! It would seem as if the mere mention of such a system were enough to condemn it. Underpaid and overworked, it is impossible to expect that the labour and the cost of exhibiting the more expensive medicines can be *ordinarily* undergone. In many cases we believe it would swallow up the whole miserable salary of the surgeon, and go far beyond it, were he to give to the pauper sufferers the anodynes they so piteously require, and to the weak, half-starved, scrofulous, and consumptive patients the tonics, cod-liver oil, &c., on which their chances of life must depend. Again, there may be the most difficult and intricate cases, requiring all possible skill. In every other hospital the most experienced physicians would attend such cases. Here a young man (necessarily at the outset of his profession, or he would not accept such a position) has to decide everything for himself. What would the Board think of being continually called on to pay consultation fees to the leading surgeons and physicians in the neighbourhood?

It is the received theory that it is in the power of the medical officer of each union to order *all* that his patients require; and guardians perpetually boast that they never refuse to countersign such orders. The nature of the case, however, is pretty obvious. The surgeon knows what things will, and what will *not* be sanctioned, and rarely attempts the useless task of collision with the Board, in which it almost invariably happens that along with many benevolent guardians are others whose sole object is to "keep down the rates" at any cost of human suffering.

Besides the anomalous arrangements of wards and medical attendance in workhouses, which are actually hospitals without proper hospital supervision, there remains a third source of misery to the inmates—the *nurses*. It is easy to understand that the difficulty of obtaining good nurses in ordinary hospitals is doubled here. Indeed it is rarely grappled with at all; for women hired by the Board are so invariably brought into collision with the master and matron, that even the kindest of such officials say (and probably say truly) that it is best to be content with the pauper nurses, over whom at least they can exercise some control. The result is that, in an immensely large proportion of houses, the sick are attended by male or female paupers who are placed in such office without having had the smallest preparatory instruction or experience, and who often have the reverse of kindly feelings towards their helpless patients. As *payments* they usually receive allowances of beer or gin, which aid their too common propensity to intoxication.

A good deal of misapprehension, we believe, exists as to the class of persons who are inmates of the sick wards of our workhouses. They are very frequently quite of another and higher order than that of the able-bodied paupers—their disease, not any vice or idleness, having brought them to their present condition. Especially among the women do we find the most piteous cases of reduced respectability—widows of tradesmen, upper servants, and even teachers and governesses, joined in one common lot of sordid poverty, and sleeping side by side with poor creatures whose lives have been passed in a hopeless drudgery of labour—in selling apples in the streets, or in lower avocations still. All the heaviest misery, in fact, of our country *drains* into the workhouse as to the lowest deep; and only by meeting it there can we hope to relieve the worst of our social tragedies.

A few notes from the memoranda of a dear friend will enable the reader who has never visited a workhouse infirmary to form some judgment of its inmates.

"I went first to — workhouse to "visit an old woman whom I had "known for some time before she en-"tered it. She had been more of a "companion than maid to an invalid "lady, and had the manners of a well-"bred and well-informed person. Her

"husband was unfortunate in busi-
"ness, and left her with a daughter,
"who herself married and died, leav-
"ing the grandmother to support
"her son. I am not writing their
"history, or I might tell of patience
"and faith from which we all might
"learn. At last the old woman, almost
"blind and crippled with rheumatism,
"could no longer do anything for her-
"self—the boy entered the navy, and
"she took shelter in the workhouse.
"Her shame at receiving me there was
"at first very painful both to herself
"and to me; but she is thankful now,
"and talks of her comforts and of God's
"goodness in providing her with shelter
"and food. Her heart was cheered after
"two years by her grandson's return
"and offer to try and support her out
"of the house; but she has few days,
"she hopes, to stay there now, and she
"will not burden his young life. . . .
"In the next bed lies an old woman of
"nearly eighty, paralyzed, and, as I
"thought, gone beyond the power of
"understanding me. Once, however,
"when I was saying 'good bye' before
"an absence of some months, I was
"attracted by her feeble efforts to catch
"my attention. She took my hand and
"gasped out, 'God bless you; you won't
"find me when you come back. Thank
"you for coming.' I said most truly
"that I had never been any good to her,
"and how sorry I was I had never
"spoken to her. 'Oh, but I see your
"face; it is always a great pleasure and
"seems bright. I was praying for you
"last night. I don't sleep much of a
"night. I thank you for coming.' . . .
"A woman between fifty and sixty
"dying of liver disease. She had been
"early left, had struggled bravely, and
"reared her son so well that he became
"foreman at one of the first printing
"establishments in the city. His master
"gave us an excellent character of him.
"The poor mother unhappily got some
"illness which long confined her in
"another hospital; and, when she left it
"her son was dead—dead without her
"care and love in his last hours. The
"worn-out and broken-down mother,
"too weak and hopeless to work any
"longer, came to her last place of refuge
"in the sick ward of the workhouse.
"There day by day we found her sitting
"on the side of the bed, reading and
"trying to talk cheerfully, but always
"breaking down utterly when she came
"to speak of her son. Opposite to her
"an old woman of ninety lies, too weak
"to sit up. One day, not thinking her
"asleep, I went to her bedside. I shall
"never forget the start of joy, the eager
"hand, 'Oh, Mary, Mary, you are come!
"It is you at last!' 'Ah, poor dear,'
"said the women round her, 'she most
"always dreams of Mary. 'Tis her
"daughter, ladies, in London; she has
"written to her often, but don't get any
"answer.' The poor old woman made
"many and profuse apologies for her
"mistake, and laid her head wearily on
"the pillow where she had rested and
"dreamed literally for years of Mary.

"Further on is a girl of eighteen,
"paralyzed, hopelessly, for life. She
"had been maid-of-all work in a family
"of twelve, and under her fearful drud-
"gery had broken down thus early. 'Oh
"ma'am,' she said with bursts of agony,
"'I would work; I was always willing
"to work if God would let me; but I
"shall never get well—never!' Alas,
"she may live as long as the poor
"cripple who died here last summer
"after lying forty-six years in the same
"bed gazing on the same blank, white
"wall. The most cheerful woman in
"the ward is one who can never rise
"from her bed; but she is a good needle
"woman, and is constantly employed in
"making *shrouds*. It would seem as if
"the dismal work gave her an interest
"in something outside the ward, and she
"is quite eager when the demand for
"her manufacture is especially great!

"Let us go to the room above,
"the Surgical Ward, as it is called.
"Here are some eight or ten patients,
"all in painful diseases. One is a young
"girl dying of consumption, complicated
"with the most awful wounds on her
"poor limbs. 'But they don't hurt so
"bad,' she says, 'as any one would
"think who looked at them, and it will

" soon be all over. I was just thinking " it was four years to-day since I was " brought into the Penitentiary (it was " after an attempt to drown herself after " a sad life of sin at Aldershott); and " now I have been here three years. " God has been very good to me, and " brought me safe when I didn't deserve " it.' Over her head hangs a print of " the Lost Sheep, and she likes to have " that parable read to her. Very soon " that sweet, fair young face, as innocent " as ever I have seen in the world, will " bear no more its marks of pain. Life's " whole great tragedy will have been " ended, and she is only just nineteen! " A little way off lies a woman dying in " severest agonies, which have lasted " long, and may yet last for weeks. " Such part of her poor face as may be " seen expresses almost angelic patience " and submission, and the little she can " say is all of gratitude to God and " man. 'I shall not live to see So-and- " so again, but don't let them think I " did not feel their kindness. The " doctor, too, he is so good to me; he " gives me everything he can.' On the " box beside her bed there stands usually " a cup with a few flowers, or even " leaves or weeds—something to which, " in the midst of that sickening disease, " she can look for beauty. When we " bring her flowers her pleasure is almost " too affecting to witness. She says " she remembers when she used to climb " the hedgerows to gather them in " the 'beautiful country.'—Opposite " this poor sufferer, in the midst of all " those aged and dying women, lies a " strange little figure asleep on his bed. " It is a boy of ten years old, so crippled " that his little limbs as he sleeps are " all contorted. Nothing could be done " for him; so he is left here to live per- " haps a few years, and then, no doubt, " he must die. He is an orphan, poor " child! but many of the women take " an interest in him, and he seems so " quiet and gentle one can hardly wish " him to go among other children. We " bring him little toys now and then. " His laugh is very strange—so feeble, " and sharp, and short, one wonders " almost whether it be a laugh at all— " a child's laugh in that chamber of " suffering and death!"

The condition of one class of the sick in the workhouse calls, however, for more than pity—for simple justice. They are excluded from the benefits of the free hospitals, not, like the others, by *accident*, but by *rule*. Their sufferings are greatest of any, and no assumption of blame of any kind lies against them. I allude to the Destitute Incurables, for whom only of late a plea for some share of public charity has begun to be urged. We have long gone on quietly admitting that, when cancer, dropsy, or consumption becomes hopeless, the sufferer must be rejected by the hospital in which, while curable, he might have found every comfort. But why have we never dreamed of asking, *Where does he go*, when thus excluded? Where and how are spent the last long months, or perhaps years, of inevitable agony, whose heavy weight it has pleased an inscrutable providence to lay upon him? Perhaps it has seemed there were too few of such patients to need any special provision. The Registrar-General's report, however, gives us a different idea of the case. Taking the above-named three types of incurable disease alone, we find that upwards of 80,000 persons die of them in England every year. There are other forms of malady—as, for instance, confirmed rheumatism—entailing equally intense and more prolonged suffering. But we will confine ourselves to the 80,000 who die of dropsy, consumption, and cancer, and ask the reader to estimate how many of those under such a visitation must be flung helpless on either their friends or the community for support; and how many of them can be supposed to *have* friends able and willing to nurse and support them through the last months of disease? The answers may vary; but we may safely maintain that at the very lowest computation 30,000 must be driven to die in the workhouses under all the aggravations of their misery which we have described.

It is manifestly hopeless to think of opening hospitals for incurables adequate

to such a demand, since, at the lowest rate of 30*l.* per annum, we should need a revenue of 900,000*l.* to support 30,000 patients. In several letters in the *Times*, *Daily News*, and other journals, and in a paper read at Glasgow,[1] a much simpler plan has been suggested. It is only that the incurables in the workhouses should henceforth be avowedly distinguished from other paupers; that separate wards be allotted to them, and that into these wards private charity may be admitted, to introduce whatever comforts may alleviate the sufferings of the inmates. It is conceded that to charge the Poor Rates with all the extra expenses which would assimilate the condition of a workhouse infirmary to that of a regular hospital, might involve injustice to the ratepayers. On the other hand, it is maintained that it is still more unjust to incurable patients to exclude them from our 270 splendid free hospitals, and then, when we have driven them into the workhouses, shut them up therein from receiving whatever small alleviations human charity might bring to their inevitable sufferings. Neither is the admission of this principle of voluntary aid into the workhouse system to be looked on in any way as an evil, or disturbance of desirable order. As one of the framers of the Poor Law has remarked, those Laws were designed to form a mere bony skeleton, indicating the form and affording a basis for the *flesh* of voluntaryism to make a living body of national charity. By a fatal result of jealousy and routine, the voluntary element has been too often excluded, and we have only a fearful spectre, haunting with death-like image all the lower vaults of our social fabric. Let free charity be not only permitted, but invited to enter these English Towers of Oblivion (dread as that which frowned over old Byzantium), and a new order of things will swiftly arise for the child and the young woman, for the fallen, the aged, and the sick. Everywhere we *want* the aid of wise men's minds and loving women's hearts; and that they should begin to work among the incurably diseased and dying is *not* the admission of an irregularity to be deplored, but the commencement of a new order joyfully to be inaugurated. Especially we want the presence of women in nearly every department of the workhouse. The guardians, however well disposed, cannot understand either the details of the physical or moral training of the children and young girls, or the proper care of the sick. Everything lies with the matron, and (as one of the most experienced female philanthropists of our age herself assured the writer), "there never yet lived a man whom the matron of an institution could not perfectly deceive respecting every department of her work." The care of infants, the training of young girls, the subduing of harshness by gentleness, the reclaiming of fallen women, the tender care of the suffering and dying — these are the "Rights of Woman," given her by God Himself—and woe be to man when he denies them! Monstrous are the evils which inevitably ensue. If for many reasons we cannot wish to see women claim the rights (which they probably possess by common law) to be elected as guardians of the poor, at least let their aid in the workhouse be universally sanctioned and welcomed. We are happy to think that the time is approaching when this principle will be everywhere admitted. Already the Workhouse Visiting Society, founded and maintained mainly by the exertions of Miss Louisa Twining, have obtained entrance into, and are carrying on their visits in, nearly 100 out of the 660 workhouses in England.

To return to the plan for the relief of incurables. It is suggested that in each union, on the wards being set apart for such patients, lady-visitors should collect and apply contributions for the following purposes :—

1st. Furniture. Good spring-beds or air-beds in extreme cases for bedridden patients. Easy chairs for those who

[1] Reprinted in a pamphlet, price 2*d.* (Nisbet and Co. Berners Street), where our readers will find fuller information on this subject of "Destitute Incurables."

cannot lie down in asthma or dropsy, or if in decline are too weak to sit on the usual benches of the ward and so spend all their days in bed. Air-cushions and wicker bed-cradles for those who have sores, &c. Should the local contributions be insufficient to purchase these articles, applications for grants in aid may be made to Miss Louisa Twining, 13, Bedford Place, Russell Square, London. A central fund for the purpose already exists, opened at Messrs. Twining's, Strand.

2d. Small refreshments and amusements to be supplied from time to time by the visitors—such as *good* tea (not the usual nauseous mixture called by that name in workhouses); lemonade; fruit; lozenges for those who cough all night to their own misery and that of their neighbours; snuff; a few coloured prints for the walls and flowers for the window; spectacles for those who need them and for want of them often remain blind and idle for years together; books, both serious and amusing, to beguile the weary hours. Above all a little breath of cheer from the outer world—the sight of kindly faces, which, the poor sick souls constantly remark, "look so beautiful and fresh"—and the trifling marks of interest which a kindly visitor spontaneously displays.

3d. It is hoped that it may be possible to reach the monster-evil of unqualified nurses, and to pay from voluntary contributions the salaries of good ones who should be subordinated so completely to the matron as to obviate the existing prejudices and difficulties. Finally, as it is at all times exceedingly difficult to obtain the services of well qualified nurses, it is hoped that it may prove practicable to train the workhouse girls in the "Homes" for such service by attaching to the establishments wards for incurable patients who are in need of careful attendance though able to defray the cost of their own support. Such a class is not rarely to be met, and would be as much benefited as the girls, who (on showing fitness for the task) would receive instruction qualifying them to earn a comfortable livelihood, and to be of essential service to the community.

A circular, embodying the plan of separate wards and voluntary aid for incurables, and proffering the services of the Workhouse Visiting Society in carrying it into execution, was lately despatched to every Board of Guardians in England, and published in the *Times* and many other papers. We are happy to say that it has met with favourable consideration from a great number of unions, and that many have already adopted it and put it in execution.

In concluding this brief and imperfect sketch of the present condition of our workhouses, we have only to repeat the appeal with which we first claimed our reader's attention to the subject. It is a DUTY laid on us all to investigate the action of regulations which we have an immediate (or mediate) influence in making, and which most essentially concern the happiness, the life, and the moral welfare of our fellow creatures. We *are*, each of us, "our brother's keeper;" never more emphatically so than when we shut him up in the walls of our workhouse! The assertions made in this paper may or may not be just, or founded on sufficient data; but every one who has read them must henceforth know that such abuses *may* be passing in his own immediate neighbourhood, supported by his own elected representative, and maintained by his own money. On him it lies to ascertain whether we have spoken truth or whether what we have said applies to his own union. Let him not think to leave on another man's conscience the weight which must rest at last upon his own—a fearful weight, if it should prove that through his act (*or his negligence of action*) the agonies of the dying have been left unrelieved, the lives of the weak and sick have failed to be saved, and the young souls left helpless in our charge have been suffered to drop into that lowest deep of woman's shame whose end is the "Black Ward of the Workhouse."

MORLEY PARK.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I.—FROM THE HIGHWAY.

"Friend Edward, from this turn remark
A vista of the Bridegroom's Park,
Fair Morley, shut while you were here
By selfish Cupid, who allows
One sunny glimpse through oaken boughs
Of dells of grass with fallow deer,
And one white corner of the house
Built for the young Heir's wedding-day,
The dull old walls being swept away.
Wide and low, its eaves are laid
Over a slender colonnade,
Partly hiding, partly seen,
Amid redundant veils of green,
Which garland pillars into bowers,
And top them with a frieze of flowers;
The slight fence of a crystal door
(Like air enslaved by magic lore)
Or window reaching to the floor,
Divides the richly furnish'd rooms
From terraces of emerald sward,
Vases full of scarlet blooms,
And little gates of rose, to guard
The sidelong steps of easy flight;
Or, with a touch, they all unite.
All's perfect for a Bride's delight,
And She a worthy queen of all;
Fair-hair'd (I've seen her), slim and tall;
With—O such sweetness in her face,
Such tender gravity and grace,
And gentle eyes that look you through,
Eyes of softly solemn blue.
Serene the wealthy mortal's fate
Whose last wild-oats is duly sown!
Observe his Paradise's gate,
With two heraldic brutes in stone
For sentries.
Did the coppice move?
A straggling deer perhaps. By Jove!
A woman brushing through: she's gone.
Now what the deuce can bring her there?
Jog, lad: it's none of our affair.
Well—you're to voyage, and I'm to stay.
Will Lucy kiss you, some other day,
When you carry your nuggets back this way?
You must not grow so rich and wise
That friends shall fail to recognise
The schoolboy-twinkle in your eyes.
Each his own life. I'll mind my farm,
And keep the old folk's chimney warm.
But however we strive, and chance to thrive,
We shall hardly overtake this Youth,
Who has all to his wish, and seems in truth
The very luckiest man alive."

II.—BY THE POND.

"These walls of green, my Emmeline,
A labyrinth of shade and sheen,
Bar out the world a thousand miles,
Helping the pathway's winding wiles
To pose you to the end. Now think,
What thanks might one deserve for this—
Which lately was a swamp, and is
An elfin lake, its curving brink
Embost with rhododendron bloom,
Azaleas, lilies, jewelries,
(Ruby and amethyst grow like these
Under our feet) on fire to dress,
Round every little glassy bay,
The sloping turf with gorgeousness?
As right, we look our best to day;
No petal dropt, no speck of gloom.
Emmeline, this faery lake
Was born, my darling, for your sake;
As yet without a name, it sues
Your best invention; think and choose.
Its flood is gather'd on the fells,
(Whose foldings you and I shall trace)
Hid in many a hollow place;
But through Himalayan dells,
Where the silvery pinnacles
Hanging faint in furthest heaven
Catch the flames of morn and even,

Round the lowest rampart swells
The surge of rhododendron flow'rs,
Indian ancestry of ours:
And the tropic woods luxuriantly
By Oronooko's river-sea
Nurtured the germs of this and this:
And there's a blossom first was seen
In a dragon-vase of white and green
By the sweetheart of a mandarin,
Winking her little eyes for bliss.
Look, how these merry insects go
In rippling meshes to and fro,
Waltzing over the liquid glass,
Dropping their shadows to cross and travel,
Like ghosts, on the pavement of sunny gravel,
Maybe to music, whose thrills outpass
Our finest ear,—yes, even yours,
Whom the mysticism of sound allures
From star to star. In this gulf beyond,
Silent people of the pond
Slip from noonday to the green
Of crystal twilights far within.
See the creatures glance and hide,
Turn, and waver, and glimmer, and glide,
Jerk away, ascend, and poise,
Come and vanish without noise,
Mope, with drowsy drinking mouth,
Waving fins and eyes uncouth;
Or flirt a tail, and shoot below.
How little of their life we know!
Swiftly a season whirls away,
The Summer's youth is now at prime.
Two days past, the bladed corn
Whisper'd nothing of harvest-time;
Already a tinge of brown is born
On the barley-spears that lightly sway;
The plumes of purple-seeded grass,
Bowing and bending as you pass,
Our mowers at the break of day
Shall sweep them into swathes of hay.
So the season whirls away.
And every aspect we must learn,
Morley's every mood discern;
All sides, over the country speed,
'She upon her milk-white steed,
And he upon his grey,' to roam
Gladly, turn more gladly home;
Plan, improve, and see our tenants;
Visit neighbours, for pleasure or penance;
Excellent people some, no doubt,
And the rest will do to talk about.
June, July, and August: next
September comes; and here we stand
To watch those swallows, some clear day,
With a birdish trouble, half perplex'd,
Bidding adieu in their tribe's old way,
Though the sunbeam coaxes them yet to stay;
Swinging through the populous air,
Dipping, every bird, in play,
To kiss its flying image there.
And when Autumn's wealthy heavy hand
Paints with brown gold the beechen leaves,
And the wind comes cool, and the latest sheaves,
Quivers fill'd with bounty, rest
On stubble-slope,—then *we* shall say
Adieu for a time to Morley bow'rs,
Pictures within and out-of-doors,
And all the petted greenhouse flow'rs.
But, though your harp remains behind,
To keep the piano company,
Your gentle Spirit of Serenades
Shall watch with us how daylight fades
Where sea and air enhance their dyes
A thousand-fold for lovers' eyes.
And we shall dream on a southern coast
Of chill pavilions of the frost,
And landscapes in a snow-wreath lost.
Choose our path, my Emmeline,
Through this labyrinth of green,
As though 'twere life's perplexing scene.
To go in search of your missing book,
You careless girl? one other search?
Wood or garden, which do you say?
'Twere only toil in vain: for, look—
I found it, free of spot or smirch,
In a bed of close wood-sorrel sleeping
Under the Fox's Cliff to-day.
Not so much as your place is lost,
Given to this delicate warden's keeping,—
Jasmin, that deserves to stay
Enshrined there henceforth, never toss'd
Like other dying blooms away.
Summer, autumn, winter,—yes,
And much will come that we cannot guess;
Every minute brings its chance.
Bend we now a parting glance
Down through the peaceful purity,
The shadow and the mystery,
As old saints look into their grave.
Water-elves may peep at me;
Only my own wife's face I see,

Like sunny light within the wave,
Dearer to me than sunny light.
It rose, and look'd away my night;
Whose phantoms, of desire or dread,
Like fogs and shades and dreams are fled."

III.—THROUGH THE WOOD.

"A fire keeps burning in this breast.
The smoke ascending to my brain
Sometimes stupefies the pain.
Sometimes my senses drop, no doubt.
I do not always feel the pain:
Though my head is a weary weary load.
What place is this?—I sit at rest,
With grass and green leaves round about;
No dust, no noise, no endless road,
No torturing light. Stay, let me think,
Is this the place where I knelt to drink,
And all my hair broke loose and fell
And floated in the cold clear well
Hung with rock-weeds? two children came
With pitchers, but they scream'd and ran;
The woman stared, the cursèd man
Laugh'd,—no, no, this is not the same.
I now remember. Dragging through
The thorny fence has torn my gown.
These boots are very nearly done.
What matter; so 's my journey too.

Nearly done . . . A cool green spot!
Flowers touch my hand. It 's summer now.
What summer meant I had forgot;
Except that it was glaring hot
Through tedious days, and heavy hot
Through dreadful nights.
This drooping bough
Is elm; the shadow lies below.
Gathering flowers, we used to creep
Along the hedgerows, where the sun
Came through like this; then, every one,
Find out some arbour thick and cool,
To weave them in our rushy caps,—
Primroses, bluebells, such a heap.
The children do so still, perhaps.
Some, too, were quite tall girls.
You fool!
Is it for this you 've made your way
To Morley Park by night and day?
—A million times I used to say
These two words, lest they might be lost:
After a while, turn where I would
I heard them. . . . This is his domain;
Each tree is his, each blade of grass
Under my feet. How dare I pass,
A tatter'd vagrant, half insane,
Scarce fit to slink by the roadside,
These lordly bounds, where, with his Bride—
I tell you, kneeling on this sod,
He is, before the face of God,
My husband!
I was innocent
The day I first set eyes on him,
Eyes that no tears had yet made dim,
Nor fever wild. The day he went,
(That day, O God of Heaven!) I found,
In the sick brain slow turning round,
Dreadful forebodings of my fate.
A week was not so long to wait:
Another pass'd,—and then a third.
My face grew thin—eyes fix'd—I heard
And started if a feather stirr'd.
Each night "to-morrow!" heard me say,
Each morning "he will come to-day."
Who taps upon the chamber door?—
A letter—he will come no more.
Then stupor. Then a horrid strife
Trampling my brain and soul and life,—
Hunting me out as with a knife
From home—from home—
And I was young,
And happy. May his heart be wrung
As mine is! learn that even I
Was something, and at least can die
Of such a wound. In any case
He 'll see that death is in my face.
To die is still within the power
Of girls with neither rank nor dower.

This is Morley. I am here.
The house lay that side as one came.
How sick and deadly tired I am!
Time has been lost: O this new fear,
That I may fall and never rise!
Clouds come and go within my eyes.
I 'm hot and cold, my limbs all slack,
My swollen feet the same as dead;
A weight like lead draws down my head,
The boughs and brambles pull me back.
Stay: the wood opens to the hill.
A moment now. The house is near.
But one may view it closer still
From these thick laurels on the right.
. . . What is this! Who comes in sight?
He, with his Bride. It sends new might

Through all my feeble body. Hush!
Which way? which way? which way? that bush
Hides them—they're coming—do they pause?
He points, almost to me!—he draws
Her tow'rds him, and I know the smile
That's on his face—O guile, guile, guile!
Nay, it was more the selfish pride
And arrogance of wealth. Your Bride
Is tall, I see, and graceful too.
That arch of green invites you through.
I follow. Why should I be loth
To hurt her? . . . Ha! I'll find them both.
Both, both shall hear—it must be so.
Six words suffice to make her know."

IV.—MOSSGROWN.

"Seven years gone, and we together
Ramble as before, old Ned!
Not a brown curl on your head
Soil'd with touch of time or weather.
Yet no wonder if you fear'd,
With that broad chest and bushy beard,
Lucy might scarce remember you.
My letters, had they painted true
The child-grown woman?
Here 's our way.
Autumn is in its last decay;
The hills have misty solitude
And silence; dead leaves drop in the wood.
And free in Morley Park we stray,
Where only the too-much freedom baulks.
The tangling grass, the shrubberies choked
With briars, the runnel which has soak'd
Its lawn-foot to a marsh, between
The treacherous tufts of brighter green,
The garden, plann'd with costly care,
Now wilder'd as a maniac's hair;
The blinded mansion's constant gloom,
Winter and summer, night and day,
Save when the stealthy hours let fall
A sunbeam, or more pallid ray,
Creeping across the floor and wall
From solitary room to room,
To pry and vanish, like the rest,
Weary of a useless quest;
The sombre face of hill and grove,
The very clouds which seem to move
Sadly, be it swift or slow,—
How unlike this, you scarcely know,
Was Morley Park seven years ago.
Human Spirits, line by line,
Have left hereon their visible trace;
As doubtless, to an Eye Divine,
Human history, and each one's share,
Is closely written everywhere
Over the solid planet's face.
A sour old Witch,—a surly Youth,
Her grandson,—three great dogs, uncouth
To strangers (I'm on terms with all),
Are household now. Sometimes, at fall
Of dusk, a Shape is said to move
Amid the drear entangled grove,
Or seems lamentingly to stand
Beside a pool that 's close at hand.
Rare are the human steps that pass
On mossy walk or tufted grass.
Let 's force the brushwood barrier,
No path remaining. Here's a chair,
Once a cool delightful seat,
Now the warty toad's retreat,
Cushion'd with fungus, sprouting rank,
Greenly painted with the dank;
That Ghost, no doubt, sits often there—
A Female Shadow with wide eyes
And dripping garments. This way lies
The pool, the little pleasure-lake,
Which cost a pretty sum to make.
Stoop for this bough, and see it now
A dismal solitary slough,
Scummy, weedy, ragged, rotten,
Shut in jail, forsook, forgotten.
Most of the story you have heard:
The bower of bliss at length prepared
To the last wreath, and line of gilding,
(Never such a dainty building)
One day, Bride and Bridegroom came;
The hills at dusk with merry flame
Crowning their welcome: it was June,
Grand weather—and a honeymoon!
Came, to go away too soon,
And never come again.
The Bride
Was in her old home when she died,
On a winter's day, in the time of snow,
(She never saw that year to an end),
And he has wander'd far and wide,
And look'd on many a distant hill,
But not on these he used to know,
Round Morley Park that wave and bend,
And people say he never will.

Who can probe a spirit's pain?
Who tell that man's loss, or gain?
How far he sinn'd, how far he loved,
How much by what befell was moved,
If there his real happiness
Began, or ended, who shall guess?
Trivial the biographic scroll
Save as a history of the soul,
Often whose mightiest events
Are dumb and secret incidents.
A man's true life and history
Is like the bottom of the sea,
Where mountains and huge valleys hide
Below the wrinkles of the tide,
Under the peaceful mirror, under
The shaking tempest's foam and thunder.
Rude is the flower-shrubs' overgrowth,
Dark frowns the fir-tree clump beyond.
At twilight one might well be loth
To linger here alone, and find
The story vivid in one's mind.
A Young Girl, gently bred and fair,
A widow's daughter, whom the Heir
Met somewhere westward on a time,
Came down to this secluded pond,
That's now a mat of weeds and slime,
One summer-day seven years ago,
Sunshine above and flowers below;
Neglect had driven her to despair;
And, poor thing, in her frenzied mood
Bursting upon their solitude
She drown'd herself, before the face
Of Bride and Bridegroom. Here's the place.
Now mark—that very summer day
You, Ned, and I look'd down this way,
And saw the girl herself—yes, we!
Skirting the coppice—that was She!
Imagine (this at least is known)
The frantic creature's plunge; the bride
Swooning by her husband's side;
And him, alone, and not alone,
Turning aghast from each to each,
Shouting for help, but none in reach,
Seeing the drowning woman sink,
Twice—thrice—then, headlong from the brink,
Dragging her to the grass—too late.
There by his servants he was found,
Bewilder'd by the stroke of fate;
With two pale figures on the ground,
One in the chill of watery death,
One with long-drawn painful breath
Reviving. Sudden was the blow,
Dreadful and deep the change. We go
To find the house.
Suspicion pries
From wrinkled chin and wrinkled eyes,
Deaf dame! Yet constant friends are we,
Or never should I grasp this key,
Or tread this broad and lonely stair
From underground, or let this glare
Of outdoor world insult the gloom
That lives in each forsaken room,
Through which the gammer daily creeps,
And all from dust and mildew keeps.
Few hands may slide this veil aside,
To show—a picture of the Bride.
Is she not gently dignified?
Her curving neck, how smooth and long;
Her eyes, they softly look you through;
To think of violets were to wrong
Their lucency of living blue.
The new hope of that fair young wife,
The sacred and mysterious life
Which counts as yet no separate hours,
Yielding to sorrow's hurtful powers,
Quench'd its faint gleam before a morn;
And when her breathless babe was born,
Almost as still the mother lay,
Almost as dumb, day after day,
Till on the fifth she pass'd away;
And (far too soon) her marriage-bell
Must now begin to ring her knell.
Greybeard, and child, and village lass,
Who stood to see her wedding pass—
No further stoops the hoary head,
The merry maid is still unwed,
The child is yet a child no more,
Watching her hearse go by their door.
Her bridal wreath one summer gave,
The next, a garland for her grave.
Close you the shutter. Bright and sharp
The ray falls on those shrouded things,—
A grand piano and a harp,
Where no one ever plays or sings.
Him?—he hardly can forget.
Still, life goes on; he's a young man yet;
His road has many a turn to take.
He may fell this wood, fill up the lake,
Throw down the house (so should not I),
Or sell it to you, Ned, if you'll buy.
Or, perhaps, come thoughtfully back some day,
With humble heart, and head grown grey.

Homeward now, as quick as you will;
These afternoons are short and chill.
There's my haggard, under the hill;
Through evening's fog the cornstacks rise
Like domes of a little Eastern city
Girt by its wall, with a bunch of trees
At a corner—palms, for aught one sees.
Sister Lucy is there alone;
The good old father and mother gone;
And I'm not married—more is the pity!
Seem I old bachelor in your eyes?
—Well, Ned, after dinner to-night,
When the ruddy hearth gives just the light
We used to think best, you'll spread your sail
And carry us far, without wave or gale;
And we'll talk of the old years, and the new,
Of what we have done, and mean to do."

A CONTEMPORARY HOBBY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI."

I DON'T know how it fares with you in London, but I know that we in Paris have a sorry life of it. By which *it* I do not allude to the frost, nor to the macadamized Boulevards, nor to the tightness of the money-market—no, nor yet to the indefinite rise of house-rents, but to a far worse nuisance—the cardomania. Ever since it has become the fashion to have squinting, ghastly photographs, instead of the true, plain, honest visiting-card—ever since it has become the fashion to make collections of these said photographs—above all, ever since the fatal invention of albums *ad hoc*, farewell peace! Whichever way you turn, requests for your portrait are levelled at you like so many guns. All is acceptable prey; indifferent features, respectable age, obscure position—nothing comes amiss to that greedy monster, Album.

I give myself as an example. I, socially speaking, one of the most insignificant beings in creation, had so many home-thrusts to parry of late, that at last I was thrown out of the saddle. A lady did that for me—a clever and accomplished blonde—beware of blondes. She was doing me the honours of her album, and I was on the defensive. We came to an empty niche. She said pleasantly, calmly, decidedly, "That is for you." I did all a man can do—very little, I allow, when the adversary is one like my softly determined, smilingly implacable hostess—I laughed outright, found the joke excellent; then I became serious. She knew my habits—my dislike of all that makes a man a plaything, and so on. Grave or gay, it mattered not. Let the fair sex alone for holding to the point when it suits them.

"If, by New Year's Day," said the lady, "this niche is not filled by your photograph, I shall have been mistaken in your gallantry." I protested in favour of my gallantry; but surely she would grant me a respite, considering that just at that moment I was very busy—in all truth, overworked . . . .

"Oh, sir," was the quick rejoinder, "if I were asking for a miniature, even for a sketch in crayons; but a photograph! a sacrifice of five minutes!"

Whatever my misgivings about the five minutes, we live, as everybody knows, in a chivalrous age, and, to use the words of a great man, I am a man of my times. So I bowed my head, whispered something about wishes being commands, and went my way. My last thought on going to sleep that night, my first thought on awakening next morning, was that I must go and have my photograph done.

When a tooth must come out, the sooner it is out the better. In compliance with this wise aphorism, I sallied

forth in quest of a—I was going to say "dentist"—in quest of a photographer. No need to go far; every second door on the Boulevard boasted the name of one. Next to literature, photography seems to be the favourite vocation of those who have none. Let me see. Mr. Perlet, *chimiste photographe.* Too much by half. I shall have to pay for the chemistry. Mr. Perlet shall not have my custom.

Messrs. Verplick Candish. This sounds outlandish, but safer;—a first-rate establishment—at least, if one may judge by the outside. Behold a richly-carpeted staircase, a banister of gilt and red velvet with coloured crystal globes at intervals, red velvet *portière* concealing the sanctuary to which the gorgeous ascent led!—Who pays for all this finery? Never mind. I shall do my blonde friend's behest handsomely.

So up I went, and, raising the crimson drapery, entered an ante-room, midway of which I was met by a fashionably-dressed gentleman, who asked if I had come for *cartes de visite.* I replied, "Exactly so; for *cartes de visite.*" "Very well. Would I give myself the trouble to walk this way?" and the well-dressed gentleman passed behind a railed desk, while I took up a position in front of it. A voluminous ledger lay open on the desk.

"Will Monsieur give his name?"

As I had come for a portrait, and not for a passport, the request sounded strangely; nevertheless, I complied. Whatever may be my objection to giving my portrait, I have none against giving my name.

"Monsieur lives?" I said where I lived, and my address was added to my name.

"Monsieur has number 309," explained the gentleman; "Monsieur will be informed by letter of the day on which his turn comes."

"And when is my turn likely to come?" asked I.

"Impossible to fix a date; much depends on the weather, and other circumstances over which we have no control. I should say, in a month—perhaps even in three weeks."

"In that case, have the goodness to efface my name," said I; "I must have my cards on the last of the month at the latest."

The gentleman was sorry; but at this time of the year . . . The whole person of the speaker, eyes, eyebrows, shoulders, hands, were eloquent in protestation of the vanity of my wishes. So without further parley I bowed myself out.

I spent a full hour in new trials; and, believe it or not, fair reader, but I say only the truth when I say that nowhere, either for love or money, could I get the promise of a photograph of myself, under fifteen days. Now, as it was already the 18th of December, and my card fell due on New-Year's day, a fortnight's delay placed me in the physical impossibility of keeping my word.

My best course was to quit the more aristocratic daily lounges, and try some less frequented neighbourhood, which possibly the fashionable epidemic had not yet attacked. With this hope I repaired to the Palais Royal. Here again there was too much of a good thing—rows and rows of photographs, and photographers' signboards stared at me from every corner. Like Yorick in search of a passenger from whom he might ask his way, I scanned the outward features of perhaps a dozen establishments, without seeing aught that could influence my choice one way or the other. At last I perceived this N. B. attached to a photographer's name. "Up at the seventh story." Eureka! cried I; no danger of competition from the lame and asthmatic here,—and up I climbed. I was received by a lady. I took it as a good omen. Women are more easy and pleasant to deal with than men. "Madame," said I, as soon as I could recover my breath, "I wish to have some *cartes de visite* done."

"Certainly," replied the lady, "how many do you...?"

"Excuse my interrupting you," I continued, in an unsteady tone, "but I should like to know how soon you can take my likeness."

"Immediately, if it suits you—(I could have hugged the speaker to my bosom for these blessed words)—that is," pursued she, "should the light serve, which I rather doubt—really, we have no afternoon. At all events, I will go and inquire of my husband."

Alas! the light, such light as it was, December light, you remember, did no longer serve. Such was the fiat with which the lady emerged from the glazed door of an adjoining closet, evidently the photographer's workshop. But, if I would return on the morrow about midday, I might make sure of having my photograph taken.

Upon this understanding we parted. It was half-past three when I reached home, and I had gone out at half-past eleven. This preparatory work had cost me four hours. I should have liked to ask my blonde to reckon up how many *five minutes* there are in four hours.

I was punctual to my rendezvous, next morning. At three minutes to twelve by the time-piece of my photographer (to be), I had taken up a position in the lilliputian waiting-room. I saw with infinite pleasure only a lady with two children here besides myself. So far all right. Allowing an hour and a half—I meant to be generous—for the sitting of my fair competitor, and her small fry—a half hour apiece—I stood a good chance of release by two o'clock.

But I had reckoned without the person then actually being photographed, and this error I discovered to my cost when all the clocks of the Palais Royal struck one, without bringing any alteration in the *status quo*. My partner in misfortune and I exchanged now and then glances of condolence and uttered sympathetic sighs. To add to our discomfort, the supply of fuel in the stove had been long exhausted, and the temperature of the waiting-room was gradually sinking.

"I am so cold, Mamma," exclaimed the little boy. Maternal love prompted a violent attack on the bell, which brought about a crisis. An immediate slamming of doors responded to the appeal of the bell, and in rushed simultaneously the photographer, his wife, and her maid. A short explanation or remonstrance ensued, the practical upshot of which was that mother and children were introduced into the sancta sanctorum, and the maid relighted the stove, cramming it with coals, to make sure, I suppose, of not being called on again to perform that duty.

Now this stove had a powerful draught, which set the coals in a blaze in no time; and, the waiting-room being extremely small, as I said, it presently grew so hot and close, that before the end of half an hour I wished the stove had been left alone. I would have opened the single window, but in front of it stood a table loaded with casts, stereoscopes, and other appurtenances of a photographer, which put it out of my power to reach the window. By way of diversion, I tried the small passage leading to the stairs, but it was so chilly, and I was in such a heat, that, afraid of catching cold, I was obliged to content myself with taking up a position as far from the hissing furnace as the lilliputian proportions of the room allowed, puffing and panting for release.

It came at last, after forty-seven minutes' endurance of this temporary purgatory. The mother and children departed, and I took their place in the atelier; a happy first moment that was, when my foot crossed the threshold.

"Very poor light," observed the artist, by way of salutation. "Let us make the most of it as it is, by looking sharp," said I. The man being apparently of my opinion, a few seconds were enough for him to suggest, and for me to assume a becoming attitude in front of the four cannon-like tubes which were to reproduce my respected person four times at once. "We are going to begin—perfect immobility, if you please; keep your eyes steadily on the handle of the door; there." The operation began, and was done, or not done, in less than five minutes. So far my fair-haired lady was right.

The operator then disappeared with the plate into his laboratory, I saluting

his exit with a volley of sneezes. The fact was, I had passed suddenly from the tropics to the arctic regions—the atelier being a sort of glass cage, open to all the winds of heaven, without a spark of fire. I hastened to don my overcoat, my hat, and comforter; thus prepared for departure, I waited to hear the result of the operation.

In course of time, the photographer re-appeared. "*Manqué*," said he, with a rueful face. "*Manqué*," was I going to repeat, in consternation, but the word was cut in two by another explosion of sneezes. "In all my experience I never saw such another abominable day for light," exclaimed the photographer. "However," he added, "suppose we try again." "Let us try again," said I; "is there any reason against my keeping on my hat and greatcoat? I am half frozen." "It would be a certain failure if I did so," was the answer; and so I had to part with my hat and upper garment, and sit in the draught unprotected.

Had the sacrifice only availed! but, no, the second attempt was not more fortunate than the first. "It was enough to drive a man crazy," declared the perplexed artist, "all had come out beautifully, but no head! Useless to make any more attempts that day. Would I call again on the morrow, before noon." Of course I would; I had no choice but to do so.

The loss of three hours, and the acquisition of a well-conditioned cold—such was the net balance of my second day's trial. Really if ladies, stung by the mania of making collections of photographs, knew to what they exposed their acquaintances, they would be a little more careful, thought I.

Contrary to my anticipations, which were of the blackest, everything on the morrow went as smooth as oil. I had to wait comparatively but a short time; the light was tolerably favourable, and the likeness—so, at least, averred the photographer—had come out capitally. He promised that my *cartes de visite* should be sent to me on the 26th (it was then the 20th); I left a card with my address, and went home to nurse my cold in peace, thankful at heart at having got rid of my incubus on such easy terms.

The 26th came and went; and so did the 27th; and heaven knows how many more days might have come and gone without my giving a thought to the *cartes de visite*, for I happened to be very busy at that time, had not chance thrown me on the evening of the 28th in the way of my fair persecutress of the "five minutes" at the house of a common friend. Of course, the sight of her would have been sufficient to recal to my mind my *cartes de visite*, even had she not chosen to remind me pointedly of my engagement, by playfully saying,—

"Remember that I am your creditor, and a very unmerciful one."

I said, rather tartly, I hoped not to put her powers of endurance to too severe a test, it being one among my few virtues to pay my bills punctually, and bowed low.

The first thing I did the next morning was to go and see after these blessed cards.

"Madam," said I to the lady, in whom I had seen a benignant influence on my first visit to the Photographer of the Palais Royal, "as you have not kept your promise of sending me my *cartes de visite*, I have come for them myself."

"Your cards, sir?" replied the lady, evidently perplexed; "dear me, then you have not received my letter."

"I have received no letter," said I.

"Then you are ignorant of the accident which has happened."

"Accident? what accident?" cried I.

"Perhaps Monsieur does not know that we use glass, as more sensitive to light than metal, though less safe. Well, your glass, I am pained to the heart to say, somehow or other, was thrown down, and shivered into atoms."

I was literally struck dumb by this unexpected catastrophe. I gave a deep groan. The lady continued,—

"I did not lose a minute in writing to you. I am sure I made no mistake, for" (fixing her eyes on me) "you are Mr. Wolf, are you not?"

("Mr. Wolf!!!")

"You live in the Rue des trois Epées?"

("Rue des trois Epées!!!")

"I copied the address from the card you left us. Where has it got to?" searching among several which were stuck in the frame of the mirror. "Ah! here it is; I knew I was right."

I cast my eyes on the card she presented to me, and read, "Mr. Wolf, Pedicure, 70, Rue des trois Epées." It wanted but this. To have to begin *ab ovo*, and to pass for a Pedicure into the bargain!

The lady was right; alas! the mistake was entirely my own. Let not this candid admission, impartial reader, cool your sympathy in my behalf; for, had nobody asked for my likeness, I should have had no occasion to go to a photographer; and, if I had not gone to a photographer, there would have been no ridiculous, soul-vexing mistake. The fact was, as I explained to the lady, that I had a—I beg your pardon—a corn, which made me suffer martyrdom. One of my friends advised me to apply to an excellent pedicure, whose address he would send. He sent it; and, as my evil star would have it, his note, inclosing Mr. Wolf's card, was delivered to me by my *concierge* just as I was going out on my third photographic expedition of the 20th. I put the card into my waistcoat pocket, and inadvertently gave it to the photographer instead of one of my own.

I had cause to be thankful that I was yet in time to repair my blunder.

"Madam," said I, with as much pathos as I could put in my voice, "I am pledged to give my *carte de visite* on New-Year's day; pray, madam, help me to do so. Name any price you think proper, but let me have my card."

"My dear sir," replied the lady, "be convinced that I feel for you; indeed I do; but you ask an impossibility. We are literally sinking under the weight of work; my husband is positively made ill by it. We had to refuse a good half of the applicants for cards, and—I would not own as much to anybody else, but really your situation distresses me—and even of those we have accepted, we shall be obliged to disappoint the greater number. Just take a peep into the waiting-room, will you? Full as an egg (and so it was). You see I speak the truth; why should I not? It is our interest to please the public——"

I stopped her to ask if she could point out any other photographer with whom I might have a chance of success. She said that, short of a miracle, she believed I had no chance anywhere. And upon this hopeful assurance I took my leave.

I had no particular reason to reckon on a miracle in my favour; besides my time was too short to allow my wasting any particle of it in what I was forewarned would be a useless search. A moment of reflection convinced me that there was but one course left for me to try. I beckoned to a cab, drove home, packed my carpet-bag, drove to the Strasburg Railway terminus, and took a ticket for Bar-le-Duc.

Why for Bar-le-Duc? Because of all the places on this terraquean globe Bar-le-Duc was the only one where I had a fair prospect of having my photograph done,—in other words, because there resided at Bar-le-Duc a friend of mine, who was an *amateur* photographer, and on whose assistance, if alive and capable, I knew I could rely.

You recollect the sort of weather which graced our latitude on the 29th December, 1860? If you don't, I do; wind, hail, snow, rain, and frost. My journey was a most abominable one. Twice we were detained by the snow: we reached our destination three hours after our time: it was midnight; too late to go to my friend's house, so I stopped at the first inn I came to—a most wretched hole it proved. Nothing hot to be had; a bed icy cold; and no sooner had I laid myself down than the fire went out. I groped in the dark (I had no matches with me) in search of a bell-rope; I found none. I called out at the top of my voice,—my cries were unheard or unheeded. I could not shut my eyes for the cold. An icicle, as I had lain

down overnight, an icicle I got up in the morning,—a bleak, funereal morning. It was snowing as thick and fast as though it had not snowed all night. Roofs and streets looked as if strewed with white sheets. Bar-le-Duc might have sat for Tobolsk.

If ever a man was surprised at the sight of another, it was my friend at sight of me. "Just like me," he declared, "he never——"

I hastened to explain the cause and object of my present visit.

"But, my dear friend," he objected, "you could not have chosen a more unfavourable moment."

"Did I say that I had chosen it? A bit of straw driven by the wind is not more passive than I am in this affair."

"With the snow falling in this way," he pursued, "no hope of doing anything tolerable."

"Let it, then, be something intolerable," said I.

"Really, you are not in a fit condition to have your likeness taken; you want rest. Go to the glass, and judge for yourself. You look like a ghost."

"Ghost or scarecrow, it does not matter; only for pity's sake take a photograph of me at once. I must be in Paris to-night; I have a paper to finish, and to send off by to-morrow's post."

Satisfied that he had done all in his power to enforce the claims of Art, always foremost in his eyes, my friend, in spite of the snow still falling, and the false light, undertook with a good grace the task I demanded of him. It required all his skill and patience to bring it to a plausible conclusion. The likeness obtained after two hours' hard work, bad as it was, he pronounced to be as good as could be hoped for under the circumstances. It was far from a flattering resemblance certainly, but for that I little cared. I should without fail receive a copy by post, on New Year's-day. I might rely on his punctuality; thereupon, with heartfelt thanks, I departed.

The same gentle influences which had accompanied me from Paris to Bar-le-Duc—snow, wind, cold, etc., etc.—favoured my return to Paris. I reached home more dead than alive. I tried hard to finish the paper I had engaged should be forwarded on the morrow, but in vain; I had to send instead an apology, which brought me in due course a good blowing up from the disappointed editor—one of the many perquisites of the trade.

The next day—the last of the year—was, I sincerely believe, one of the most uncomfortable days of my life. Dire anxiety weighed on every hour of it. Do what I would, I could not bring myself to believe that the card from Bar-le-Duc would arrive on the morrow. Something must happen to it. What had occurred before might occur again; nay, possibly it was quite in the ordinary course of photographic events that the plate or glass should break, or, if the photograph was sent, it might be smashed by a railway accident, or the envelope containing it be dropped by some careless postman. Anything seemed more likely than that it should arrive safely.

It did, though, to my inexpressible relief, and I hastened to carry it myself to its destination. The fair lady was from home; so I left it, carefully wrapped up, and addressed, with her *concierge;* and then, for the first time for fourteen days, I breathed freely.

In the evening I received the following note:—

"I regret very much to have missed seeing you this morning. Thank you for your card. It does not entirely satisfy me. You know I am extremely particular about my photographs; so do not be surprised should I ask you for the sacrifice of another five minutes. We will speak of that. Come and take a family dinner with us to-morrow, at half-past six. Mr. Paul, and Mme. Lorry, will be our only other guests. By the bye, they both think your likeness good, and mean each of them to beg you for one. So, be amiable enough to bring some more of your *cartes de visite* with you. *A demain donc.* Believe me, sans adieu.

"Yours sincerely,

"————."

The perusal of this note threw me into despair. And so, all the wear and tear of mind and body, all my loss of time, all my disbursements, were to go for nothing! to leave me at the point from which I had started! the stone I had lifted in the sweat of my brow recoiled on me! I took up the pen *ab irato* to say—what?—anything but that I accepted the invitation—to say that I was ill, that I had been called away by a telegram, that—that—but of what avail any excuse? To procure me a respite of a week—say of a month, and then? Why, all the botheration would have to be gone through anew. No, there was nothing for it. To go and settle in the backwoods of America, or to take the world as it was, hobbies included, such was the dilemma which rose before me, clear and defined; there was no escape. It was for me to choose. I pondered long, pen in hand, and then wrote this answer :—

"Dear Madam,—I accept with thanks your kind invitation for to-morrow. I regret that my *carte de visite* does not meet with your approbation; however, I am at your service for any number of experiments in the same line—in fact, until the result shall satisfy you. I am much flattered by the wish expressed by Mme. Lorry and Mr. Paul. I have written for an immediate supply of half-a-hundred copies of my card to meet the requests of my friends.

"Believe me, dear Madame,

"Ever yours, sincerely obliged,

"———."

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XLII.

THIRD YEAR.

East returned to his regiment in a few days, and at the end of the month the gallant 101st embarked for India. Tom wrote several letters to the lieutenant, inclosing notes to Harry with gleanings of news from Englebourn, where his escape on the night of the riot had been a nine-days' wonder, and, now that he was fairly "listed" and out of the way, public opinion was beginning to turn in his favour. In due course a letter arrived from the lieutenant, dated Cape Town, giving a prosperous account of the voyage so far. East did not say much about "your convict," as he still insisted on calling Harry; but the little he did say was very satisfactory, and Tom sent off this part of the letter to Katie, to whom he had confided the whole story, entreating her to make the best use of it in the interests of the young soldier. And, after this out-of-the-way beginning, he settled down into the usual routine of his Oxford life.

The change in his opinions and objects of interest brought him now into more intimate relations with a set of whom he had as yet seen little. For want of a better name, we may call them "the party of progress." At their parties, instead of practical jokes, and boisterous mirth, and talk of boats, and bats, and guns, and horses, the highest and deepest questions of morals, and politics, and metaphysics, were discussed, and discussed with a freshness and enthusiasm which is apt to wear off when doing has to take the place of talking, but has a strange charm of its own while it lasts, and is looked back to with loving regret by those for whom it is no longer a possibility.

With this set Tom soon fraternized, and drank in many new ideas, and took to himself also many new crotchets besides those with which he was already weighted. Almost all his new acquaintance were Liberal in politics, but a few only were ready to go all lengths with him. They were all Union men, and Tom, of course, followed the fashion, and

soon propounded theories in that institution which gained him the name of Chartist Brown.

There was a strong mixture of self-conceit in it all. He had a kind of idea that he had discovered something which it was creditable to have discovered, and that it was a very fine thing to have all these feelings for, and sympathies with, the masses, and to believe in democracy, and glorious humanity, and a good time coming, and I know not what other big matters. And, although it startled and pained him at first to hear himself called ugly names, which he had hated and despised from his youth up, and to know that many of his old acquaintance looked upon him, not simply as a madman, but as a madman with snobbish proclivities; yet, when the first plunge was over, there was a good deal on the other hand which tickled his vanity, and was far from being unpleasant.

To do him justice, however, the disagreeables were such that, had there not been some genuine belief at the bottom, he would certainly have been headed back very speedily into the fold of political and social orthodoxy. As it was, amidst the cloud of sophisms, and platitudes, and big one-sided ideas half-mastered, which filled his thoughts and overflowed in his talk, there was growing in him and taking firmer hold on him daily a true and broad sympathy for men as men, and especially for poor men as poor men, and a righteous and burning hatred against all laws, customs, or notions, which, according to his light, either were or seemed to be setting aside, or putting anything else in the place of, or above the man. It was with him the natural outgrowth of the child's and boy's training (though his father would have been much astonished to be told so), and the instincts of those early days were now getting rapidly set into habits and faiths, and becoming a part of himself.

In this stage of his life, as in so many former ones, Tom got great help from his intercourse with Hardy, now the rising tutor of the college. Hardy was travelling much the same road himself as our hero, but was somewhat further on, and had come into it from a different country, and through quite other obstacles. Their early lives had been so different; and, both by nature and from long and severe self-restraint and discipline, Hardy was much the less impetuous and demonstrative of the two. He did not rush out, therefore (as Tom was too much inclined to do), the moment he had seized hold of the end of a new idea which he felt to be good for *him* and what *he* wanted, and brandish it in the face of all comers, and think himself a traitor to the truth if he wasn't trying to make everybody he met with eat it. Hardy, on the contrary, would test his new idea, and turn it over, and prove it as far as he could, and try to get hold of the whole of it, and ruthlessly strip off any tinsel or rose-pink sentiment with which it might happen to be connected.

Often and often did Tom suffer under this severe method, and rebel against it, and accuse his friend, both to his face and in his own secret thoughts, of coldness, and want of faith, and all manner of other sins of omission and commission. In the end, however, he generally came round, with more or less of rebellion, according to the severity of the treatment, and acknowledged that, when Hardy brought him down from riding the high horse, it was not without good reason, and that the dust in which he was rolled was always most wholesome dust.

For instance, there was no phrase more frequently in the mouths of the party of progress than "the good cause." It was a fine big-sounding phrase, which could be used with great effect in perorations of speeches at the Union, and was sufficiently indefinite to be easily defended from ordinary attacks, while it saved him who used it the trouble of ascertaining accurately for himself or settling for his hearers what it really did mean. But, however satisfactory it might be before promiscuous audiences, and so long as vehement assertion or declaration was all that was required to uphold it, this same "good cause" was liable to come to much grief when it had to get itself defined. Hardy was parti-

cularly given to persecution on this subject, when he could get Tom, and, perhaps, one or two others, in a quiet room by themselves. While professing the utmost sympathy for "the good cause," and a hope as strong as theirs that all its enemies might find themselves suspended to lamp-posts as soon as possible, he would pursue it into corners from which escape was most difficult, asking it and its supporters what it exactly was, and driving them from one cloud-land to another, and from "the good cause" to the "people's cause," "the cause of labour," and other like troublesome definitions, until the great idea seemed to have no shape or existence any longer even in their own brains.

But Hardy's persecution, provoking as it was for the time, never went to the undermining of any real conviction in the minds of his juniors, or the shaking of anything which did not need shaking, but only helped them to clear their ideas and brains as to what they were talking and thinking about, and gave them glimpses—soon clouded over again, but most useful, nevertheless—of the truth, that there were a good many knotty questions to be solved before a man could be quite sure that he had found out the way to set the world thoroughly to rights, and heal all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Hardy treated another of his friend's most favourite notions even with less respect than this one of "the good cause." Democracy, that "universal democracy," which their favourite author had recently declared to be "an inevitable fact of the days in which we live," was, perhaps, on the whole the pet idea of the small section of liberal young Oxford, with whom Tom was now hand and glove. They lost no opportunity of worshipping it, and doing battle for it; and, indeed, did most of them very truly believe that that state of the world which this universal democracy was to bring about, and which was coming no man could say how soon, was to be in fact that age of peace and goodwill which men had dreamt of in all times, when the lion should lie down with the kid, and nation should not vex nation any more.

After hearing something to this effect from Tom on several occasions, Hardy cunningly lured him to his rooms on the pretence of talking over the prospects of the boat club, and then, having seated him by the fire, which he himself proceeded to assault gently with the poker, propounded suddenly to him the question,

"Brown, I should like to know what you mean by 'democracy?'"

Tom at once saw the trap into which he had fallen, and made several efforts to break away, but unsuccessfully; and, being seated to a cup of tea, and allowed to smoke, was then and there grievously oppressed, and mangled, and sat upon, by his oldest and best friend. He took his ground carefully, and propounded only what he felt sure that Hardy himself would at once accept,—what no man of any worth could possibly take exception to. He meant much more, he said, than this, but for the present purpose it would be enough for him to say that, whatever else it might mean, democracy in his mouth always meant that every man should have a share in the government of his country.

Hardy, seeming to acquiesce, and making a sudden change in the subject of their talk, decoyed his innocent guest away from the thought of democracy for a few minutes, by holding up to him the flag of hero-worship, in which worship Tom was, of course, a sedulous believer. Then, having involved him in most difficult country, his persecutor opened fire upon him from masked batteries of the most deadly kind, the guns being all from the armoury of his own prophets.

"You long for the rule of the ablest man, everywhere, at all times? To find your ablest man, and then give him power, and obey him—that you hold to be about the highest act of wisdom which a nation can be capable of?"

"Yes; and you know you believe that too, Hardy, just as firmly as I do."

"I hope so. But then, how about our universal democracy, and every man

having a share in the government of his country?"

Tom felt that his flank was turned; in fact, the contrast of his two beliefs had never struck him vividly before, and he was consequently much confused. But Hardy went on tapping a big coal gently with the poker, and gave him time to recover himself and collect his thoughts.

"I don't mean, of course, that every man is to have an actual share in the government," he said at last.

"But every man is somehow to have a share; and, if not an actual one, I can't see what the proposition comes to."

"I call it having a share in the government when a man has a share in saying who shall govern him."

"Well, you'll own that's a very different thing. But, let's see; will that find our wisest governor for us—letting all the foolishest men in the nation have a say as to who he is to be?"

"Come now, Hardy; I've heard you say that you are for manhood suffrage."

"That's another question; you let in another idea there; at present we are considering whether the *vox populi* is the best test for finding your best man. I'm afraid all history is against you."

"That's a good joke. Now, there I defy you, Hardy."

"Begin at the beginning, then, and let us see."

"I suppose you'll say, then, that the Egyptian and Babylonian empires were better than the little Jewish republic."

"Republic! well, let that pass. But I never heard that the Jews elected Moses, or any of the judges."

"Well, never mind the Jews; they're an exceptional case: you can't argue from them."

"I don't admit that. I believe just the contrary. But go on."

"Well, then, what do you say to the glorious Greek republics, with Athens at the head of them?"

"I say that no nation ever treated their best men so badly. I see I must put on a lecture in Aristophanes for your special benefit. Vain, irritable, shallow, suspicious old Demus, with his two oboli in his cheek, and doubting only between Cleon and the sausage-seller, which he shall choose for his wisest man—not to govern, but to serve his whims and caprices. You must call another witness, I think."

"But that's a caricature."

"Take the picture, then, out of Thucydides, Plato, Xenophon, how you will, and where you will—you won't mend the matter much. You shouldn't go so fast, Brown; you won't mind my saying so, I know. You don't get clear in your own mind before you pitch in to every one who comes across you, and so do your own side (which I admit is often the right one) more harm than good."

Tom couldn't stand being put down so summarily, and fought over the ground from one country to another, from Rome to the United States, with all the arguments he could muster, but with little success. That unfortunate first admission of his, he felt it throughout like a mill-stone round his neck, and could not help admitting to himself, when he left, that there was a good deal in Hardy's concluding remark,—"You'll find it rather a tough business to get your 'universal democracy,' and 'government by the wisest,' to pull together in one coach."

Notwithstanding all such occasional reverses and cold baths, however, Tom went on strengthening himself in his new opinions, and maintaining them with all the zeal of a convert. The shelves of his bookcase, and the walls of his rooms, soon began to show signs of the change which was taking place in his ways of looking at men and things. Hitherto a framed engraving of George III. had hung over his mantel-piece; but early in this, his third year, the frame had disappeared for a few days, and when it reappeared, the solemn face of John Milton looked out from it, while the honest monarch had retired into a portfolio. A fac-simile of Magna Charta soon displaced a large coloured print of "A Day with the Pycheley;" and soon afterwards the death-warrant of Charles I. with its grim and resolute rows of signatures and seals, appeared on

the wall in a place of honour, in the neighbourhood of Milton.

Squire Brown was passing through Oxford, and paid his son a visit soon after this last arrangement had been completed. He dined in hall, at the high table, being still a member of the college, and afterwards came with Hardy to Tom's rooms to have a quiet glass of wine, and spend the evening with his son and a few of his friends, who had been asked to meet "the governor."

Tom had a struggle with himself whether he should not remove the death-warrant into his bedroom for the evening, and had actually taken it down with this view; but in the end he could not stomach such a backsliding, and so restored it to its place. "I have never concealed my opinions from my father," he thought, "though I don't think he quite knows what they are. But if he doesn't, he ought, and the sooner the better. I should be a sneak to try to hide them. I know he won't like it, but he is always just and fair, and will make allowances. At any rate up it goes again."

And so he re-hung the death-warrant, but with the devout secret hope that his father might not see it.

The wine-party went off admirably. The men were nice, gentlemanly, intelligent fellows; and the squire, who had been carefully planted by Tom with his back to the death-warrant, enjoyed himself very much. At last they all went, except Hardy; and now the nervous time approached. For a short time longer the three sat at the wine-table, while the squire enlarged upon the great improvement in young men, and the habits of the University, especially in the matter of drinking. Tom had only opened three bottles of port. In his time the men would have drunk certainly not less than a bottle a man; and other like remarks he made, as he sipped his coffee, and then, pushing back his chair, said, "Well, Tom, hadn't your servant better clear away, and then we can draw round the fire, and have a talk."

"Wouldn't you like to take a turn while he is clearing? There's the Martyrs' Memorial you haven't seen."

"No, thank you. I know the place well enough. I don't come to walk about in the dark. We sha'n't be in your man's way."

And so Tom's scout came in to clear away, took out the extra leaves of his table, put on the cloth, and laid tea. During these operations Mr. Brown was standing with his back to the fire, looking about him as he talked: when there was more space to move in, he began to walk up and down, and very soon took to remarking the furniture and arrangements of the room. One after another the pictures came under his notice,—most of them escaped without comment, the squire simply pausing a moment, and then taking up his walk again. Magna Charta drew forth his hearty approval. It was a capital notion to hang such things on your walls, instead of bad prints of steeple-chases, or trash of that sort. "Ah, here's something else of the same kind. Why, Tom, what's this?" said the squire, as he paused before the death-warrant. There was a moment or two of dead silence, while the squire's eye ran down the names, from Jo: Bradshaw to Miles Corbet; and then he turned, and came and sat down opposite to his son. Tom expected his father to be vexed, but was not the least prepared for the tone of pain, and sorrow, and anger, in which he first enquired, and then remonstrated.

For some time past the squire and his son had not felt so comfortable together as of old. Mr. Brown had been annoyed by much that Tom had done in the case of Harry Winburn, though he did not know all. There had sprung up a barrier somehow or other between them, neither of them knew how. They had often felt embarrassed at being left alone together during the last year, and found that there were certain topics which they could not talk upon, which they avoided by mutual consent. Every now and then the constraint and embarrassment fell off for a short time, for at bottom they loved and appreciated one another heartily; but the divergences in

their thoughts and habits had become very serious, and seemed likely to increase rather than not. They felt keenly the chasm between the two generations; as they looked at one another from the opposite banks, each in his secret heart blamed the other in great measure for that which was the fault of neither. Mixed with the longings which each felt for a better understanding was enough of reserve and indignation to prevent them from coming to it. The discovery of their differences was too recent, and they were too much alike in character and temper for either to make large enough allowances for, or to be really tolerant of, the other.

This was the first occasion on which they had come to out-spoken and serious difference; and, though the collision had been exceedingly painful to both, yet, when they parted for the night, it was with a feeling of relief that the ice had been thoroughly broken. Before his father left the room, Tom had torn the facsimile of the death-warrant out of its frame, and put it in the fire, protesting, however, at the same time, that, though "he did this out of deference to his father, and was deeply grieved at having given him pain, he could not and would not give up his honest convictions, or pretend that they were changed, or even shaken."

The squire walked back to his hotel deeply moved. Who can wonder? He was a man full of living and vehement convictions. One of his early recollections had been the arrival in England of the news of the beheading of Louis XVI. and the doings of the reign of terror. He had been bred in the times when it was held impossible for a gentleman or a Christian to hold such views as his son had been maintaining, and, like many of the noblest Englishmen of his time, had gone with and accepted the creed of the day.

Tom remained behind, dejected and melancholy; now accusing his father of injustice and bigotry, now longing to go after him, and give up everything. What were all his opinions and convictions compared with his father's confidence and love? At breakfast the next morning, however, after each of them had had time for thinking over what had passed, they met with a cordiality which was as pleasant to each as it was unlooked for; and from this visit of his father to him at Oxford Tom dated a new and more satisfactory epoch in their intercourse.

The fact had begun to dawn on the squire that the world had changed a good deal since his time. He saw that young men were much improved in some ways, and acknowledged the fact heartily; on the other hand, they had taken up with a lot of new notions which he could not understand, and thought mischievous and bad. Perhaps Tom might get over them as he got to be older and wiser, and in the meantime he must take the evil with the good. At any rate he was too fair a man to try to dragoon his son out of anything which he really believed. Tom on his part gratefully accepted the change in his father's manner, and took all means of showing his gratitude by consulting and talking freely to him on such subjects as they could agree upon, which were numerous, keeping in the back-ground the questions which had provoked painful discussions between them. By degrees these even could be tenderly approached; and, now that they were approached in a different spirit, the honest beliefs of the father and son no longer looked so monstrous to one another, the hard and sharp outlines began to wear off, and the views of each of them to be modified. Thus, bit by bit, by a slow but sure process, a better understanding than ever was re-established between them.

This beginning of a better state of things in his relations with his father consoled Tom for many other matters that seemed to go wrong with him, and was a constant bit of bright sky to turn to when the rest of his horizon looked dark and dreary, as it did often enough.

For it proved a very trying year to him, this his third and last year at the University; a year full of large dreams and small performances, of unfulfilled hopes, and struggles to set himself right,

ending ever more surely in failure and disappointment. The common pursuits of the place had lost their freshness, and with it much of their charm. He was beginning to feel himself in a cage, and to beat against the bars of it.

Often, in spite of all his natural hopefulness, his heart seemed to sicken and turn cold, without any apparent reason; his old pursuits palled on him, and he scarcely cared to turn to new ones. What was it that made life so blank to him at these times? How was it that he could not keep the spirit within him alive and warm?

It was easier to ask such questions than to get an answer. Was it not this place he was living in, and the ways of it? No, for the place and its ways were the same as ever, and his own way of life in it better than ever before. Was it the want of sight or tidings of Mary? Sometimes he thought so, and then cast the thought away as treason. His love for her was ever sinking deeper into him, and raising and purifying him. Light and strength and life came from that source; craven weariness and coldness of heart, come from whence they might, were not from that quarter. But, precious as his love was to him, and deeply as it affected his whole life, he felt that there must be something beyond it—that its full satisfaction would not be enough for him. The bed was too narrow for a man to stretch himself on. What he was in search of must underlie and embrace his human love, and support it. Beyond and above all private and personal desires and hopes and longings he was conscious of a restless craving and feeling about after something which he could not grasp, and yet which was not avoiding him, which seemed to be mysteriously laying hold of him and surrounding him.

The routine of chapels, and lectures, and reading for degree, boating, cricketing, Union-debating—all well enough in their way—left this vacuum unfilled. There was a great outer visible world, the problems and puzzles of which were rising before him and haunting him more and more; and a great inner and invisible world opening round him in awful depth. He seemed to be standing on the brink of each—now, shivering and helpless, feeling like an atom about to be whirled into the great flood and carried he knew not where—now, ready to plunge in and take his part, full of hope, and belief that he was meant to buffet in the strength of a man with the seen and the unseen, and to be subdued by neither.

In such a year as this a bit of steady, bright, blue sky was a boon beyond all price, and so he felt it to be. And it was not only with his father that Tom regained lost ground in this year. He was in a state of mind in which he could not bear to neglect or lose any particle of human sympathy, and so he turned to old friendships, and revived the correspondence with several of his old schoolfellows, and particularly with Arthur, to the great delight of the latter, who had mourned bitterly over the few half-yearly lines, all he had got from Tom of late, in answer to his own letters, which had themselves, under the weight of neglect, gradually dwindled down to mere formal matters. A specimen of the later correspondence may fitly close the chapter:—

"*St. Ambrose.*

"Dear Geordie,—I can hardly pardon you for having gone to Cambridge, though you have got a Trinity scholarship—which I suppose is, on the whole, quite as good a thing as anything of the sort you could have got up here. I had so looked forward to having you here though, and now I feel that we shall probably scarcely ever meet. You will go your way and I mine; and one alters so quickly, and gets into such strange new grooves, that, unless one sees a man about once a week at least, you may be just like strangers when you are thrown together again. If you had come up here it would have been all right, and we should have gone on all through life as we were when I left school, and as I know we should be again in no time if you had come here. But now who can tell?

"What makes me think so much of this is a visit of a few days that East

paid me just before his regiment went to India. I feel that if he hadn't done it, and we had not met till he came back—years hence perhaps—we should never have been to one another what we shall be now. The break would have been too great. Now it's all right. You would have so liked to see the old fellow grown into a man, but not a bit altered—just the quiet, old way, pooh poohing you, and pretending to care for nothing, but ready to cut the nose off his face, or go through fire and water for you at a pinch if you'll only let him go his own way about it, and have his grumble, and say that he does it all from the worst possible motives.

"But we must try not to lose hold of one another, Geordie. It would be a bitter day to me if I thought anything of the kind could ever happen again. We must write more to one another. I've been awfully lazy, I know, about it for this last year and more; but then I always thought you would be coming up here, and so that it didn't matter much. But now I will turn over a new leaf, and write to you about 'my secret thoughts, my works and ways;' and you must do it too. If we can only tide over the next year or two we shall get into plain sailing, and I suppose it will all go right then. At least, I can't believe that one is likely to have many such up-and-down years in one's life as the last two. If one is, goodness knows where I shall end. You know the outline of what has happened to me from my letters, and the talks we have had in my flying visits to the old school; but you haven't a notion of the troubles of mind I've been in, and the changes I've gone through. I can hardly believe it myself when I look back. However, I'm quite sure I have *got on;* that's my great comfort. It is a strange blind sort of world, that's a fact, with lots of blind alleys, down which you go blundering in the fog after some seedy gas-light, which you take for the sun till you run against the wall at the end, and find out that the light is a gas-light, and that there's no thoroughfare. But for all that one does get on. You get to know the sun's light better and better, and to keep out of the blind alleys; and I am surer and surer every day, that there's always sunlight enough for every honest fellow—though I didn't think so a few months back—and a good sound road under his feet, if he will only step out on it.

"Talking of blind alleys puts me in mind of your last. Aren't you going down a blind alley, or something worse? There's no wall to bring you up, that I can see, down the turn you've taken; and then, what's the practical use of it all? What good would you do to yourself, or any one else, if you could get to the end of it? I can't for the life of me fancy, I confess, what you think will come of speculating about necessity and free will. I only know that I can hold out my hand before me, and can move it to the right or left, despite of all powers in heaven or earth. As I sit here writing to you I can let into my heart, and give the reins to, all sorts of devils' passions, or to the spirit of God. Well, that's enough for me. I *know* it of myself, and I believe you know it of yourself, and everybody knows it of themselves or himself; and why you can't be satisfied with that, passes my comprehension. As if one hasn't got puzzles enough, and bothers enough, under one's nose, without going a-field after a lot of metaphysical quibbles. No, I'm wrong,—not going a-field,—anything one has to go a-field for is all right. What a fellow meets outside himself he isn't responsible for, and must do the best he can with. But to go on for ever looking inside of onesself, and groping about amongst one's own sensations, and ideas, and whimsies of one kind and another, I can't conceive a poorer line of business than that. Don't you get into it now, that's a dear boy.

"Very likely you'll tell me you can't help it; that every one has his own difficulties, and must fight them out, and that mine are one sort, and yours another. Well, perhaps you may be right. I hope I'm getting to know that my plummet isn't to measure all the world. But it does seem a pity that men shouldn't be thinking about how to cure

some of the wrongs which poor dear old England is pretty near dying of, instead of taking the edge off their brains, and spending all their steam in speculating about all kinds of things, which wouldn't make any poor man in the world—or rich one either, for that matter—a bit better off, if they were all found out, and settled to-morrow. But here I am at the end of my paper. Don't be angry at my jobation; but write me a long answer of your own free will, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

"T. B."

CHAPTER XLIII.

AFTERNOON VISITORS.

Miss Mary Porter was sitting alone in the front drawing-room of her father's house, in Belgravia, on the afternoon of a summer's day in this same year. Two years and more have passed over her head since we first met her, and she may be a thought more sedate and better dressed, but there is no other change to be noticed in her. The room was for the most part much like other rooms in that quarter of the world. There were few luxuries in the way of furniture which fallen man can desire which were not to be found there; but, over and above this, there was an elegance in the arrangement of all the nick-nacks and ornaments, and an appropriateness and good taste in the placing of every piece of furniture and vase of flowers, which showed that a higher order of mind than the upholsterer's or housemaid's was constantly overlooking and working there. Everything seemed to be in its exact place, in the best place which could have been thought of for it, and to be the best thing which could have been thought of for the place; and yet this perfection did not strike you particularly at first, or surprise you in any way, but sank into you gradually, so that, until you forced yourself to consider the matter, you could not in the least say why the room had such a very pleasant effect on you.

The young lady to whom this charm was chiefly owing was sitting by a buhl work-table, on which lay her embroidery and a book. She was reading a letter, which seemed deeply to interest her; for she did not hear the voice of the butler, who had just opened the door and disturbed her solitude, until he had repeated for the second time, "Mr. Smith." Then Mary jumped up, and, hastily folding her letter, put it into her pocket. She was rather provoked at having allowed herself to be caught there alone by afternoon visitors, and with the servants for having let any one in; nevertheless, she welcomed Mr. Smith with a cordiality of manner which perhaps rather more than represented her real feelings, and, with a "let mamma know," to the butler, set to work to entertain her visitor. She would have had no difficulty in doing this under ordinary circumstances, as all that Mr. Smith wanted was a good listener. He was a somewhat heavy and garrulous old gentleman, with many imaginary, and a few real troubles, the constant contemplation of which served to occupy the whole of his own time, and as much of his friends' as he could get them to give him. But scarcely had he settled himself comfortably in an easy chair opposite to his victim, when the butler entered again, and announced "Mr. St. Cloud."

Mary was now no longer at her ease. Her manner of receiving her new visitor was constrained; and yet it was clear that he was on easy terms in the house. She asked the butler where his mistress was, and heard with vexation that she had gone out, but was expected home almost immediately. Charging him to let her mother know the moment she returned, Mary turned to her unwelcome task, and sat herself down again with such resignation as she was capable of at the moment. The conduct of her visitors was by no means calculated to restore her composure, or make her comfortable between them. She was sure that they knew one another; but neither of them would speak to the other. There the two sat on, each resolutely bent on tiring the other out; the elder crooning

on to her in an undertone, and ignoring the younger, who in his turn put on an air of serene unconsciousness of the presence of his senior, and gazed about the room, and watched Mary, making occasional remarks to her as if no one else were present. On and on they sat, her only comfort being the hope that neither of them would have the conscience to stay on after the departure of the other.

Between them Mary was driven to her wits' end, and looked for her mother or for some new visitor to come to her help, as Wellington looked for the Prussians on the afternoon of June 18th. At last youth and insolence prevailed, and Mr. Smith rose to go. Mary got up too, and after his departure remained standing, in hopes that her other visitor would take the hint and follow the good example. But St. Cloud had not the least intention of moving.

"Really, your good-nature is quite astonishing, Miss Porter," he said, leaning forwards with his elbows on his knees, and following the pattern of one of the flowers on the carpet with his cane, which gave him the opportunity of showing his delicately gloved hand to advantage.

"Indeed, why do you think so?" she asked, taking up her embroidery, and pretending to begin working.

"Have I not good reason, after sitting this half hour and seeing you enduring old Smith—the greatest bore in London? I don't believe there are three houses where the servants dare let him in. It would be as much as their places were worth. No porter could hope for a character who let him in twice in the season."

"Poor Mr. Smith," said Mary, smiling. "But you know we have no porter, and," she suddenly checked herself, and added gravely, "he is an old friend, and papa and mamma like him."

"But the wearisomeness of his grievances! Those three sons in the Plungers, and their eternal scrapes! How you could manage to keep a civil face! It was a masterpiece of polite patience."

"Indeed, I am very sorry for his troubles. I wonder where mamma can be? We are going to drive. Shall you be in the Park? I think it must be time for me to dress."

"I hope not. It is so seldom that I see you except in crowded rooms. Can you wonder that I should value such a chance as this?"

"Were you at the new opera last night?" asked Mary, carefully avoiding his eye, and sticking to her work, but scarcely able to conceal her nervousness and discomfort.

"Yes, I was there; but"——

"Oh, do tell me about it, then; I hear it was a great success."

"Another time. We can talk of the opera anywhere. Let me speak now of something else. You must have seen, Miss Porter"——

"How can you think I will talk of anything till you have told me about the opera?" interrupted Mary, rapidly and nervously. "Was Grisi very fine? The chief part was composed for her, was it not? and dear old Lablache"——

"I will tell you all about it presently if you will let me, in five minutes' time—I only ask for five minutes"——

"Five minutes! Oh no, not five seconds. I must hear about the new opera before I will listen to a word of anything else."

"Indeed, Miss Porter, you must pardon me for disobeying. But I may not have such a chance as this again for months."

With which prelude he drew his chair towards hers, and Mary was just trying to make up her mind to jump up and run right out of the room, when the door opened, and the butler walked in with a card on a waiter. Mary had never felt so relieved in her life, and could have hugged the solemn old domestic when he said, presenting the card to her,

"The gentleman asked if Mrs. or you were in, Miss, and told me to bring it up, and find whether you would see him on business. A clergyman, I think, Miss. He's waiting in the hall."

"Oh yes, I know. Of course. Yes, say I will see him directly. I mean, ask him to come up now."

"Shall I show him into the library, Miss?"

"No, no; in here; do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss," replied the butler, with a deprecatory look at St. Cloud, as much as to say, "You see I can't help it," in answer to his impatient telegraphic signals. St. Cloud had been very liberal to the Porters' servants.

Mary's confidence had all come back. Relief was at hand. She could trust herself to hold St. Cloud at bay now, as it could not be for more than a few minutes. When she turned to him the nervousness had quite gone out of her manner, and she spoke in her old tone again, as she laid her embroidery aside.

"How lucky that you should be here. Look; I think you must be acquainted," she said, holding out the card which the butler had given her to St. Cloud.

He took it mechanically, and looked at it, and then crushed it in his hand, and was going to speak. She prevented him.

"I was right, I'm sure. You do know him?"

"I didn't see the name," he said, almost fiercely.

"The name on the card which I gave you just now?—Mr. Gray. He is curate in one of the poor Westminster districts. You must remember him, for he was of your college. He was at Oxford with you. I made his acquaintance at the Commemoration. He will be so glad to meet an old friend."

St. Cloud was too much provoked to answer; and the next moment the door opened, and the butler announced Mr. Gray.

Gray came into the room timidly, carrying his head a little down as usual, and glancing uncomfortably about in the manner which used to make Drysdale say that he always looked as though he had just been robbing a hen-roost. Mary went forward to meet him, holding out her hand cordially.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "How kind of you to call when you are so busy! Mamma will be here directly. I think you must remember Mr. St. Cloud, Mr. Gray?"

St. Cloud's patience was now quite gone. He drew himself up, making the slightest possible inclination towards Gray, and then, without taking any further notice of him, turned to Mary with a look which he meant to be full of pitying admiration for her, and contempt of her visitor; but, as she would not look at him, it was thrown away. So he made his bow and stalked out of the room, angrily debating with himself, as he went down the stairs, whether she could have understood him. He was so fully convinced of the sacrifice which a man in his position was making in paying serious attentions to a girl with little fortune and no connexion, that he soon consoled himself in the belief that her embarrassment only arose from shyness, and that the moment he could explain himself she would be his obedient and grateful servant. Meantime Mary sat down opposite to the curate, and listened to him as he unfolded his errand awkwardly enough. An execution was threatened in the house of a poor struggling widow, whom Mrs. Porter had employed to do needlework occasionally, and who was behind with her rent through sickness. He was afraid that her things would be taken and sold in the morning, unless she could borrow two sovereigns. He had so many claims on him that he could not lend her the money himself, and so had come out to see what he could do amongst those who knew her.

By the time Gray had arrived at the end of his story, Mary had made up her mind—not without a little struggle—to sacrifice the greater part of what was left of her quarter's allowance. After all, it would only be wearing cleaned gloves instead of new ones, and giving up her new riding-hat till next quarter. So she jumped up, and said gaily, "Is that all, Mr. Gray? I have the money, and I will lend it her with pleasure. I will fetch it directly." She tripped off to her room, and soon came back with the money; and just then the butler came in with tea, and Mary asked

Mr. Gray to take some. He looked tired, she said, and, if he would wait a little time, he would see her mother, who would be sure to do something more for the poor woman.

Gray had got up to leave, and was standing, hat in hand, ready to go. He was in the habit of reckoning with himself strictly for every minute of his day, and was never quite satisfied with himself unless he was doing the most disagreeable thing which circumstances for the time being allowed him to do. But greater and stronger men than Gray, from Adam downwards, have yielded to the temptation before which he now succumbed. He looked out of the corners of his eyes; and there was something so fresh and bright in the picture of the dainty little tea-service and the young lady behind it, the tea which she was beginning to pour out smelt so refreshing, and her hand and figure looked so pretty in the operation, that, with a sigh to departing resolution, he gave in, put his hat on the floor, and sat down opposite to the tempter.

Gray took a cup of tea, and then another. He thought he had never tasted anything so good. The delicious rich cream, and the tempting plate of bread and butter, were too much for him. He fairly gave way, and resigned himself to physical enjoyment, and sipped his tea, and looked over his cup at Mary, sitting there bright and kind, and ready to go on pouring out for him to any extent. It seemed to him as if an atmosphere of light and joy surrounded her, within the circle of which he was sitting and absorbing. Tea was the only stimulant that Gray ever took, and he had more need of it than usual, for he had given away the chop, which was his ordinary dinner, to a starving woman. He was faint with fasting and the bad air of the hovels in which he had been spending his morning. The elegance of the room, the smell of the flowers, the charm of companionship with a young woman of his own rank, and the contrast of the whole to his common way of life, carried him away, and hopes and thoughts began to creep into his head to which he had long been a stranger. Mary did her very best to make his visit pleasant to him. She had a great respect for the self-denying life which she knew he was leading; and the nervousness and shyness of his manners were of a kind, which, instead of infecting her, gave her confidence, and made her feel quite at her ease with him. She was so grateful to him for having delivered her out of her recent embarrassment, that she was more than usually kind in her manner.

She saw how he was enjoying himself, and thought what good it must do him to forget his usual occupations for a short time. So she talked positive gossip to him, asked his opinion on riding-habits, and very soon was telling him the plot of a new novel which she had just been reading, with an animation and playfulness which would have warmed the heart of an anchorite. For a short quarter of an hour Gray resigned himself; but at the end of that time he became suddenly and painfully conscious of what he was doing, and stopped himself short in the middle of an altogether worldly compliment, which he detected himself in the act of paying to his too fascinating young hostess. He felt that retreat was his only chance, and so grasped his hat again, and rose with a deep sigh, and a sudden change of manner which alarmed Mary.

"My dear Mr. Gray," she said, anxiously, "I hope you are not ill?"

"No, not the least, thank you. But—but—in short, I must go to my work. I ought to apologize, indeed, for having stayed so long."

"Oh, you have not been here more than twenty minutes. Pray stay, and see mamma; she must be in directly."

"Thank you; you are very kind. I should like it very much, but indeed I cannot."

Mary felt that it would be no kindness to press it further, and so rose herself, and held out her hand. Gray took it, and it is not quite certain to this day whether he did not press it in that farewell shake more than was absolutely necessary. If he did, we may be quite

sure that he administered exemplary punishment to himself afterwards for so doing. He would gladly have left now, but his over sensitive conscience forbade it. He had forgotten his office, he thought, hitherto, but there was time yet not to be altogether false to it. So he looked grave and shy again, and said,—

"You will not be offended with me, Miss Porter, if I speak to you as a clergyman."

Mary was a little disconcerted, but answered almost immediately,—

"Oh, no. Pray say anything which you think you ought to say."

"I am afraid there must be a great temptation in living always in beautiful rooms like this, with no one but prosperous people. Do you not think so?"

"But one cannot help it. Surely, Mr. Gray, you do not think it can be wrong?"

"No, not wrong. But it must be very trying. It must be very necessary to do something to lessen the temptation of such a life."

"I do not understand you. What could one do?"

"Might you not take up some work which would not be pleasant, such as visiting the poor?"

"I should be very glad; but we do not know any poor people in London."

"There are very miserable districts near here."

"Yes, and papa and mamma are very kind, I know, in helping whenever they can hear of a proper case. But it is so different from the country. There it is so easy and pleasant to go into the cottages where every one knows you, and most of the people work for papa, and one is sure of being welcomed, and that nobody will be rude. But here I should be afraid. It would seem so impertinent to go to people's houses of whom one knows nothing. I should never know what to say."

"It is not easy or pleasant duty which is the best for us. Great cities could never be evangelized, Miss Porter, if all ladies thought as you do."

"I think, Mr. Gray," said Mary, rather nettled, "that every one has not the gift of lecturing the poor, and setting them right; and, if they have not, they had better not try to do it. And as for all the rest, there is plenty of the same kind of work to be done, I believe, amongst the people of one's own class."

"You are joking, Miss Porter."

"No, I am not joking at all. I believe that rich people are quite as unhappy as poor. Their troubles are not the same, of course, and are generally of their own making. But troubles of the mind are worse, surely, than troubles of the body?"

"Certainly; and it is the highest work of the ministry to deal with spiritual trials. But, you will pardon me for saying that I cannot think this is the proper work for—for—"

"For me, you would say. We must be speaking of quite different things, I am sure. I only mean that I can listen to the troubles and grievances of any one who likes to talk of them to me, and try to comfort them a little, and to make things look brighter, and to keep cheerful. It is not easy always even to do this."

"It is not, indeed. But would it not be easier if you could do as I suggest? Going out of one's own class, and trying to care for and to help the poor, braces the mind more than anything else."

"You ought to know my cousin Katie," said Mary, glad to make a diversion; "that is just what she would say. Indeed, I think you must have seen her at Oxford; did you not?"

"I believe I had the honour of meeting her at the rooms of a friend. I think he said she was also a cousin of his."

"Mr. Brown, you mean? Yes; did you know him?"

"Oh, yes. You will think it strange, as we are so very unlike; but I knew him better than I knew almost any one."

"Poor Katie is very anxious about him. I hope you thought well of him. You do not think he is likely to go very wrong?"

"No, indeed. I could wish he were

sounder on Church questions, but that may come. Do you know that he is in London?"

"I had heard so."

"He has been several times to my schools. He used to help me at Oxford, and has a capital way with the boys."

At this moment the clock on the mantel-piece struck a quarter. The sound touched some chord in Gray which made him grasp his hat again, and prepare for another attempt to get away.

"I hope you will pardon—." He pulled himself up short, in the fear lest he were going again to be false (as he deemed it) to his calling, and stood the picture of nervous discomfort.

Mary came to his relief. "I am sorry you must go, Mr. Gray," she said; "I should so like to have talked to you more about Oxford. You will call again soon, I hope?"

At which last speech Gray, casting an imploring glance at her, muttered something which she could not catch, and fled from the room.

Mary stood looking dreamily out of the window for a few minutes, till the entrance of her mother roused her, and she turned to pour out a cup of tea for her.

"It is cold, mamma dear; do let me make some fresh."

"No, thank you, dear; this will do very well," said Mrs. Porter; and she took off her bonnet and sipped the cold tea. Mary watched her silently for a minute, and then, taking the letter she had been reading, out of her pocket, said,

"I have a letter from Katie, mamma."

Mrs. Porter took the letter and read it; and, as Mary still watched, she saw a puzzled look coming over her mother's face. Mrs. Porter finished the letter, and then looked stealthily at Mary, who on her side was now busily engaged in putting up the tea-things.

"It is very embarrassing," said Mrs. Porter.

"What, mamma?"

"Oh, of course, my dear, I mean Katie's telling us of her cousin's being in London, and sending us his address—" and then she paused.

"Why, mamma?"

"Your papa will have to make up his mind whether he will ask him to the house. Katie would surely never have told him that she has written."

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown were so very kind. It would seem so strange, so ungrateful, not even to ask him."

"I am afraid he is not the sort of young man—in short, I must speak to your papa."

Mrs. Porter looked hard at her daughter, who was still busied with the tea-things. She had risen, bonnet in hand, to leave the room; but now changed her mind, and, crossing to her daughter, put her arm round her neck. Mary looked up steadily into her eyes, then blushed slightly, and said quietly,

"No, mamma; indeed, it is not as you think."

Her mother stooped and kissed her, and left the room, telling her to get dressed, as the carriage would be round in a few minutes.

Her trials for the day were not over. She could see by their manner at dinner that her father and mother had been talking about her. Her father took her to a ball in the evening, where they met St. Cloud, who fastened himself to them. She was dancing a quadrille, and her father stood near her, talking confidentially to St. Cloud. In the intervals of the dance scraps of their conversation reached her.

"You knew him, then, at Oxford?"

"Yes, very slightly."

"I should like to ask you now, as a friend—." Here Mary's partner reminded her that she ought to be dancing. When she had returned to her place again she heard—

"You think, then, that it was a bad business?"

"It was notorious in the college. We never had any doubt on the subject."

"My niece has told Mrs. Porter that there really was nothing wrong in it."

"Indeed? I am happy to hear it."

"I should like to think well of him, as he is a connexion of my wife. In

other respects, now—" Here again she was carried away by the dance, and, when she returned, caught the end of a sentence of St. Cloud's, "You will consider what I have said in confidence."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Porter; "and I am exceedingly obliged to you;" and then the dance was over, and Mary returned to her father's side. She had never enjoyed a ball less than this, and persuaded her father to leave early, which he was delighted to do.

When she reached her own room Mary took off her wreath and ornaments, and then sat down and fell into a brown study, which lasted for some time. At last she roused herself with a sigh, and thought she had never had so tiring a day, though she could hardly tell why, and felt half inclined to have a good cry, if she could only have made up her mind what about. However, being a sensible young woman, she resisted the temptation, and, hardly taking the trouble to roll up her hair, went to bed and slept soundly.

Mr. Porter found his wife sitting up for him; they were evidently both full of the same subject.

"Well, dear?" she said, as he entered the room.

Mr. Porter put down his candle, and shook his head.

"You don't think Katie can be right then? She must have capital opportunities of judging, you know, dear."

"But she is no judge. What can a girl like Katie know about such things?"

"Well, dear, do you know I really cannot think there was anything very wrong, though I did think so at first, I own."

"But I find that his character was bad—decidedly bad—always. Young St. Cloud didn't like to say much to me; which was natural, of course. Young men never like to betray one another; but I could see what he thought. He is a right-minded young man, and very agreeable."

"I do not take to him very much."

"His connexions and prospects, too, are capital. I sometimes think he has a fancy for Mary. Haven't you remarked it?"

"Yes, dear. But as to the other matter? Shall you ask him here?"

"Well, dear, I do not think there is any need. He is only in town, I suppose, for a short time, and it is not at all likely that we should know where he is, you see."

"But if he should call?"

"Of course then we must be civil. We can consider then what is to be done."

To be continued.

THE RAMSGATE LIFE-BOAT:

A NIGHT ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

BY THE REV. J. GILMORE, M.A.

CHAPTER I.

THE GOODWIN SANDS.

"God have mercy upon the poor fellows at sea!" Household words, these, in English homes, however far inland they may be, and although near them the blue sea may have no better representative than a sedge-choked river or canal, along which slow barges urge a lazy way. When the storm-wrack darkens the sky, and gales are abroad, seaward fly the sympathies of English hearts, and the prayer is uttered with, perhaps, a special reference to some loved and absent sailor. It is those, however, who live on the sea-coast, and watch the struggle going on in all its terrible reality—now welcoming ashore, as wrested from death, some rescued sailor, now mourning over those who have found a sudden grave almost within call of land—that learn truly to realize the

fearfulness of the strife, and to find an answer to the moanings of the gale in the prayer, "God have mercy upon the poor fellows at sea!"

This lesson is perhaps more fully learnt at Ramsgate than at any other part of the coast. Four-fifths of the whole shipping trade of London pass within two or three miles of the place; between fifty and a hundred sail are often in sight at once,—pretty picture enough on a sunny day, or when a good wholesome breeze is bowling along; but anxious, withal, when the clouds are gathering, and you see the fleet making the best of its way to find shelter in the Downs, and a south-westerly gale moans up, and the last of the fleet are caught by it, and have to anchor in exposed places, and you watch them riding heavily, making bad weather of it—the seas, every now and then, flying over them. If it is winter-time, and the weather stormy, the harbour fills with vessels; tide after tide brings them in, till they may number two or three hundred,—many of them brought in disabled, bulwarks washed away, masts over the side, bows stove in, or leaky, having been in collision, touched the ground, or been struck by a sea. The harbour is then an irresistible attraction to the residents; the veriest landsmen grow excited, and make daily pilgrimages to the piers, to see how the vessels under repairs are getting on, or what new disasters have occurred.

But it is at night-time especially that one's thoughts take a more solemn and anxious turn. As you settle down by the fireside for a quiet evening, you remember the ugly appearance the sky had some two or three hours before, when you were at the end of the pier. You felt that mischief was brewing; gusts of wind swept by; and you looked down upon a white raging sea. The Downs anchorage was full of shipping; some few vessels had parted their cables, and had to run for it, while a lugger or two staggered out with anchors and chains to supply them; others made for the harbour,—you almost shuddered as you looked down upon them from the pier, and saw them in the grasp of the sea, rolling and plunging, with the waves surging over their bows. Another moment's battle with the tide;—you heard the orders shouted out, you saw the men rushing to obey them,—the pilot steady at the wheel,—and you could scarce forbear a cheer as ship after ship shot by the pier head, and found refuge in the harbour. Altogether it was a wild, exciting scene, and you cannot shake off the effect; you shut your book, and listen to the storm. The wind rushes and moans by; a minute before it was raging over the sea. The muffled roaring sound you hear is that of the waves breaking at the base of the cliff. You get restless, and go to the window, peer out into the dark night, and watch with anxious, it may be nervous, thoughts the bright lights of the Light Vessels, which guard the Goodwin Sands—sands so fatal that, when the graves give up their dead, few churchyards shall render such an account as theirs in number, and also that they entomb the brave and strong—men who a few hours before were reckless and merry, ready to laugh at the thoughts of death—who, if homeward bound, were full of joy, as they seemed already to stand upon the thresholds of their homes; or by whom, if outward bound, the kisses of their wives, which seemed still to linger on their cheeks, and the soft clasping arms of their little ones, which still seemed to hang about their necks, were only to be forgotten in the few hours of terrible life-struggle with the storm, and then keenly again remembered in the last gasping moments, ere the Goodwin Sands should find them a grave almost within the shadows of their homes! Saddened with these thoughts, you turn again to your book, but scarcely to read. A sudden noise brings you to your feet! What was it? An open shutter or door, caught and banged to by the wind; or the report of a gun? It sounded woefully like the latter! You hurry to the window, and anxiously watch the light vessels. Suddenly from one of them up shoots a stream of light. They have fired a rocket; and the gun, and the rocket, five minutes after, form the signal that

a vessel is on the sands, and in need of immediate assistance. You remember watching the breakers on the sands during the day, as they rose and fell like fitful volumes of white eddying smoke, breaking up the clear line of the horizon, and tracing the sands in broken, leaping, broad outlines of foam. And you realize the sad fact that, amid those terrible breakers, somewhere out in the darkness, within four or five miles of you, near that bright light, there are twenty or fifty—you know not how many—of your fellow-creatures, struggling for their lives. "Ah!" you say, as the storm-blast rushes by, "if this gale lasts a few hours, and there is no rescue, the morning may be calm, and the sea then smooth as a lake; but nothing of either ship, or crew, shall we see." But, thank God! there will be a rescue. You know that already brave hearts have determined to attempt it; that strong, ready hands are even now at work, in cool, quick preparation; that, almost before you could battle your way against the tempest down to the pier-head, the steamer and life-boat will have fought their way out into the storm and darkness upon their errand of mercy. "God have mercy upon the poor fellows at sea—upon the shipwrecked, upon the brave rescuers!" is the prayer that finds a deep utterance from your heart during the wakeful minutes of the anxious night; and, as you fall asleep, visions of the scenes going on so near, mingle with your dreams, and startle you again to watchfulness and prayer.

We go back to the 26th of November, 1857, and select the events of that night for our narrative because, perhaps, never before, or since, did men and boat live through such perils as the Ramsgate life-boat crew then encountered; and because, moreover, they seem well to illustrate the dangers connected with the lifeboat service on the Goodwin Sands.

The day in question had been very threatening throughout; it was blowing very fresh, with occasional squalls, from the east-north-east, and a heavy sea running. At high tide the sea broke over the east pier. As the waves beat upon it, and dashed over in clouds of foam, it looked from the cliff like a heavy battery of guns in full play. The boatmen had been on the look-out all day, but there were no signs of their services being required. Still they hung about the pier till long after dark. At last many were straggling home, leaving only those who were to watch during the night, when suddenly some thought they saw a flash of light. A few seconds of doubt, and the boom of the gun decided the point. At once there was a rush for the life-boat. She was moored in the stream about thirty yards from the pier. In a few minutes she was alongside. Her crew was already more than made up. Some had put off to her in wherries; others had sprung in when she was within jumping distance of the steps. She was overmanned; and the two last on board had to turn out. In the meantime a rocket had been fired from the light vessel. Many had been on the look-out for it, that they might decide beyond all doubt which of the three light vessels it was that had signalled. It proved to be the North Sand Head vessel. The cork jackets were thrown into the boat; the men were in their places, and all ready for a start in a comparatively few minutes. They had not been less active in the steamer, the *Aid*. Immediately upon the first signal her shrill steam whistle resounded through the harbour, calling on board those of her crew who were on shore; and her steam, which is always kept up, was got to its full power, and in less than half-an-hour from the firing of the gun, she steamed gallantly out of the harbour, with the life-boat in tow. As she went out, a rocket streamed up from the Pier Head. It was the answer to the light vessel, and told that the assistance demanded was on its way.

Off they went, ploughing their way through a heavy cross sea, which often swept completely over the boat. The tide was running strongly, and the wind in their teeth; it was hard work breasting both sea and wind in such a tide and gale; but they bravely set to their work, and

gradually made head-way. They steered for the Goodwin, and, having got as near to the breakers as they dared take the steamer, worked their way through a heavy head sea along the edge of the Sands, on the look-out for the vessel in distress. At last they make her out in the darkness, and, as they approach, find two Broadstairs luggers, the *Dreadnought* and *Petrel*, riding at anchor outside the sand. These had heard the signal, and, the strong easterly gale being in their favour, had soon run down to the neighbourhood of the wreck. On making to the vessel, the new comers find her to be a fine-looking brig, almost high and dry on the sands. Her masts and rigging are all right; the moon, which has broken through the clouds, shines upon her clean new copper; and, so far, she seems to have received but little damage.

Efforts have already been made for her relief. The *Dreadnought* lugger had brought with her a small twenty-feet life-boat. The "Little" *Dreadnought* and this boat, with her crew of five hands, has succeeded in getting alongside the brig.

The steamer slips the hawser of the life-boat, and anchors almost abreast of the vessel, with about sixty fathom of chain out. There is a heavy rolling sea —but much less than there has been, as the tide has gone down considerably. The life-boat makes in for the brig; carries on through the surf and breakers; and, when within about forty fathoms of the vessel, lowers her sails, throws the anchor overboard, and veers alongside. The captain and some of the men remain in the boat, to fend her off from the sides of the vessel; for the tide, although it is shallow water, runs like a sluice, and it requires great care to prevent the boat getting her side stove in against the vessel. The rest of her crew climb on board the brig. Her captain had, until then, hoped to get her off at the next tide, and had refused the assistance of the Broadstairs men. But now he begins to realize the danger of his position, and is very glad to accept the assistance offered. One of his crew speaks a little English; and, through him, he employs the crew of the life-boat, and the others, to try and get his vessel off the sands.

The Goodwin is a quicksand, and, as such, terribly fatal to vessels that get upon it. At low tide a large portion of it is dry, and is then hard and firm, and can be walked upon for four or five miles; but, as the water flows over any portion of it, that part becomes, as the sailors say, all alive—soft, and quick, and ready to suck in anything that lodges upon it. Suppose the vessel to run bow on, with a falling tide, and where the sand shelves, or is steep. The water leaves the bow, and the sand there gets hard; the water still flows under the stern, and there the sand remains soft; down the stern sinks, lower and lower; the vessel soon breaks her back, or works herself almost upright on her stern; as the tide flows she fills with water, works deeper and deeper into the sand, until at high tide she is completely buried, or only her topmasts are to be seen above water. Other vessels, if the sea is heavy, begin to beat heavily, and soon break up. Lifted up on the swell of a huge wave, as it breaks and flies from under them in surf, they crash down with their whole weight upon the sands, and are soon in pieces; or the broken hull fills with water, rolls, and lifts, and works, until it has made a deep bed in the sands, in which it is soon buried—so that many vessels have run upon the sands in the early night, and scarcely a vestige of them was to be seen in the morning. By way of illustration, let me tell what happened one dark stormy night in January, 1857, a few months before the events now being related.

The harbour steam-tug *Aid*, and the life-boat, had been out early in the day, trying to get to the *Northern Belle*, a fine American barque, which was ashore not far from Kingsgate; but the force of the gale and tide was so tremendous that they could not make way, and were driven back to Ramsgate, there to wait until the tide turned, or the wind moderated. About two in the morning, while getting ready for another attempt to reach the *Northern Belle*, rockets were fired from one of the Goodwin Light

vessels, showing that some ship was in distress there. They hastened at once to afford assistance, and got to the edge of the Sands shortly after three. Up and down they cruised, but could see no signs of any vessel. They waited till morning's light, and then saw the one mast of a steamer standing out of the water. They made towards it; but there were no signs of life, and no wreck to which a human being could cling. Almost immediately upon striking, the vessel, as they concluded, must have broken up, sunk, and become buried in the quicksand. Away, then, for the *Northern Belle!* Scarcely is the word given, when the captain of the *Aid* sees a large life-buoy floating near. "Ease her," he cries; and the way of the steamer slacks. "God knows but what that buoy may be of use to some of us." The helmsman steers for it. A man makes a hasty dart at it with a boat-hook, misses it, and starts back appalled from a vision of staring eyes, and matted hair, and wildly-tossed arms. They shout to the life-boat crew, and they in turn steer for the life-buoy; the bowman grasps at it, catches it, but cannot lift it in. His cry of horror brings others to help him; they lift the buoy and bring to the surface three dead bodies that are tied to it by spun yarn round their waists. Slowly and carefully, one by one, the crew lift them on board and lay them out under the sail.

The *Violet* passenger steamer had left Ostend about eleven at night; about two in the morning she got on the Goodwin Sands; a little after three, there was no one left on board to answer the signals of the steam-boat and show their position; at seven, there was nothing to be seen of her but the one mast, the life-buoy, and the three corpses sleeping their long, last sleep under the life-boat sail. Such are the Goodwin Sands!

CHAPTER II.

THE WRECK ABANDONED, AND THE LIFE-BOAT DESPAIRED OF.

The boatmen, as soon as they get on board the brig, find her in a very perilous position, but have hopes of getting her off;—at all events, they will try hard for it. She is a fine, new, and strongly-built Portuguese brig, belonging to Lisbon, and bound from Newcastle to Rio, with coals and iron. Her crew consists of the captain, the mate, ten men, and a boy.

She is head on to the sand; but the sand does not shelve much, and her keel is pretty even. The wind is blowing still very strong, and right astern; the tide is on the turn, and will flow quickly. There is no time to be lost; the first effort must be to prevent her driving further on the sand. With this object the boatmen get an anchor out astern as quickly as possible; they rig out tackles on the foreyard, and hoist the bower anchor on deck, slew the yard round, and get the anchor as far aft as they can; they then shift the tackles to the main-yard, and lift the anchor well to the stern, shackle the chain cable on, get it all clear for running out, try the pumps to see that they work, and then wait until the tide makes sufficiently to enable the steamer, which draws six feet, to approach nearer. They hope the steamer will be able to back close enough to them to get a rope fastened to the flues of the anchor, and then drag the anchor out, and drop it about one hundred fathoms astern of the vessel. All hands will then go to the windlass, keep a strain upon the cable, and heave with a will each time the brig lifts—the steamer towing hard all the time with a hundred and twenty fathoms of nine-inch cable out. By these means they expect to work the brig gradually off the Sands.

But they soon lose all hope of doing this. It is about one o'clock in the morning; the moon has gone down; heavy showers of rain fall; it is pitch dark, and very squally; the gale is evidently freshening up again; a heavy swell comes up before the wind, and, as the tide flows under the brig, she begins to work very much. She lifts and thumps down upon the sands with shocks that make the masts tremble and the decks gape open. The boatmen begin to fear the worst. The life-boat is alongside, seven hands

in her. She is afloat in the basin the brig has worked in the sands, and it requires all the efforts of the men on board to prevent her getting stove in. The tide still flows, the wind still rising, and the brig working with increasing violence. As she rolls and careers over on her bilge, she threatens to fall upon and crush the life-boat. The captain of the boat hails the men on deck to come on board the boat, and get away from the side of the vessel. The boatmen try and explain the danger to the Portuguese; but they will not understand. Hail after hail comes from the boat, for every moment increases the peril; but the Portuguese captain still refuses to leave his vessel. Any moment may be too late; the boatmen are almost ready to try and force the Portuguese over the side, but cannot persuade them to stir; and so, as they will not desert them, they also wait on. Suddenly a loud, sharp, crack, like a blast of thunder, peals through the ship. The boatmen jump on the gunwale, ready to spring for the life-boat—for she may be breaking in half. No; but one of her large timbers has snapt like a pipe-stem, and others will soon follow. The Portuguese crew make a rush to get what things they can on deck; altogether they fill eight chests with their traps. These are quickly lowered into the life-boat. Her captain does not much like having her hampered with so much baggage, but cannot refuse the poor fellows at least a chance of saving their kit. The surf flies over the brig, and boils up all around her. The life-boat is deluged with spray, and her lights are washed out; the vessel lifts and thumps, and rolls with the force of wind and sea. Time after time the sound of her breaking timbers is heard; at each heave she wrenches and groans, and cracks in all directions; she is breaking up fast. Quick, my men, quick! for your lives, quick! The boy is handed into the boat; the Portuguese sailors follow; the boatmen spring in after them; and the brig is abandoned.

We have said that it was about one o'clock in the morning when the squalls came on, with heavy rain and thick darkness. The steamer was still at anchor, waiting for water to enable her to get nearer the brig. But, as the gale freshens, there is a dangerous broken sea, and the steamer begins to pitch very heavily. She paddles gently ahead to ease her cable; but it is soon evident that, if they are to get their anchor up at all, they must make haste about it. They heave it up, and lay to for the life-boat. The sea comes on so quickly that the *Dreadnought* lugger is almost swamped at her anchor, and has to cut her cable without attempting to get it in, and make before the gale for Ramsgate. The *Petrel* lugger springs her mast, which is secured with difficulty; and she, too, makes the best of her way for the harbour. The wind increases; the gale is again at its height, and a fearful sea running. Wave after wave breaks over the steamer and sweeps her deck; but she is a splendid boat, strongly built and powerful; and her captain and crew are well used to rough work. Head to wind, and steaming half-power, she holds her own against the wind, and keeps, as far as they can judge, still in the neighbourhood of the wreck. Of it, and the life-boat, they can see nothing. Time passes on, and they get anxious. The wreck must have been abandoned before this! Is the boat swamped, or stove, and all lost? They signalize to it again and again, but in vain; they cruise up and down upon the very edge of the sand, hoping to fall in with it. Now they make in one direction, and now in another, as the roaring of the storm now and again shapes itself into cries of distress to their straining senses, or a darker shadow on the sea deludes them into the hope that at last they have found the lost boat. All hands are on the look-out, and greatly excited. The storm is terrible in the extreme; but they forget their own peril and hardships in their great, great fears for the safety of their comrades. The anxiety becomes insupportable. Through the thick darkness the bright light of the *Gull* light-vessel shines out like a star. With a faint hope they

wrestle their way through the storm, and speak the vessel. "Have you seen anything of the life-boat?" they shout out. "Nothing, nothing," is the answer; it seems to confirm all their fears. Back now they hasten to their old cruising ground; they will not slack their exertions, nor lose a chance of rendering their assistance. It is still darkness, and silence, but for the rage of the gale; the hours creep on. How they long for the light! All hands still on the watch; and, as the first grey dawn of morning comes, it is with straining eye-balls that they seek to penetrate the twilight. It is almost light before they can even find the place where the wreck lay. With all speed, but little hope, they make for it; and then indeed all their great dread seems realized. The brig had completely broken up, and was all to pieces. They can see great masses of timber and tangled rigging, but no signs of life. Nearer and nearer they go, and wait till it is fairly light; but still nothing is to be seen but shattered pieces of wreck, moored fast by the matted cordage to the half-buried ruins of the hull, and tossing and heaving in the surf. Some think they see mingled with the wreck pieces of the life-boat; but, whether they are or not, the end seems the same; and, after one last careful but vain look around to see whether there are any signs of the life-boat elsewhere on the sands, sadly they turn the steamer's head and make for the harbour. They grieve for brave comrades tried in many scenes of danger, and think with faint hearts of the melancholy report they have to give; and it is but little consolation to them, in the face of so great a loss, that they, at all events, have done their best.

CHAPTER III.

BEATING OVER THE SANDS.

All hands have deserted the brig. There are in the life-boat thirteen Portuguese sailors, five Broadstairs boatmen, and the thirteen Ramsgate boatmen who form her crew—a precious freight of thirty-one souls. The small *Dreadnought* life-boat has been swung against the brig by the force of the tide, and damaged; and none dare venture in her.

The tide is rising fast, the gale coming on again in all its force, the surf running very high and breaking over the brig, so that the life-boat, which is under her lee, is deluged with a constant torrent of spray. The vessel is rolling very heavily; she has worked a bed in the sand; and this the run of the tide has enlarged. The life-boat is afloat within the circle of this bed; the brig threatens to roll over it. "Shove and haul off; quick; shove off," are the orders. Some with oars shoving against the brig, others hauling might and main upon the boat's hawser, they manage to pull the life-boat two or three yards up to her anchor, and to thrust her a little from the side of the brig. Now she grounds heavily upon the edge of the basin worked in the sand by the brig. "Strain every muscle, men; for your lives, pull." No; she will not stir an inch; she falls over on her side; the sea and surf sweep over her; the men cling to the thwarts and gunwale; all but her crew give up every hope; but they know the capabilities of the boat, and do not lose heart. Crash! The brig heaves, and crushes down upon her bilge; she half lifts upon an even keel, and then rolls and lurches from side to side; each time that she does so, she comes more and more over, nearer to the boat.

Here is the danger that may well make the stoutest heart quail. The boat is aground, hopelessly aground; her crew can see, through the darkness of the night, the masts and yards of the brig swaying over their heads; they toss wildly in the air as the brig heaves and rights, and, as she rolls, come beating down over their heads. Each time they sweep nearer, and nearer. Let them but touch the boat, and, in spite of all her strength, she must be crushed, and all lost. Desperate efforts they make to get out of their reach; but all in vain. It is a fearful time of suspense, while this question of life and death is being decided—Which will happen first? will the tide flow sufficiently to float them, or

the brig work so much upon her side, as to crush them with her masts and yards?

The men can do nothing more, in the dark, wild night, and terrible danger. Each minute seems an hour. They protect themselves as well as they can from the rush of spray and fierce wind over the boat, and wait on, anxiously watching the brig as she rolls nearer and nearer the boat. Each moment the position becomes more desperate. There is a stir among the men; they prepare for the last struggle. Some are getting ready to make a spring for the flying rigging of the brig, hoping to be able to climb on board, as the life-boat crushes. "Stick to the boat, men! stick to the boat!" the captain shouts out; "the brig must go to pieces soon, while we may yet get clear." At this moment the boat trembles beneath them, lifts a little on the surf, and grounds again. It is like a word of life to them; and instantly all hands are on the alert. They get all their strength on the hawser, and, as the boat lifts again, draw her a yard or two nearer her cable, but as yet no further from the brig. Again and again they try; but the tide and wind are both setting with all their force on the sand, and they cannot draw the boat up to her anchor.

Then the captain of the boat sees what is before them even if they get clear of the wreck. There is no hope but to beat right across the sand, and this in the wild, fearful gale, and pitch dark night; and what the danger of that is, only those who know the Goodwin Sands, and the fierce sea that sweeps over them, can at all imagine.

They continue to make desperate efforts to draw the boat clear of the brig. After many attempts, they succeed, and now ride at anchor in the surf and breakers, waiting for water to take them over the sands. They see the lights of the steamer shining in the distance, outside the broken and shallow water; but there is no hope of assistance from her. Their lanterns are washed out,—they cannot signalize; and, if they could, the steamer could not approach them. The sea is breaking furiously over them; time after time the boat fills, as the surf and waves wash clean over her; but instantly she empties herself again through the valves in her bottom. The gale sweeps by more fiercely than ever; the men are almost washed out of the boat; and, worse still, the anchor begins to drag. The tide has made a little; there may be water enough to take them clear of the brig. They must risk it. "Hoist the foresail; stand by to cut the cable." "All clear?" "Ay, ay!" "Away, then." And the boat, under the power of the gale and tide, leaps forward, flies along, but only for a few yards, when, with a tremendous jerk, she grounds upon the sands. Her crew look up, and their hearts almost fail them as they find that they are again within reach of the brig. Her top-gallant masts are swaying about, her yards swing within a few feet of them, and the sails which had blown loose, and are fast going to ribands, beat and flap like thunder over their heads. Their position seems worse than ever; but they are not this time kept long in suspense. A huge breaker comes foaming along; its white crest gleams out in the darkness; a moment's warning, and it swamps them, but all are holding on; its force drives the boat from the ridge on which she had grounded. Up it seems to swing them all in its mighty arms, and hurls them forward. And then again the boat crashes down on the sand as the wave breaks, and grounds with a shock that would have torn every man out of her if they had not been holding on.

One great peril has passed. They are safe from the wreck of the brig; but at that moment they are threatened with another almost as terrible. The small *Dreadnought* life-boat has been in tow all this time. As the Ramsgate boat grounds, the smaller boat comes bow on to her, sweeps round, and gets under her side; the two boats roll and crash together; each roll the larger one gives, each lift of the sea, she comes heavily down on the other; the crash and crack of timbers is heard. Which boat is it that is breaking up? Both

must go soon if this continues. Some of the men seize the oars and boat-hooks, and thrust and shove for very life, trying to free the *Dreadnought*, which is thumping under the quarter of the Ramsgate boat. Again and again they try; it is a terrible struggle in that boiling sea and with the surf breaking over them. The boats still crash and roll together; one of them is breaking up fast. "Oars in!" cries the captain; "over the side, half-a-dozen of you; take your feet to her," and some of the brave fellows spring over, clinging to the gunwale of the Ramsgate boat. Again and again a fierce struggle; a monster wave heads on; the big boat lifts. "Altogether, men;" and with a great effort they push the *Dreadnought* clear. They scramble, or are dragged into the Ramsgate boat; the tow rope is cut; and the *Dreadnought*, almost a wreck, is swept away by the tide, and lost in the darkness, while the Ramsgate boat is still mercifully uninjured.

A third time are they providentially saved from what seemed almost certain death; and yet they have only commenced the beginning of their troubles —for is there not before them the long range of sand with the broken fierce waves, and raging surf, and many fragments of wrecks, studded here and there like sunken rocks, upon any one of which if they strike, it must be death to them all?

The boat is still aground upon the ridge of sand. She lifts, and is swept round, and grounds again broadside to the sea, which makes a clear breach over her. The Portuguese are all clinging together under the lee of the foresail; and there is no getting them to move. The crew are holding here and there where they can, sometimes buried in water, often with only their heads out; the Captain is standing up in the stern, holding on by the mizen mast. Often he can see nothing of the men, as the surf sweeps over them. He orders the chests to be thrown overboard; but most of them are already washed away. The rest are unlashed from their fastenings, and lifted as they can get at them; and the next wave carries them away. Heavy masses of cloud darken the sky; the rain falls in torrents; it is bitterly cold; they can do nothing but hold on; the tide rises gradually; suddenly the boat lifts again, is caught by the driving sea, and is flung forward. There is no keeping her straight; the water is too broken; her stern frees itself before the bow; and round she swings, onward a few yards, and grounds again by the stern. Round sweeps the bow; and with another jerk she comes broadside on the sands again, lurching over on her side with the raging surf making a clean sweep over her waist. It is a struggle for the men to get their breath; the spray beats over them in such clouds. Again and again this happens. The Captain tries to get the men aft, so that the boat may be lightened in the bow, and thus be more likely to keep straight. Most of the boatmen come to the stern; but the Portuguese will not move, and even one or two of the English boatmen are so beaten by the waves, and exhausted, that they are almost unconscious, and only able to cling on with an iron nervous grasp to the sides and thwarts of the boat. As the captain sees the big waves sweep over the boat, time after time he expects to have men washed out of her; and, although he makes light of it, and does what he can to cheer them up, he has in his own heart but small hope of ever seeing land again.

The sand son the sea-shore, if there has been any surf, appear, at low tide, uneven with the ridges or ripples the waves have left on them. On the Goodwin, where the force of the sea is in every way multiplied, and the waves break, and the tide rushes, with tenfold power, the little sand ripples become ridges, perhaps two or three feet high. It is on these ridges that the life-boat grounds. She is swept from one to the other as the tide rises, swinging round and round in the swirling tide, crashing and jerking each time she strands. All this was in the midst of darkness, bitter cold, and a raging wind, surf and sea, until the hardship and peril were almost too much to be borne, and some of the

men felt dying in the boat. One old boatman thus describes his feelings:—"Well, sir, perhaps my friends were right when they said, 'I hadn't ought to have gone out—that I was too old for that sort of work (he was then about sixty years of age); but, you see, when there is life to be saved, it makes one feel young again; and I've always felt I had a call to save life when I could, and wasn't going to hold back then; and I stood it better than some of them after all. I did my work on board the brig, and, when she was so near falling over us, and when the *Dreadnought* life-boat seemed knocking our bottom out, as well as any of them; but, when we got to beating and grubbing over the sands, swinging round and round, and grounding every few yards with a jerk that bruised us sadly, and almost tore our arms out of the sockets—no sooner washed off one ridge, and beginning to hope the boat was clear, than she thumped upon another harder than ever, and all the time the wash of the surf nearly tearing us out of the boat—it was almost too much for man to stand. There was a young fellow holding on next to me; his head soon dropt, and I saw he was giving over; and, when the boat filled with water, and the waves went over his head, he scarcely seemed to care to struggle free. I tried to cheer him, and keep his spirits up. He just clung to a thwart like a drowning man. Poor fellow, he never did a day's work after that night, and died in a few months. Well, I couldn't do anything with him; and I thought it didn't matter much, for I felt pretty sure it must soon be all over,—that the boat would be knocked to pieces. So I took my life-belt off, that I might have it over all the quicker; for I did not want to be beating about the sands, alive or dead, longer than I could help; the sooner I went to the bottom the better, I thought. When once all chance of life was over—and that time seemed close upon us every minute—some of us kept shouting, just cheering one another up as long as we could; but I had to give that up; and I remember hearing the captain crying out, 'We will see Ramsgate again yet, my men, if we keep clear of old wrecks.' And then I heard the Portuguese lad crying, and I remember that I began to think it was all a terrible dream, and pinched myself to try if I were really awake, and began to feel very strange, and to get insensible. I didn't feel afraid of death; for you see I hadn't left it to such times as that to prepare to meet my God. And, if I ever spent hours in prayer, be sure I spent them in prayer that night. And I just seemed going off in a swoon, when I should have been soon washed out of the boat, for I felt very dream-like, when I looked up, and the surf seemed curling up both sides of me. I was going to dip my head to let the seas beat over my back, and I should never have lifted it again, when I saw a bright star. The clouds had broken a little, and there was that blessed star shining out. It was indeed a blessed, beautiful star to me; it seemed to call me back to life again; and I began to have a little thought about home, and that I wasn't going to be called away just yet; and I kept my eye upon that star whenever I could; and I don't know how it was, but that seemed just to keep me up, so that, when we got ashore, I was not much worse than the best of them. But, for seven whole days after that, I lost my speech, and lay like a log upon my bed; and I was ill a long time—indeed, have never been quite right since; and I suppose I never shall get over it. But, what is more, I believe that the same may be said of every man that was in the boat. One poor young fellow is dead; another has been subject to fits ever since; and not any of us quite the men we were before; and no wonder, when you think what we passed through. I cannot describe it, and you cannot, neither can any one else; but, when you say you've beat and grubbed over those sands almost yard by yard in a fearful storm, on a winter's night, and live to tell the tale, why, it is the next thing to saying you've been dead, and brought to life again."

The captain of the life-boat was chosen for that position for his fortitude and

daring; and well he sustained his character that night—never for one moment losing his presence of mind, and doing his utmost to cheer the men up. The crew consisted of hardy, daring fellows, ready to face any danger, to go out in any storm, and to do battle with the wildest seas; but that night was almost too much for the most iron nerves. The fierce, freezing wind, the darkness, the terrible surf and beating waves, and the men unable to do anything for their safety; the boat almost hurled by the force of the waves from sand-ridge to sand-ridge, and apparently breaking up beneath them each time she lifted on the surf, and crushed down again upon the sand, besides the danger of her getting foul of any old wrecks, when she would have gone to pieces at once—how all this was lived through seems miraculous. Time after time there was a cry—"Now she breaks—she can't stand this—all over at last—another such a thump and she's done for!"; *and all this lasted for more than two hours, as, almost yard by yard, for about two miles, they beat over the sands.*

Suddenly the swinging and beating of the boat cease; she is in a very heavy sea, but she answers her helm, and keeps her head straight. At last they have got over the sands, and into deep water; the danger is past, and they are saved. With new hope comes new life. Some can scarcely realize it, and still keep their firm hold on the boat, expecting each second another terrible lurch and jerk upon the sands, and the wash of sea. No; that is all over, and the boat, in spite of her tremendous knocking about, is sound, and sails buoyantly and well. The crew quickly get further sail upon her, and she makes away before the gale to the westward. The Portuguese sailors lift their heads. They have been clinging together, and to the boat, crouching down under the lee of the foresail during the time of beating over the sands; they notice the stir among the boatmen, and that the deadly jerks and rushes of the sea over the boat have ceased; and they, too, learn that the worst is past, and the danger at an end. Long since did they despair of life; and their surprise and joy now know no bounds. Bravely on goes the life-boat, making good way to the westward. The Portuguese are very busy in earnest consultation; the poor fellows had lost all their kit, and only possessed the things they had on, and a few pounds that they have with them. Soon it becomes evident what their consultation has been about. "Captain," one of the boatmen sings out, "they want to give us all their money!" "Yes, yes," said their interpreter, in broken English, "you have saved our lives! thank you, thank you! but all we have is yours; it is not much, but you take it between you;" and held out the money. It was about 17*l.* "I, for one, won't touch any of it," said the captain of the boat. "Nor I, nor I," others added; "come, put your money up." The brave fellows will not take a farthing from brother sailors, and poor fellows much like themselves; and in a few words they make them understand this, and how glad they are to have saved them.

The life-boat has made good progress, and now runs through the Trinity Swatch Way; and, without further adventure, she reaches the harbour, about five o'clock in the morning. The crew of the brig were placed under the care of the Consul; and the boatmen went to their homes, to feel for many a long day the effects of the fatigues and perils of that terrible night.

All this time the steamer has been cruising up and down the edge of the sands, vainly searching for the boat; and, soon after daylight, she made, as we have already described, for the harbour. Her captain and crew are half broken-hearted, and scarce know how they shall be able to tell the tale of the sad calamity that seems so certainly to have happened. Suddenly, as the mouth of the harbour opens to them, they see the life-boat. They stare with amazement, and can scarcely believe their eyes. "Astonished, sir? That I was; never so much so in my life as when I stood looking at that boat. I could have shouted and cried for very wonder and

joy; you might have knocked me down with a straw." Thus the captain of the steamer described his feelings. It was the same with all the crew; and, as they shot round the pier, and heard that all were saved, the good news seemed to more than repay them for all the dangers and anxieties of the night.

Reader, the narrative here simply related is as far as possible *literally true*, and really very very far short of the truth. The facts were obtained from four of the men actually engaged in the rescue. It will do its intended work if it teaches you to realize, to any further extent, the nature and danger of the life-boat service, and to give a deeper meaning to the prayer which you are tempted to utter as the storm moans and howls over your head, "God have mercy upon the poor fellows at sea." Especially it will serve its end, if it persuades you to gain this consolation—while, perhaps, you lie warm and safe in bed listening to the storms—namely, that *you* have a part in the work that may even then be going on on some part of the coast. It will serve its end, if, while you imagine the wrecked vessels, the drowning sailors, and try to fancy the life-boat manned by brave fellows, battling out to sea in the storm and darkness, speeding upon its errand of mercy, you may be able to feel that it is owing to your exertions, among others, in the life-boat cause that foreign sailors can bear the noble testimony to our country which the captain of a foreign vessel once did bear, when he said, "Ah! we may always know whether it is upon the English coast that we are wrecked, by the efforts that are made for our rescue."

A BIRTHDAY.

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love has come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down,
Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes,
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys,
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE LAW OF RIFLE VOLUNTEER CORPS.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

I SUPPOSE no body of men in any country have ever been so bepraised and beflattered as the present generation of volunteers. Was there a corps at the great review in Hyde Park which was not declared by some member of the staff "to have done at least as well as any other?" Has there been any inspection where the inspecting officer has not been "surprised at the proficiency" of the men? Is there a corps which has not been declared by its battalion adjutant to "reflect great credit upon its officers?" Volunteers by this time know pretty well what such "soft sawder" is worth; they know that these compliments are partly repeated by rote by inferior officers after their superiors, partly echoed from the "*Times*," partly made use of to keep them in good humour, partly poured forth to deprecate criticism on the utterers. The simplicity which at first made them accept such words as Gospel at the lips of any military man, has worn away, in proportion as they have had to make acquaintance, here with old officers who did not know the word of command, there with old drill-sergeants who had never handled a rifle, or again with paid adjutants who could not put men through the platoon. By this time, I trust that most of them, if they know but little as yet, know at least that they don't know much, and therefore don't care to be flattered by being treated as if they did; and are generally disposed to think that military officer knows his business best who pays them the fewest compliments.

Now that the first rush and enthusiasm of volunteering have passed away, the great question is, how to introduce permanently into our national life such an amount of military discipline, and proficiency in the use of warlike weapons, as shall fit as large a proportion as possible of the available strength of the nation for efficient service in case of necessity, without trenching in the meanwhile upon the due carrying on of the respective avocations of each and all. There is one side of this question which appears to me to have been very unduly neglected, viz., the Law of Rifle Volunteer Corps.

It will be new to many to hear that volunteering, in a shape closely analogous to the one it takes now, has been known in this country for more than three-quarters of a century. The use of the word "volunteer" is older still; but it occurs at first only in contradistinction to men chosen by lot, as in the 31st Geo. II., c. 26, s. 17 (1757) which speaks of "voluntiers" for the militia. More than twenty years later (1779), we find the germ of our volunteer corps in the "Volunteer Companies," which were, by the 19th Geo. III., c. 76, empowered to be added to militia regiments,—a plan which was continued to 1782, and again resumed in 1794 (20th Geo. III. c. 37, and 34th Geo. III. c. 16). But by 1782, the statute-book is found recognizing actual volunteer corps, in the 22d Geo. III. c. 79, for the "encouragement and disciplining of "such corps or companies of men as "shall voluntarily enroll themselves for "defence of their towns or coasts, or "for the general defence of the king-"dom during the present war." A new act, almost under the same title, is passed in 1794 (the 34th Geo. III. c. 31). From that time to the passing of the 44th Geo. III. c. 54 (1804), the leading act now in force relating to volunteers, legislation on the subject is frequent. You will find it in 1796, in 1799, in 1800, in 1802, in 1803, repeatedly in some sessions; and, in fact, almost all the provisions of the 44th Geo. III. c. 54, which swept away previous legislation on the subject, are to be found scattered through the repealed statutes.

The pivot of all legislation as to volunteer corps, up to and including the last mentioned act, was the militia ballot, then a very present reality to all classes. The exemption from militia ballots, which effective service in a volunteer corps ensures, was a sufficient privilege to bring those bodies within the grasp of the law. Accordingly, upon this turned all the provisions of the act as to drill, and to a great extent, as to discipline. To be entitled to exemption, volunteers were to attend muster or exercise four days if cavalry, eight if infantry, during the four months preceding each return of members, the returns being made in April, August, and December. There were provisions for granting leave of absence to persons entitled to exemption, if they attended eight days if cavalry, sixteen if infantry, within eight successive months; for preserving the exemption of persons who attended "the full "number of twelve days if cavalry, and "twenty-four days if infantry," within "any period of four successive months" from a day of return, or within "any two successive periods of four months each" from such day; for the granting of certificates of exemption or attendance available in other counties or corps, &c. Misconduct might be punished by disallowance of the day for the purpose of exemption. In short, this exemption from the militia occurs in twelve separate sections out of sixty of which the act is composed, and figures again in the schedule.

Now, although the principle of the militia ballot is kept up by our legislation, and the practice of it may have to be revived, yet, in the meanwhile, it surely affords a very ill-chosen pivot for legislation as to volunteer corps. It is, no doubt, quite right that effective volunteers should be exempt from compulsory militia service, but, whilst there is no compulsory militia service, it is unreal, if not childish,—it is bringing the law into contempt,—to make everything turn upon that privilege. It is true that volunteers have also another, the mention of which always produces a horse-laugh—exemption from the hair-powder tax. . . . Is it wished that the one exemption should look as obsolete as the other? But this is not all. The machinery of the 44th Geo. IV. turns altogether on four-monthly returns; the *year* is not so much as mentioned, although that period comes in by implication in the provision allowing volunteers to make up "the full number" of twelve or twenty-four days in one or two successive periods of four months. But, in an Act of the 50th Geo. III. c. 25, for the organization of a military force which has entirely disappeared, "An act to "amend several acts relating to the local "militia of Great Britain," there occurs a clause enacting that "the number of "days of attendance at muster and exer- "cise of volunteer corps to entitle any "person serving in volunteer corps to "exemption from service *in the regular* "*militia*, and in the local militia, "shall be eighteen days, or any such "number of days not exceeding eighteen "as shall from time to time be fixed by "His Majesty by any order of His Prin- "cipal Secretary of State, instead of "twenty-four days, anything in an act "passed in the 44th year of the reign of "His present Majesty relating to volun- "teer corps, or in any other act or acts "of Parliament to the contrary notwith- "standing; and the said act, and all acts "and provisions in any acts of Parlia- "ment relating to the mustering and "exercising and exemptions of volunteer "corps shall be construed, as to all returns "and certificates of commanding officers "of such corps or others, as if the num- "ber of days specified had been eighteen, "or such number as shall be so fixed as "aforesaid instead of twenty-four; and "such number of eighteen days, or such "other number as aforesaid, shall in like "manner be divided into six days, or "three equal parts in each four months, "instead of eight days as in the said act "provided, with such provisions as to "making good any number of days at "different periods, as is provided in re- "lation to the days of exercise specified "in the said acts. . . ."

It is obvious that this general provision, thus thrust in without rhyme or

reason into a Local Militia Act, proceeds upon an entire misconception of the 44th Geo. III. c. 54. That act never anywhere specifies twenty-four days' attendance as requisite to the exemption. It specifies eight days within the four months previous to a return. By those eight days' attendance the exemption is, so far, secured; and when the new act says that the number of days' attendance shall be eighteen, *prima facie* it renders heavier the obligations which it professes to lighten, by requiring (seemingly) a twelvemonth's service as volunteer to purchase exemption from the militia; although, strangely enough, even here the *year* is not mentioned, and the act reads as if the eighteen days were a condition to be fulfilled once for all. Still the general intent of the provision is evidently to reduce by two, every four months, the number of attendances required; and the eighteen days are distinctly named as a *maximum*, which the Crown may reduce, but may not increase, this limitation being made most expressly to override the whole of the 44th Geo. III. So much of the 50th Geo. III. c. 25, I may say at once, as related to the local militia was repealed by the 52nd Geo. III. c. 88, but no more; its general provisions therefore remained subsisting.

Between the 44th Geo. III. and the 50th Geo. III. the legal constitution of Volunteer Corps remained bewildering enough. But such confusion became far worse confounded by subsequent legislation. Following the blunder of the 50th Geo. III. as to the number of days' attendance required being a yearly one, the 56th Geo. III. c. 39, reduced "the number of days' attend-"ance at muster or exercise of corps "of yeomanry or volunteer cavalry "to entitle any person serving in such "corps to be returned or certified as an "effective member" to "six in each "year," to be in like manner "divided "into two days, or three equal parts in "each four months," and for which "five days' successive attendance" were moreover made an equivalent. And the 7th Geo. IV. c. 58, "An act to "amend the laws relating to corps in "yeomanry cavalry and volunteers of "Great Britain," referring to the provision of the 44th Geo. III. as to four-monthly certificates and returns, and reciting that "it is expedient that "such certificates and returns should be "transmitted once only in each year, "instead of three times," enacts that all "officers commanding corps of yeomanry "and volunteers shall transmit the cer-"tificates and returns aforesaid . . . . on "the 1st day of August in every year, "or within fourteen days after that date, "instead of at the times aforesaid."

Does the reader perceive what havoc this makes of previous legislation? The careless framer of the statute evidently overlooked the fact, that upon the four-monthly returns depends the whole machinery of the volunteer law. The case stands simply thus:—The 44th Geo. III. says that eight days' attendance in the four months preceding a return makes an effective; the 50th Geo. III. reduces the eight days to six; the 56th Geo. III. for cavalry, to two. Then comes the 7th Geo. IV. and says that the returns themselves shall only be yearly. I express no positive opinion on this jumble; but there is at least strong ground for contending that (for infantry) one period of four months next preceding the 1st August, and six days' attendance during those four months are all that is now obligatory by law. And, lastly, the Militia Act of the 15th and 16th Vict. c. 50, s. 37, declares that notwithstanding anything in that *act* contained, the provisions of the 44th Geo. IV. c. 54, "shall continue in "force, so far as the same applies to the "enrolment of corps of yeomanry and "volunteers, and the exemptions to "which such corps are entitled"—thus, on the one hand, ignoring subsequent legislation on the subject, and, on the other, seeming to imply that all provisions of the act referred to, except as to enrolment and exemptions, are meant to be repealed. Surely it is disgraceful, if the Volunteer movement is a reality, to leave the law on the subject in such a chaos.

It is true that an issue has been sought out of the confusion by means of the authority of the War-office. Section 3 of the 44th Geo. III. empowers the Crown to accept the services of any Volunteer Corps "upon such terms and "conditions, and under and according "to such rules and regulations . . . . as "to His Majesty may hereafter seem "proper." By virtue of this provision it seems to have been assumed that all acts subsequent to the 44th Geo. III. might be quietly shelved, and that corps might be constituted "subject to "the provisions of that act, and to all "regulations which have been, or shall "be, issued under the authority of the "Secretary of State for War." Accordingly, the eight drills in four months, and the four-monthly returns, have been treated as still binding provisions. The slightest consideration will show that, if the 44th Geo. III. intended really to vest practically legislatorial powers in the Crown with reference to Volunteer Corps, half of its own provisions were superfluous, as well as subsequent legislation; or else, why were not the number of days' attendance, the periods of returns, &c., left to the discretion of the Crown? But the meaning of the words "terms and conditions" in this enactment seems to be fixed by a subsequent section (s. 22), which makes volunteers liable to march in case of invasion, "according to the terms and "conditions of their respective services, "whether the same shall extend to any "part of Great Britain, or be limited to "any district, county, city, town, or "place therein." These terms and conditions are therefore not those which the Crown imposes, but those by which the respective corps limit their offer of service. And the "rules and regulations" again are those of the corps itself, as shown by s. 56, which provides that "no "future rules or regulations shall be "valid or binding on any corps of yeo-"manry or volunteers, or for any pur-"poses of this act, or for any other pur-"pose," unless duly transmitted and not disallowed within twenty-eight days; subject, however, to a power (by s. 57) to the Crown at any time to annul "any "rules or regulations which may have "been or shall be made respecting any "corps of volunteers." Evidently there is here no hint of any legislatorial power in the War-office. It is for the respective corps to fix upon what terms and conditions they will serve, to frame their own rules and regulations; the War-office only disallowing such as it may deem objectionable.

I have no doubt of the good intentions or of the individual good sense of the compilers of the model rules which have been sanctioned by the War-office, and which, so far as my limited experience goes, appear to have been followed with sheep-like docility on almost every point by three-fourths of the volunteer corps. But a stranger farrago of Parliamentary enactments, in force or obsolete — War-office regulations — unfathered customs—and rules proper, was probably never put together by reasonable men. Of course there is nothing to prevent the rules of any corps from requiring eight drills in four months, or eighty, as a condition for the status of effective member. But where the War-office insists on such a provision, it violates that enactment of the 50th Geo. III. c. 25, which fixes six days per four months as the maximum which the Crown can require. And, when the rules of any corps state the eight attendances as being the number constituting a claim to exemption from militia ballots, I venture to think they simply delude their members.

Amongst other points which are attempted to be decided by rules, or assumed in them as decided, is the form of the oath to be taken by members of volunteer corps. The 44th Geo. III. only requires them to take the oath of allegiance,—a very simple affair, two lines long, and which does not even bind the taker to military obedience. Accordingly, some corps have adopted the militia oath; some, I understand, the oath substituted by the 21 and 22 Vict. c. 41, for the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration. But the former oath is clearly out of place; the latter

would seem, on the wording of the act, only to apply in those cases where the three oaths are required. Possibly, as both contain the words of the oath of allegiance, all beyond might be treated as surplusage by a court of justice. But an oath of military obedience is evidently not one which should ever be administered without the express sanction of Parliament. A form of oath adapted to the volunteer service should surely be enacted.

The extra-legal power taken to itself —perhaps at first necessarily—by the War-office, however harmless whilst wielded by such men as a Lord Herbert or a Lord De Grey, may become easily most galling and mischievous in less worthy hands. Already the War-office regulations, which are assumed to be binding on volunteer corps, have swelled to a considerable bulk; already some have been issued which commanding officers declare to be inexecutable and absurd. If it is meant to give to the War-office a power to issue rules and regulations obligatory on volunteers, let such power be specifically granted to it by Parliament, and let any rule or regulation so issued be laid before Parliament within a given time.

There is indeed another personage in the organization of the volunteer force, whose position is even more anomalous than that of the Secretary at War—I mean the Lord Lieutenant. I am far from contesting the admirable utility of the lords lieutenant to the Government in the volunteer movement, as "buffers" between them and the respective corps. North or south, east or west, I have never heard of one volunteer corps which did not complain of its lord lieutenant, except those that treated him with entire contempt; whilst the War-office, on the contrary, is generally highly popular. But I do not think a great national movement should be liable to be locally stopped or thwarted, as the volunteer movement undoubtedly has been in some cases, by any provincial functionary; and, though not disposed to accept War-office autocracy without reserve, I greatly prefer it to the autocracy, in any matter of organization whatsoever, of the lord lieutenant.

Another point of volunteer law which remains in a state of great uncertainty relates to armouries. The 42nd section of the 44th Geo. III. provides distinctly that commanding officers may appoint places "for the depositing and "safe keeping of the arms and accoutre-"ments," and also "proper persons to "repair and keep such arms in good state "and condition;" and that "all reason-"able expenses which shall or may be "incurred in placing and keeping such "arms and accoutrements, and in main-"taining them clean and in proper "repair, order, and condition," if approved of as therein mentioned, "*shall*" be paid by the Receiver General of the county in which the arms are deposited, "out of any public monies in his hands;" subject to a proviso, "that no expense "to be incurred as aforesaid shall ex-"ceed in amount such sum as His Ma-"jesty shall be pleased to order and "direct." The Receiver-general is by the same act made the hand to issue pay to volunteers in case of actual service. By the 7th Geo. IV. c. 58, (s. 4), this latter duty is transferred to the Secretary at War, but nothing is said as to the former; so that the expense of providing and maintaining armouries seems still chargeable on the county funds. But the obligation is apparently evaded, by virtue of the closing proviso of s. 42 of the 44th Geo. III. through the War-office *omitting* to "order and direct" any sum. This is surely a mere playing fast and loose with the act of Parliament. I cannot conceive of any charge which is more fitting to be borne by the public than this. Those who give their time to qualify themselves for defending their neighbours, may at least ask that the latter should share the charge of maintaining in good condition the weapons by which this is to be done. Nor is it wise for the Government, when it has gone so far as to give the volunteers their rifles, not also to see that they have the means of safely keeping them. If, indeed, the War-office persists, as it seems now

attempting to do, to cast upon the corps themselves the expense of armouries, the only result will be to impose a severe check upon the movement, as the expense of butts has well nigh broken the backs of many corps already. The time is come when, instead of being called upon to defray expenses which the law never meant to throw upon them, the corps should be devoting their funds as far as possible to the extension of their numbers, by the admission of members who are not able to equip or fully equip themselves.

The "Rifle Volunteer Grounds' Act, 1860," (23 and 24 Vict. c. 140), I may briefly observe, is defective, in not providing that grounds *already* acquired for the use of volunteer corps, in the names of trustees or others, shall be held under the provisions of the act. And the principle of the 23 and 24 Vict. c. 13, by which it is provided that no member of any Friendly or Benefit Society is to lose or forfeit his interest by enrolment or service in a corps of yeomanry or volunteers, should have been extended to Insurance Companies. Most of them, I believe, have accepted the risk without requiring notice or extra premium; but it is easy to see that, with some of the less honourable bodies, the absence of any specific enactment on the point may lead unwary assurers into a trap.

And now it may be asked—assuming that the obsolete militia-ballot is not a fit pivot for our volunteer system—What would supply such a pivot? I answer, "The possession of the Government rifle." In freely arming the volunteers with the best *working* rifle, I take it, that science has yet produced, the Government has given to the people of this country a mark of confidence such as probably no other rulers in Europe (except, perhaps, those of Italy), could venture upon, and conferred upon the volunteers themselves an invaluable boon. Make the discipline of the volunteer corps turn upon that. Let no corps be entitled to retain a rifle more than it has effectives, with a proportionate number over for *bonâ fide* recruits; let no member have a rifle specially assigned to him,—above all, let him not be allowed the custody of his rifle, nor the use of the shooting-ground—until he has rendered himself an effective; let him lose both privileges if he ceases to be such.

On the other hand, the standard to qualify an effective should not be fixed too high, and a distinction of classes should be admitted, which the War-office has hitherto refused to sanction. For a man may enter a volunteer corps with two different objects—1st, he may have youth, and strength, and leisure enough to make him wish to qualify himself for full efficiency as a soldier; 2d, he may have only enough of all these to hope that he may learn the efficient use of the rifle, and such elements of discipline as may allow him to be of some assistance to the soldier in time of need. Both these classes of men would really, in a good system, be effectives, but the former might be reckoned as "actives," and the latter as "reserves;" different ratios of attendance might be allowed for the two classes; and for the latter at least a reduced ratio after the first year would be sufficient.

In concluding these observations, I must express the earnest hope that they will not be misunderstood. It is because I wish to see, as I have said, the discipline of the volunteer service inwoven permanently into our national life—extended gradually to class after class of our fellow-citizens, till it gradually binds all more or less in the bands of a patriotic fellowship,—that it is painful to me to see the law relating to it left in a condition so unsatisfactory and so unworthy as I believe I have shown it to be.

END OF VOL. III.